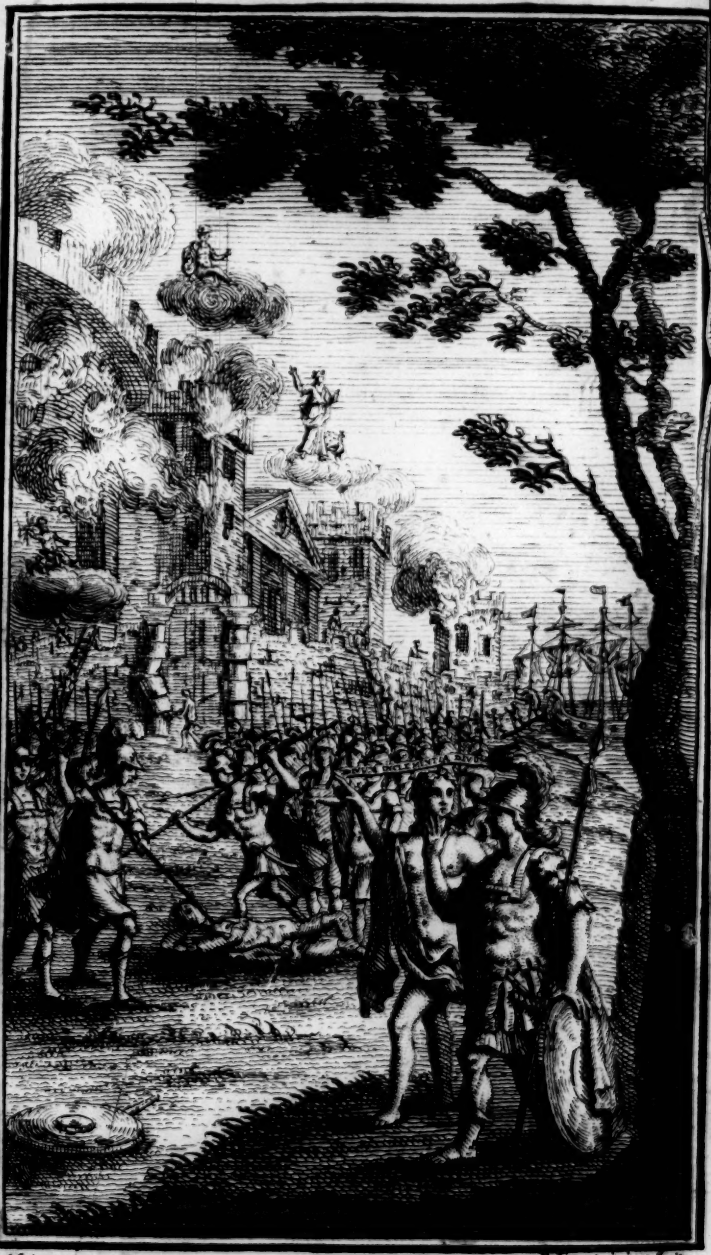

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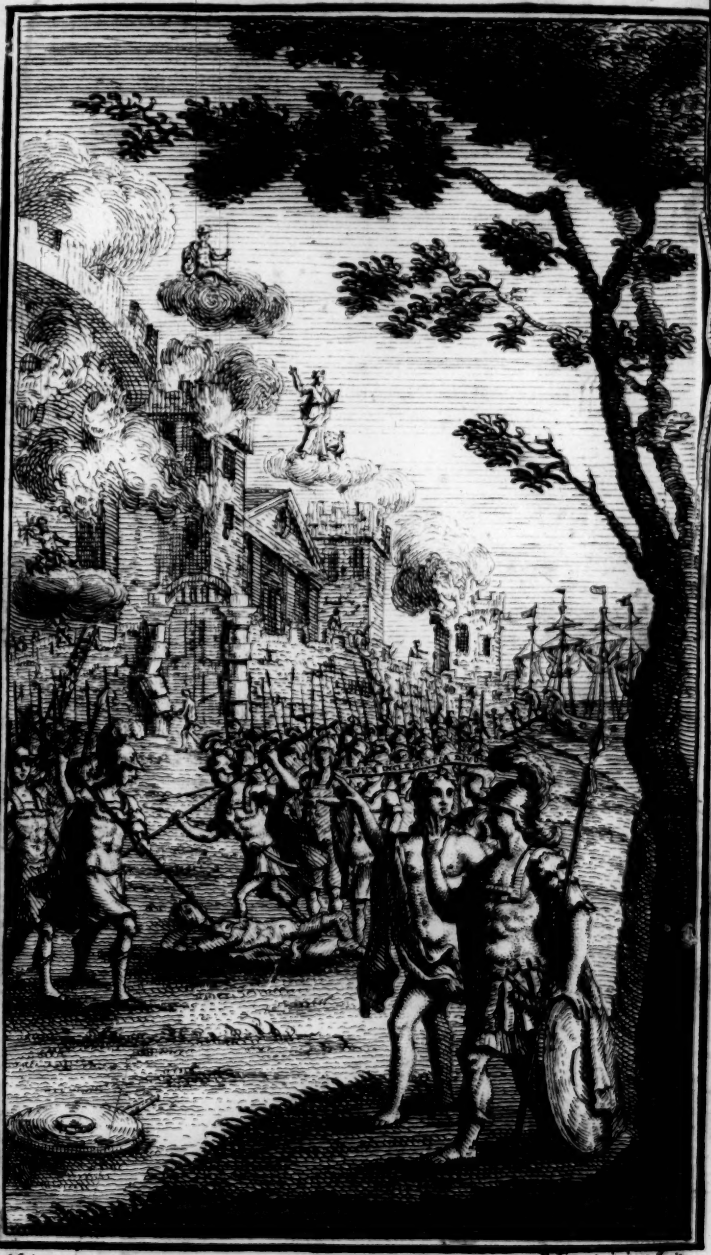

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THE WORK OF VIRGIL

TRANSLATED INTO

English BLANK VERS

WITH LARGE

EXPLANATORY NOTES,

AND

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

By JOSEPH TRAPP, D.D.

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——*Parnassia Laurus*
Parva sub ingenti Matris se subjicit umbrâ. Virg.

VOL. II.

The FOURTH EDITION, Corrected,
And in the NOTES *much enlarged.*

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VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

BOOK the FIRST.

INTRODUCTION to the NOTES.

I Have ſomewhere met with an Obſervation of a celebrated Writer, (it is Mr. *Dryden*'s, if I miſtake not) that nobody is fit to comment upon a Poet, *but* a Poet. Whether That be true, or how far, and in what Senſe it is ſo, I ſhall not at preſent diſpute. However it be; tho' I do not pretend to the Honour of the *Title*; yet I ſhall ſo far endeavour to conform to the *Maxim*, as to comment upon *Virgil*, as *He* is a *Poet*; which I think has not been done yet; at leaſt not ſo fully, and particularly, as might reaſonably have been expected. The Commentaries of *Servius*, and other Interpreters, both Ancient, and Modern, tho' very

good in their Kind, and fraught with Abundance of Learning, are rather *Explanations* of the Poet's *Meaning*, than *Remarks* upon his *Genius*, and *Judgment*. Thoſe of *De La Cerda* indeed, which I take to be the beſt among the Moderns, are not only very copious, but in a great Meaſure critical. Monſieur *Segrais* is excellent, ſo far as he goes; but He gives us his valuable Thoughts only upon a few Paſſages. And tho' I ſhall be much more particular than He; yet I pretend not to deſcant upon *all* the Beauties of This inimitable Poem: Whoever does That, may read Lectures upon all the Stars in the Firmament, and give every one of them it's diſtinct Character. I have obſerved in my Preface, that the peculiar Excellence of *Virgil* is Brevity of Expreſſion, and Fulneſs of Senſe: And therefore one Part of my Deſign is to give the Reader a Detail of his Matter, that he may take notice, as he goes along, in how little a Compaſs it is included. I ſhall not prefix dry formal *Arguments* to the ſeveral Books; but ſomething which, in my Opinion, will be both more *entertaining*, and more *inſtructive*.

As to That Part of my Undertaking, which relates to the *Difficult Paſſages* of the Poem; I mean Difficulties only in the firſt *Senſe* and *Conſtruction*. For Matters of *Hiſtory*, *Chronology*, *Geography*, *Cuſtoms*, and *Antiquities*, have been already ſo fully diſcuſſed by former Interpreters, eſpecially by *Ruæus* in the Dauphin Edition; that Nothing can be added to Their elaborate and accurate Performances. Not that I pretend to be entirely *New* in *all* the Explanations which I here actually Publiſh: So far from it, that moſt of them are collected from the learned Commentators long ſince extant; to whom I am extremely obliged for the Light they have afforded

forded me. The Reader, I ſay, is all along to ſuppoſe, that moſt of the *Explanatory* Notes are *Theirs*, not *Mine*; tho' I have endeavour'd to make *very many* even of *Them* more *clear* than I found them: Such as are *my own* will, by the Tendency of the Diſcourſe, appear to be ſo. And Thoſe indeed are not a few; all the Commentators having made unaccountable Omiſſions, and left ſeveral Paſſages, as difficult as any, either wholly untouch'd, or not in the leaſt explain'd. Nor was there the ſame Reaſon for my collecting, and attempting to improve, ſuch of their Comments as are Hiſtorical, Geographical, *&c.* Becauſe, as I ſaid, my *main* Deſign is to remark upon *Virgil, as he is a Poet:* And he cannot be *reliſhed* as a *Poet*, unleſs he be in *Senſe*, and *Conſtruction*, *underſtood* as a *Writer*. But the ſame cannot be ſaid of the Hiſtory, and Geography, *&c.* to which he alludes; the Underſtanding of which is not ſo abſolutely neceſſary, as That of his firſt Grammatical Senſe, and Meaning: At leaſt there was not the ſame Neceſſity of adding to and improving the former, as the latter; becauſe the one is perfectly well done already, which cannot be ſaid of the other. For the reſt, I have, if I miſtake not, (contrary to the Cuſtom of ſome Annotators) *omitted* no *real conſiderable* Difficulties; and *taken notice* of *None*, but *ſuch*.

It is certain that there are, both in Town and Country, many Gentlemen of fine Parts and Judgments, who have *almoſt* (tho' *not quite*) loſt their Latin, or never underſtood *enough* to read *Virgil* in the Original. Suppoſing them only to know *ſo much* of That Language, as to be able to conſtrue a plain School-Book; I am utterly miſtaken, if by the Help of This Verſion, and the Notes put together, they may not underſtand *Virgil* in *Latin*.

The Notes being in *Engliſh*; the main Difficulty which Theſe Gentlemen meet with in conſulting Commentators, is entirely removed. However therefore I may have failed, as a *Poetical Tranſlator*; I hope *This Work upon the Whole* will not be judged altogether *unuſeful*, if it be of Service in enabling ſome Perſons, of Quality and Fortune eſpecially, to read, and reliſh the Original. For I am verily perſuaded, that the Improvement of Claſſical Learning would greatly contribute not only to the Honour of our Country, but to the Advancement of Virtue and Religion among us. There are indeed Some of our Nobility and Gentry, who are far better ſkill'd in Theſe Matters than I pretend to be: But I heartily wiſh we had more of them.

However, as I ſaid, my *chief Deſign* in Theſe Remarks is to conſider *Virgil* in his purely *Poetical Capacity*; which I take to be the great *Deſideratum* in a Comment upon his Works. And here I am ſenſible, that many of my Readers may, upon my *numerous Citations* from the Original, eſpecially from the Fourth Book, be ready to give me a Rebuke; by aſking me, What does all This amount to, but little more than *repeating Verſes*, and telling us what we knew long ſince, as well, or much better than yourſelf? To ſuch I have only to anſwer; That I preſume not to Teach Thoſe, from whom I ſhould be glad, and proud to learn. In ſome Places, I endeavour to give *Reaſons* for the Beauties of my Author: In others I pretend to no more than to *mark* them, and *point them out* to the Beholders. But it muſt be remember'd, that Thoſe Beauties are often the greateſt; which are capable of no other Praiſe, than That of being *ſhewn*, and *admired*. And tho' I am well aware, that the Perſons

ſons now mentioned want neither of Thoſe Aſſiſtances; yet I deſire it may be conſidered, that I write to all Sorts of Readers; and to the Younger, and leſs Learned, even Thoſe Reflections, which only point at the Beauties, may poſſibly be of ſome Advantage. Nay, even to Others they may not perhaps be altogether *diſagreeable*, tho' not in the leaſt *inſtructive*. To have pleaſing, tho' habitual, Ideas revived, and awaken'd in our Minds, is always delightful; and we never fail to thank That Man who brings a Perſon into our Company, whom we love, and admire; tho' We ourſelves are far better acquainted with That Perſon, than He is, by whom he was introduced.

ARMS, and the Man I ſing, who firſt from *Troy*
Came to th' *Italian*, and *Lavinian* Shores,
Exil'd by Fate; Much toſs'd on Land, and Sea,
By Pow'r Divine, and cruel *Juno*'s Rage.
Much too in War he ſuffer'd; till he rear'd
A City, and to *Latium* brought his Gods:
Whence ſprung the *Latin* Progeny, the Kings
Of *Alba*, and the Walls of Tow'ring *Rome*.

Say,

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Arms, and the Man,* &c.] The Arguments for retaining, and rejecting Thoſe four prefatory Verſes, *Ille ego qui quondam,* &c. are ſo well known to the Learned; that I need not repeat them. For my ſelf, my omitting them in my Tranſlation ſhews my Opinion: which is grounded chiefly upon Theſe two Reaſons; That they are in themſelves flat, and improper, and altogether unworthy of *Virgil:* and That *Arma Virumque* are by the ancient Writers, particularly by *Ovid, Martial,* and *Perſius,* cited as the firſt Lines of the *Æneis.*

Ibid. *Who* Firſt, &c.] Tho' *Antenor* was in *Italy* before *Æneas*;

Say, Muſe, the Cauſe: What God had he provok'd?
Or wherefore did the angry Queen of Heav'n
Involve a Hero fam'd for Piety
In ſuch a Round of Toils, ſuch various Woe?

Dwells

Æneas; yet the latter was *Firſt* in *Thoſe Parts* of it which are here particularly ſpecify'd by *Lævina Littora*. The Words therefore are not to be taken ſeparately, but in conjunction.

Ver. 9, 10. *What God*, &c. *Or wherefore*, &c.] It is the Opinion of Some (as an ingenious, and judicious Gentleman informed me) that *Quo numine læſo, Quidve*, &c. are both to be underſtood as relating to *Juno*: *What* PART *of her Deity, what* ATTRIBUTE *of hers was Affronted*; *or for what Cauſe*, &c. And This Conjecture ſeemed to be grounded upon the Grammatical Conſtruction; the Senſe, it was ſaid, being otherwiſe too disjointed, and the Parts too independent of each other. But I ſee no Reaſon for This. The Grammatical Conſtruction is the ſame either way; and the Senſe very good, as it is commonly taken, and I have accordingly rendered it. What Deity, whether herſelf, or another, had he provoked? Or, for what Cauſe, relating to others, or herſelf, or both, did ſhe, &c. For it is well known there were more Gods and Goddeſſes engaged againſt the *Trojans*, beſides *Juno*; According to That of *Ovid*,

Mulciber in Trojam, pro Troja ſtabat Apollo,
Æqua Venus Teucris, Pallas iniqua fuit.

And That of *Virgil* himſelf, juſt before; *Vi ſuperûm*. Then it ſeems a Strain to take *Numen* for an Attribute only; without ſome *manifeſt* Reaſon to ſatisfy us that it cannot be taken otherwiſe. It is true the Character of *Juno* is haughty, and revengeful, and conſequently *ſelfiſh*; and all the Cauſes of her Reſentment afterwards recited are ſuch as affect *her ſelf*: But tho' Thoſe were the *chief*, yet they might not be the *only* ones; and a Perſon may be of a very ſelfiſh Temper, and yet have *ſome regard* to *Others*, eſpecially to Thoſe who are engaged in the *ſame Intereſt*.

Ver. 10.] *Angry*, I confeſs, does not reach the Senſe of *dolens* in This place: And I know of no Word in our Language that does.

Ver. 11, 12. *Involve a Hero*, &c. *In ſuch a Round of Toils*] *Volvere caſus*, by way of Hypallage for *volvi caſibus*, is harſh enough; yet it may be admitted. But it rather gives me the Idea of *Siſyphus* rolling his Stone, or of *going round* in a *Circle* of *Misfortunes*; and then the Words are taken in their natural Conſtruction.

Dwells ſo much Paſſion in Celeſtial Minds?
Fronting th' *Italian* Coaſt, and *Tyber*'s Mouth,
But far remote, an ancient City ſtood,
Carthage its Name, a Colony of *Tyre*,
Mighty in Wealth, and rough in ſtudy'd War.
This, above all, was *Juno*' darling Seat,
Ev'n more than *Samos* lov'd: Here lay her Arms,
And Chariot: This ev'n then, would Fate permit,
For Univerſal Empire ſhe deſign'd.
But ſhe had heard a Race from *Trojan* Blood
Deſcended, ſhould o'er-turn her *Tyrian* Tow'rs;
A People ruling wide, and proud in War,
Should ravage *Libya*: So the Fates decreed.
This fear'd *Saturnia*, bearing ſtill in Mind

The

Ver. 17. — *Rough in ſtudy'd War.*] *Studiiſque aſperrima belli.* The Word *Study* in our Language, as well as *Studium* in the Latin, implies both the *Love* or *Deſire* of a Thing, and *a diligent Application* to it.

Ver. 21. *For Univerſal Empire She deſign'd.*] *Tenditque, fovetque.* The latter Word is omitted in the Tranſlation: I had tranſpoſed it, and rendered it Thus, *Enjoying in her Thoughts the pleaſing Scheme, For Univerſal*, &c. For That, I am perſuaded, is the Senſe of the Place. She laboured to have it ſo, and *hugged the Thought* with Pleaſure. But as I have no Authority to ſupport This Conjecture, and as I was at the Expence of a whole Verſe to expreſs one Word; I rather choſe to drop it. The uſual Interpretation is, *contendit ut ea ſit*, &c. *fovetque*, i. e. protegit, eam *in hanc ſpem*. Take it which way you will, it is a conciſe Idiomatical Expreſſion, impoſſible to be exactly rendered in any other Language: Other Words even in the ſame Language muſt be added, to make out the Senſe: And in my Opinion *fovet hanc ſpem* is better than *fovet* eam in *hanc ſpem*.

Ver. 26. *This fear'd* Saturnia, *&c.*] For *metuens* at ver. 27. to be the Nominative Caſe to *Arcebat* at v. 35. and *Necdum etiam cauſæ* —— to *honores*, to be included in a Parentheſis, is a Conſtruction not to be endured. To refer it to *Audierat* v. 24. and to make a comma at

The late long War, which firſt ſhe wag'd at *Troy*,
For her own *Argos*, and her Fav'rite *Greeks*.
Nor were as yet the Cauſes of her Rage,
And keen Reſentments, by her reſtleſs Soul
Forgotten; Deep within her Boſom lay
The Judgment giv'n by *Paris*, and th'Affront
Of her ſcorn'd Beauty; The deteſted Race,
And raviſh'd *Ganymede*, ſo high advanc'd.
By Theſe Incentives fir'd, from *Latium* far
She drove the *Trojans*, Relicks of the *Greeks*,
And

arces, and *Parcas*, is bad enough; though more tolerable than the other. For my own Part, I ſee no Neceſſity of either: The Privilege of Poetry in general, and the Prerogative of *Virgil*'s in particular, is very inconſiderable; if the Participle, *erat* underſtood as agreeing with it, may not be allow'd to ſtand for the Verb. Then it runs Thus: *Hoc' metuens* [erat] *veteriſque* [erat] *memor*, &c.

Ver. 27. *The late, long War*, &c.] If the Word *veteris* be referred (as it is by Some) to the Time when *Virgil* wrote; it is *abſurd*: For how can he be here ſuppoſed to have any View to That Age, in a Speech ſuppos'd to be ſpoken ſo many Ages before it? If it be referred to *Juno*, and made to ſignify *ancient*, ſtrictly ſpeaking; it is *falſe*: For the Year in which She ſpeaks s u t the Seventh after the Deſtruction of *Troy*: To make it ſignify *diuturni*, *laſting*, is a little ſtrained, but may be admitted: Others take it for *præteriti*, not *ancient* ſtrictly ſpeaking, but *paſt* for a conſiderable Time. Theſe two laſt Expoſitions I think the beſt; and as they are very conſiſtent, I have expreſſed them Both in my Tranſlation.

Ibid. *Which* firſt *She wag'd*, &c.] Either becauſe Her Reſentment of the Judgment of *Paris* was the *Occaſion* of the *Trojan* War; Or, becauſe She was *Chief*, and *Foremoſt* in the Management of it; Or for both Reaſons.

Ver. 28. *For her own* Argos, *and her Fav'rite* Greeks.] It is true, *Argos* in particular was *Juno*'s own City; but the *Greeks* in general were her favourite People. And as nothing is more common among the Poets than by Particulars (eſpecially the more eminent ones) to inſinuate Generals; I take the Word *Argis* in This Place to include both Thoſe Senſes; and have tranſlated it accordingly.

Ver. 36. *Relicks of the* Greeks.] *Relliquias Danaum*, *i. e.* All that

And merciless *Achilles*, o'er the Sea
Dispers'd; and urg'd by Fate, for many Years,
They wander'd all th'extended Ocean round:
So vast the Work to raise the *Roman* State!
Scarce losing Sight of *Sicily*, with Joy
They spread their Sails, and with the beaky Brass
Plough'd

that the *Greeks* had *left* or *spared*. Their *Leavings*. The Expression is purely Poetical. The Word *Relicks* in Prose is always used in another Sense: according to which, one must say in This Place, the *Relicks* of the *Trojans*, not of the *Greeks*.

Ver. 40. *So vast the Work to raise the* Roman *State.*] The Setting forth the Causes of *Juno*'s Anger with such a Number of Particulars, and with That exquisite Elegance of Brevity, together with the artful Mixture of Fiction, and true History, is the noblest, and finest Opening imaginable. It engages Attention, and raises Expectation to the last Degree. And then his closing all with That sublime *Epiphonema* in honour of his Country,

Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem,

leaves the fullest and strongest Impression upon the Mind of the Reader.

Ver. 41. *Scarce losing Sight of* Sicily, *&c.*] An Heroic Poem generally begins in the Middle of Things. This is one great Circumstance which distinguishes it from History; and is imitated by all modern Writers of Heroic Poems, and Romances. *Homer* first gave the beautiful Example in his *Odyssée*. For his *Iliad* opens at the Beginning; if the Anger of *Achilles* be the main Subject of That Poem: Otherwise, not; as may be collected from what I have observed in my Preface. This Method both shortens the Action; and exceedingly entertains the Reader. The Reason of which Pleasure is the sudden Surprize of being immediately plunged into the Depth of Action before one is aware; as also of Doubt, and Uncertainty; and afterwards the more agreeable Surprize of having those Doubts cleared, and unravelled. Were a Man to be set down at once in a fine, beautiful Garden, or Wilderness, seemingly without Art, but the more artful for *only seeming* so; and then unexpectedly to meet with One, who should lead him round, and trace, and explain every thing to him, 'till he reconducted him to the Place where he first found him; then pro-

Plough'd the ſalt Foam : When *Juno*, in her Breaſt
Vindictive feeding an eternal Wound,
Thus with herſelf. And muſt I then deſiſt 45
Baffled ?

ceed to ſhew him all the other Parts, and at laſt open a Gate to diſmiſs him : How much more delightful would All This be, than if he had regularly entered at a Gate, and taken every thing in exact Order as he paſſed ! Let the Reader a while entertain himſelf with what is related by the Poet in his own Perſon : The Second, and Third Books will explain what happened before ; 'till he is brought back to the Point where he now ſets out ; and then the Narration will be reſumed by the Author.

The Parting of the Hero from *Sicily*, the Speech of *Juno*, the Storm, the Speech of *Æneas*, the Continuation of the Deſcription of the Storm, and the Arrival of the Fleet upon the Coaſt of *Africa*, are manifeſt Imitations of the Parting of *Ulyſſes* from *Ogygia*, of *Neptune*'s Speech, of the Storm, of *Ulyſſes*'s Speech, and of his Arrival at *Phæacia*, in the Fifth *Odyſſée*. The Deſcription of the Harbour where they landed, and of *Venus* meeting *Æneas* in the Wood, are as plainly copy'd from the lovely Romantick Harbour, and the Meeting of *Pallas* and *Ulyſſes* in a Wood, in the Thirteenth *Odyſſée*. As is the Reception of *Æneas* at *Carthage*, from That of *Ulyſſes* at *Phæacia* in the Seventh *Odyſſée* : And as *Æneas*, at the Requeſt of *Dido* relates his Adventures in the Second, and Third Books ; ſo does *Ulyſſes* at the Requeſt of *Alcinous* relate His in the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Books of the *Odyſſée*. How many Things there are in Theſe Books not imitated from *Homer*, and with what Art they are inſerted, I need not here obſerve. Some I ſhall remark upon in their proper Places : Of Others the Reader himſelf cannot avoid taking Notice as he goes along. For the reſt, I ſhall not enter into the tedious and unprofitable Taſk of making particular Compariſons. In general, *Homer* has the Glory of being the Inventor ; and *Virgil* (for the moſt Part) That of being the Improver.

Ver. 45. *Thus with herſelf ; And muſt I then deſiſt*, &c.] Mene [æquum, *or* neceſſe, eſt] *deſiſterre* —— A Speech full of Fire, and Fury ; perfectly proper, and exact ; beginning with true Diſdain and Reſentment, with a Queſtion, in an abrupt Manner, in the ſecond Foot of the Verſe ; ſhort, and nervous ; big, and, as it were, ready to burſt with Senſe, and Indignation. The Compariſon between herſelf and *Pallas* is entirely natural, and in few Words : Not *a tedious, flat Recital of what her-*

Baffled? Nor can I back from *Latium* turn
This *Trojan* Prince? Belike, the Fates forbid.
Could *Pallas* drown the *Greeks*, and burn their Fleet,
For *Ajax*' Frenzy? For the Guilt of One?
She, darting from the Clouds *Jove*'s rapid Fire,
Scatter'd their Ships, and rous'd the Sea with Winds:
Him from his Breaſt expiring ſulph'rous Flames
She hurry'd in a Whirlwind, and transfix'd
Upon a pointed Rock. But I, the Queen
Of Gods, the Siſter, and the Wife of *Jove*,
With This one Race ſo many Years make War:
And who will *Juno*'s Deity adore
Henceforth? Or Honour on my Altars lay?
Such Thoughts revolving in her fiery Breaſt
Alone, the Goddeſs to *Æolia* comes,

The

herſelf, and others had done; and that too nothing to the Purpoſe.

Ver. 54. *But I the Queen,* &c.] Incedo *Regina*. It is true; the ſlow, majeſtick *Walk*, by which *Juno* was particularly diſtinguiſhed, is hinted at by Poets. But it is as true that the Words *incedo*, *venio*, &c. ſometimes ſignify no more than to *be*; Thus *Virgil* himſelf in the Fifth Book:

Aut jaculo incedit *melior, levibuſque ſagittis*;

And,

Gratior & pulchro veniens *in corpore virtus.*

And the ſame, or ſomething very like it, may be ſaid of other Languages; particularly the *French*, and *Italian*; not to mention ſuch a Signification of the Word *Stand* in our own. However, if any Reader prefers the other Interpretation; the following Verſion is at his Service.

——— *But I, who move*
Majeſtick, in imperial State, the Queen, &c.

Ver. 57. *Who will*—] More cloſely to the Orig. *Will any one? Quiſquam — adoret?* for *adorabit*. Next Line; *Honorem*, for the *Victim* by *which* ſhe was *honour'd*.

The Land of Storms; where ſtruggling Guſts of Air
Engender: Here, in his capacious Cave,
Great *Æolus* with abſolute Command
Controuls, impriſons, and confines in Chains
The noiſy Tempeſts, and reluctant Winds.
They roar, and murmur round the Mountain's Sides,
Indignant: *Æolus* his Scepter ſhakes,
Majeſtick on his lofty Throne, o'er-rules
Their wild Deſires, and moderates their Rage.
Which did he not, with rapid Force they'd hurl
Heav'n, Earth, and Seas, and ſweep them thro' the Air.
But

Ver. 61. *The Land of Storms.*] Nothing can be more noble than This Deſcription: To inſtance in Particulars, would be to tranſcribe the Whole. The Word *fœta* is in this Place commonly rendered *plena*: But I take it in it's firſt, and moſt proper Senſe, for *big, teeming*, or *pregnant*; which includes the Signification of *plena*, and *ſomething more*. That *furentibus Auſtris* is to be underſtood of the *Winds in general*, is too plain to require any Proof: And ſo *ſtruggling Guſts of Air* is a very cloſe, and next to a literal Tranſlation; tho' not one of Theſe Words is in the Letter of the Original. Which I mention here by way of *Specimen*; as *one Inſtance* among many others of the like Nature.

Ver. 68, 69. —— *O'er-rules Their wild Deſires, and moderates their Rage.*] The Words *mollit*, and *temperat*, ſeem to imply, and in their *firſt* Senſe *do* imply, *ſoothing*, and *ſoftning* by *fair* Means; And yet the Verſe above,

Imperio premit, ac vinclis, & carcere frœnat,

puts all the Reſtraint upon *force* and *violence*. Theſe Methods are not inconſiſtent with each other; ſince Both may be uſed. And beſides; *mollit*, and *temperat*, may in a wide Signification *imply* either; and ſo may Thoſe by which they are render'd in my Tranſlation. A fierce Temper may be *mollify'd* by *Force*, as well as by *Perſuaſion*.

Ver. 71. *Heaven, &c.*] *Cœlumque profundum.* We have the ſame Expreſſion in the Fourth Eclogue, and the Fourth Georgick. *Ruæus* (I know not for what Reaſon) interprets it by *intimum*: But it is generally agreed, that as *ſummus* and *altus*

But fearing This, the Sov'reign of the Gods
Pent them in gloomy Caves, and o'er them threw
Vaſt Piles of maſſy Rocks; impos'd a King,
Who ſhould by certain Meaſures know to curb,
Or, when commanded, to indulge their Rage.
To whom then *Juno* Thus in ſuppliant Words
Her Suit addreſs'd. O *Æolus*, (for Thee
The Sire of Gods and King of Men impow'rs,
To ſmooth the Waves, or raiſe them with the Wind;)
A Race my Foe ſteers o'er the *Tuſcan* Sea,
Tranſporting *Ilium*, and their vanquiſh'd Gods
To *Italy*: Add Fury to thy Winds;
O'erwhelm in Ocean, or diſperſe their Fleet;
And ſcatter all their Bodies o'er the Main.
Twice ſev'n bright Nymphs I have; of whom to Thee
The

tus ſometimes ſignify *low*, or *deep*; ſo *profundus* ſometimes ſignifies *high*; and that it does ſo here. Others, (ſays *Servius*) take *profundum pro in profundum*; Others, *pro funditus*: Both which ſeem very harſh, and unnatural. The Senſe of This Word (whatever it be) may well be omitted in a Tranſlation; And the ſame may be ſaid of other Inſtances.

Ibid. *And ſweep them thro' the Air.*] Some Criticks, who love to be ſharp upon *Virgil*, have, as I remember, among others, This ingenious, and judicious Criticiſm. If the Winds had Force enough to carry the World before them; how could Rocks and Caves confine them? This they take to be a great Abſurdity. And they might as well have asked, how did *Æolus* get his boiſterous Subjects back again into their Priſon, after he had once let them out? They take no Notice of *At pater omnipotens ſpeluncis abdidit*, &c.—*Regemque dedit*, &c. 'Tis not the *Rock* only, but the *Omnipotence of their Creator* that confines them. Beſides; They might at any Time have ſeen the very Phyſiology of the Matter illuſtrated by a Bottle of Small Beer; which ſhews the great Difference, in Point of Strength and Power, between Air which has not *vent* given to it, and Air which has.

Ver. 83. *Add.*] Incute: i. e. *adjice*. Thus *metum incutere*, &c. Next Line, *Diverſas*: [in] *diverſas* [partes.]

The faireſt *Deiopeia* I will bind
In Wedlock firm, and conſecrate her Thine:
Who, all her Days, ſuch Merit ſhall reward;
And make thee Parent of a beauteous Race.
To whom the Monarch of the Winds reply'd.
Be it your Care, illuſtrious Queen, to think
What to command; my Taſk is to obey.
You this my Kingdom, and *Jove*'s Favour give;
You raiſe me to the Banquets of the Gods;
And o'er theſe Storms and Tempeſts make me Lord.
Thus having ſpoke, he turn'd his Spear, and puſh'd
The hollow Mountain's Side: Out ruſh the Winds,
Thronging,

Ver. 90. *And make thee Parent of a* beauteous Race.] The Opinion of *Ruæus*, ſeconded by Mr. *Dryden*, that the Word *pulchra* ſignifies *happy*, ſo as to imply that *Æolus* ſhould be *fortunate* in This Progeny, as he had been unfortunate in *Macareus*, and *Canace*, ſeems to be a mere Fancy of their own, and perfectly groundleſs. And I the more wonder at *Ruæus*; ſince he himſelf in his Interpretation renders *pulchra* by *formoſa*.

Ver. 93. *My Task is to obey.*] *Mihi juſſa capeſſere* fas eſt. *Donatus* takes the Word *fas* in it's ſtricteſt Senſe, thus: My Obligations to you are ſuch, that it is *lawful* for me to obey you even in Things unlawful. But This is bad Senſe, eſpecially in the Mouth of a God. And therefore I take it either with *Servius*, for *nefas eſſet non capeſſere*; Or rather, with *Ruæus*, for *æquum eſt*; it is *fit*, and *juſt*: For ſo the Word *fas* often ſignifies, not always a Thing which is *lawful* only, and no more than barely *permitted*.

Ver. 97. *Puſh'd the hollow Mountain's Side.*] *Impulit in latus* implies more than I have expreſſed. He ſtruck the Mountain on one Side, and puſhed it ſo as to make it incline, and ſtoop to the other; by which He opened a Paſſage for the Winds at the Bottom.

Ver. 98. *Out ruſh the Winds*, &c.] The Word *ruunt* is here uſed *neutrally*; but *actively* in the next Verſe, but one. This noble Deſcription of the Storm can never be enough admired. It begins in Generals, the Hurricane of the Winds blowing from all Quarters at once, the Rolling, and Toſſing of the Waves, the Darkneſs of the Sky, the Thunder, and Lightning,

In-

Thronging, where Way they find; with giddy Whirls
Scour o'er the Lands, and then with Fury fall
Upon the Sea: Eaſt, South, and ſtormy Weſt,
Together, from its loweſt Caverns rouſe
The Deep; and roll vaſt Billows to the Shore.
Cracking of Cordage, and the Cries of Men

Suc-

Intonuere poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther, &c.

And then after the Interpoſition of a pathetical Speech, by which it is agreeably interrupted, it is reſumed; and deſcends to Particulars, at *Talia jactanti ſtridens Aquilone procella,* &c. ——*Franguntur remi,* &c. —— *Hi ſummo in fluctu,* &c. —— *Tres Notus abreptas,* &c. —— *Tres Eurus ab alto,* &c. —— *Unam quæ Lycios,* &c. — This Specifying of ſingle diſtinct Circumſtances is extremely delightful. *Ovid* in his Tempeſt, *Metamorph.* 11. dwells upon Generals, and a tedious Repetition of the ſame Things. Whereas 'tis here as 'tis in Philoſophy; though not in the ſame Senſe. Generals are formed out of Particulars; and we have a better Idea even *of Generals by Particulars*, beſides That diſtinct Pleaſure which we conceive from Particulars ſeparately conſider'd. A good Painter indeed would repreſent the Clouds, the Lightning, the Swelling of the Sea, *&c.* but he would particularly deſcribe the different Poſtures of the ſeveral Ships, the Looks, and Geſtures of the Men, *&c.* The *Poet*, it is true, is more particular in *ſome* things, and the *Painter* in *others*; for a Reaſon which I have * elſewhere aſſigned, and ſhall not here repeat. But here again *Virgil* is to be defended againſt an Objection of equal Force with the former. *Una Euruſque, Notuſque,* &c. — *Africus,* &c. and afterwards *ſtridens Aquilone procella.* Hey-day! (ſay ſome Criticks) did the Wind blow from all the four Quarters at once? I anſwer; Firſt, There are ſuch Things as *Hurricanes*, and *Whirlwinds.* But, Secondly, in Storms the Wind ſometimes *ſhifts* ſo *frequently* in ſo *ſhort a Time*; that a *Poet* might well be allowed to ſay they were all let looſe *at once.* In the great Storm in 1703, we had Trees and Houſes blown down, to all Points of the Compaſs.

Ver. 104. *Cracking of Cordage,* &c.] The Word *Rudentum* ſignifies not Cables only; but all the Ropes and Shrouds of the Ship. And I am ſenſible that *Cracking* is not the only Idea annexed to *Stridor*; which

* *Præl. Poet.* p. 21, 22, 23.

Succeed: By ſudden Clouds the Heav'ns and Day
Are raviſh'd from the *Trojans'* Eyes; Dun Night
Lies hov'ring o'er the Sea: Loud Thunder rocks
The Poles; the Sky with nimble Light'ning glares;
And ev'ry Object threatens preſent Death.
Æneas ſhudders, ſeiz'd with chilling Fear;
Deeply he groans, lifts both his Hands to Heav'n,
And Thus expoſtulates: Thrice happy They,
Who chanc'd to die beneath *Troy*'s lofty Walls,
Before their Parents' Eyes! O *Diomede*,
Thou braveſt Chief of all the *Grecian* Race;
Why could not I, in *Trojan* Fields, by Thee
Breathe out This Soul? Where by *Achilles'* Spear,
Stern *Hector*, where the great *Sarpedon* fell:
Where *Simois* in his rapid Torrent rolls
So many warriour Bodies, Helms, and Shields.
Thus while he ſpoke, the Tempeſt from the North,
Loud,

which may moreover imply the *Rattling* of the Cords ſtriking againſt one another. And if the Reader likes that Word better, he may take it.

Ver. 110. *Æneas ſhudders ſeiz'd with chilling Fear*, &c.] The Objection of Thoſe Criticks who from This Paſſage arraign *Æneis* of Cowardiſe, are moſt weak, and frivolous. *All Fear* is not *Cowardiſe*; as *no Fierceneſs* is true *Courage*. He is afraid *of* the Gods, and *for* his Country; Both which are conſiſtent with the trueſt Magnanimity: Nay, there can be no true Magnanimity without them. *Achilles*, merely for a perſonal Affront, and the Loſs of a Miſtreſs, runs away crying, and tells his Mother; and She comes with her τέκνον τι κλάιεις; And yet the ſame Criticks never object againſt the Courage of That Hero.

Ver. 112. *Thrice happy They*, &c.] I cannot imagine why Mr. *Dryden*, who is generally not over ſcrupulous in adhering to the *Words* of his Author, ſhould be here ſo very literal with his *Thrice, and four times happy*; which is no graceful Expreſſion in our Language. Ver. 101, 102. Orig. *Mene — non potuiſſe*,—— i. e. *Æquumne fuit*, or ſome ſuch Word. [Ellipſis. See Note on Ver. 45.] *me non potuiſſe?*

Loud, roaring, ſtruck acroſs his Sails, and toſs'd
The Billows to the Stars: The Oars are ſtav'd;
The Prow inclines, and on the Surges lays
It's Side; a Mountain-Heap of Waves ſucceeds.
On a high Surge Theſe hang; to Thoſe the Deep
Yawning diſcloſes Earth between the Waves:
The boiling Tide ferments among the Sands.
Three *Notus*, whirling, drives on hidden Rocks,
Rocks in mid Sea, which Latins *Altars* call,
A mighty Ridge of Stone above the Waves;
Three *Eurus* from the Ocean (dreadful Sight!)
Urges on Shelves, and *Syrtes*: There they ſtick
Upon the Flats, inclos'd with Banks of Sand.
One, which the *Lycians*, and *Orontes* bore,
From Prow to Stern a mighty Billow ſtrikes
Before his Eyes: The Maſter, ſwept from Deck,
Rolls headlong: Her the circling Eddy thrice
Works

Ver. 124. *The Prow inclines*, &c.] Some Copies have it *proram* avertit; *procella* underſtood. But the common Reading is better; *prora*, with *ſe*, underſtood. It yields, and leans Side-ways; as it is more fully expreſſed in the next Words, *& undis dat latus.*

Ver. 129. *On hidden Rocks.*] If they were *ſaxa latentia, hidden Rocks*; how could they be *mari ſummo, above*, or *on the Top* of the Sea? The Anſwer is, They were concealed below; though they had a *dorſum immane*, a large prominent Ridge upon the Surface.

Ver. 130. Rocks *in mid Sea*, &c.] *Mediis quæ in fluctibus.* Not in the middle of the Ocean; for all is ſuppoſed to be near the Shore; but ſurrounded with the Waves of the Sea.

Ibid. *Which Latins* Altars *call.*] I ſhall not trouble the Reader with the Hiſtorical Conjectures of the Learned upon This Paſſage. They were called *Altars*; as ſome Rocks on our Coaſts are by Seamen called the *Biſhop and his Clerks*, &c. —And That is ſufficient.

Ver. 133. *Syrtes.*] Quick-ſands, ſo called.

Ver. 136. *From Prow to Stern*, &c.] Among the various Interpretations of that Expreſſion *à vertice*, I ſtick to That of *Ruæus*; for the Reaſons by him alledged, to which I refer the Reader.

Works round, and ſwallows in the rapid Gulf.
Few, ſcatter'd, floating on the vaſt Abyſs,
Men, Arms, and Planks, and *Trojan* Wealth appear.
Now Thoſe ſtrong Ships, in which *Ilioneus*,
And *Abas*, and the brave *Achates* ſail'd,
And old *Alethes*, by the Storm ſubdu'd,
Shatter'd, and leaking with disjointed Ribs,
At gaping Chinks admit the hoſtile Flood.
Mean-while the Noiſe and Tumult of the Main
Neptune perceives; the Bottom of the Deep
Turn'd upwards; and the Storm's licentious Rage.
Highly provok'd, and careful for his Realms,
Above the Waves, ſerene, he rears his Head;
He ſees the *Trojan* Fleet o'er all the Sea
Diſpers'd; *Æneas*, and his Ships o'erpower'd
With Surges, and the Ruin of the Sky.
Nor were his Siſter's Wiles, and Hate unknown,
Eaſt,

Ver. 140. *Few, ſcatter'd, —&c.*] *Apparent rari nantes, &c. Arma virum* [apparent] *tabulæque, &c.*

Ver. 141. *Arms, Men, and* Planks, &c.] My Lord *Lauderdale*, and, after him, Mr. *Dryden*, for *Tabulæ* render *Pictures*. It is true the Word is ſometimes ſo uſed; but ſurely not in This Place. The *Planks* of the Ship which was ſplit are undoubtedly here intended: At leaſt This Idea in a *Shipwreck* more naturally occurs to our Thoughts, than the Idea of *Pictures*.

Ver. 150. *Careful for his Realms.*] *Alto proſpiciens; Mari providens:* I take it in That Senſe: Becauſe to conſtrue it, *looking up out of the Sea*, is to make it a Tautology with *ſumma caput extulit unda*.

Ver. 151. *Above the Waves* ſerene *he rears*, &c.] How could he be *graviter commotus*, highly provoked, in the Former Verſe; and *ſerene* with his *placidum caput* in This? Either, *angry* with the *Winds*, but *propitious* to the *Trojans*; Or *provoked* at *firſt*, but upon *ſecond Thoughts* immediately *checking* his Reſentment: Or, which I rather think, *inwardly* provoked, but *outwardly* calm, and ſerene: It being leſs conſiſtent with the Majeſty of ſo great a King and God, to expreſs Fury in Looks, and Geſtures.

East, and West Winds he hails, and then proceeds.
From your high Birth does this Presumption rise?
And dare you thus, without my Sov'reign Leave,
Mix Earth, and Heav'n, and such vast Billows raise?
Whom I — But first 'tis fit we should compose
The troubled Ocean: For your next Offence
A more severe Correction you shall find.
Hence, fly; and bear this Message to your King:
To Me, not Him, the Empire of the Main,
And awful Trident fell: Huge rocky Caves
Are his Dominions; *Eurus*, your Abodes:
Proud in That Palace *Æolus* may reign,
But bid him bar the Prison of his Winds.
So spoke the God; and sooner than he spoke,
Appeas'd the Tossing of the Waves, dispel'd
The Clouds collected, and restor'd the Sun.
Cymothoe too, and *Triton* join their Strength
To

Ver. 164. *To Me, not Him, the Empire of the Main*, &c.] This seems not good Sense in *Neptune*. *Æolus* does not pretend to *govern* the Sea, but to *embroil* it; and he actually governs *his own Subjects* by so doing. And if he could not exercise his Dominion *there*; his Dominion would be very inconsiderable. The Answer must be, That Princes are apt to be jealous of one another's Power, and to extend their own: And their Arguments upon such Occasions are not always the most just, and exact. Many a Declaration of War has set forth as indifferent Reasons as These are. "Poetically "speaking (says Mr. *Dryden* upon This Place) "the Fields "of Air are under the Com- "mand of *Juno*, and her Vice- "gerent *Æolus*: Why then "does *Neptune* call them his?" I answer with another Question, *Why* indeed? Or rather, *Where* does he call them so? Not in *Virgil*; unless *Imperium pelagi* signifies *Fields of Air*. Mr. *Dryden* has entirely added it in his Translation; and then makes a learned Comment upon This Difficulty: I "answer, says he, because be- "ing God of the Seas, &c. — which the Reader may peruse at his Leisure.

To clear the Veſſels from the pointed Rock:
Himſelf his Trident plys, to heave them off,
Levels the Banks of Sand, and calms the Sea,
And with light Wheels o'er the ſmooth Surface rides.
As when Sedition oft in populous Towns
Is rais'd, and fierce th' ignoble Vulgar ſtorm
Now Stones and Firebrands fly; Rage Arms ſupplys:
If chance they then eſpy a Sage, rever'd
For Piety, and Worth; All ſilent ſtand,
Liſt'ning with Ears attentive: With his Words
He rules their Paſſion, and their Heat allays.
So all the Hurry of the Ocean ceas'd,
Soon as its God appear'd above the Waves;
Who, managing his Steeds in Air ſerene,
Flys ſwift with ſlacken'd Reins, and looſe Carrier.
The weary *Trojans* ſtrive with Speed to gain
The neareſt Shore, and ſtand for *Libya*'s Coaſt.
There lies an Harbour in a long Receſs:
An Iſland forms it with oppoſing Sides;
'Gainſt

Ver. 174, 175. *His Trident plies to heave them off, Levels the Banks,* &c.——] Some refer *levat* to *Syrtes* in the next Line, joined with *aperit*: He *frees, lightens, relaxes, or diſencumbers* them, *&c.* But *levat* eas, (*Naves*, the Accuſative Caſe juſt preceding) is to me a far better Conſtruction. And then *aperit Syrtes*: The *Syrtes* in Storms being rolled and heaped into Banks, and Ridges of Sand; He *opens* Thoſe Banks, by *levelling* them, and *ſcattering them abroad.* Or (which is in Effect the ſame) He *opens* them; *i. e.* makes a *Gap*, or *Channel*, to *let out* the *Water* incloſed in them, by which the Ships were carry'd off.

Ver. 177. *As when Sedition,* &c.] This firſt Simile of the *Æneis* is very beautiful; tho' not taken from *Homer*.

Ver. 190. *There lies an Harbour in a long Receſs,* &c.] How delightful is the Change of Ideas from the Hurry and Horrour of the Tempeſt to ſuch a ſweet Romantick Scene! There never was a finer Landſkip than This charming Deſcription.

'Gainſt which the Water from the Ocean breaks,
And cuts itſelf into a Winding Bay.
On each Side mighty Rocks: Above the reſt
Two threaten Heav'n; beneath whoſe Brows the Sea
In Safety ſleeps: A trembling ſilvan Scene
Hangs from the Top, imbrown'd with gloomy Shade.
Full oppoſite a Cave with pendant Rocks;
Within, freſh Springs, and Seats of living Stone,
The *Naiads'* Grot: The weary Veſſels here
No Cable holds, nor biting Anchor moors.
Hither *Æneas* turns, from all his Fleet
Sev'n Ships collecting; and, with Love of Land
Eager, the *Trojans* gain the welcome Shore,
And reſt their brine-drench'd Limbs upon the Beach

Here

Ver. 193. *And cuts itſelf into a winding Bay.*] Some Commentators explain *ſinus reductos*, as ſignifying the Cavities in the Banks which are made by the Water. *De La Cerda* takes them for the two narrow Paſſages into the large Port, or Baſin. I underſtand it of the Bay, or Port itſelf: The Plural Number, every body knows, is frequently uſed for the Singular: But here ſeems to be a particular Reaſon for it; becauſe of the Two Paſſages above mentioned, made by the Iſland in the Mouth of it, which makes it look at firſt like Two Bays, though it is really but one. *Reductos* may ſignify either *Winding*, or *Retired*; or rather, *Both*.

Ver. 195. *Threaten Heav'n.*] Minantur [ire, *or* aſcenſum] *in cœlum*. The Expreſſion is moſt poetically beautiful. Ver. 178. Orig.

Ver. 198. *Full oppoſite.*] *Fronte* ſub *adverſa*. I cannot think that *ſub* is for *ex*; and that the whole Expreſſion means no more than *ex adverſo*, as All interpret it. Certainly it means that the *ſcopulis pendentibus antrum* was *below*; as a *Cave* muſt needs be. It ſignifies indeed *ex adverſo*; but it ſignifies ſomething *more*. I have not expreſs'd *That* in my Tranſlation, I confeſs: But to be ſuperſtitiouſly literal in a Tranſlation is one Thing; and to explain, or interpret exactly, in Notes, is another.

Here firſt from Flints *Achates* ſtruck a Spark;
Inclos'd the Fire in Leaves, and round it pil'd
Dry Fuel; and blew up the ſudden Flame.
Then, tir'd with Toil, Proviſion marr'd and drank,
And Inſtruments of *Ceres*, they produce;
Corn reſcu'd from the Wreck they then prepare
To grind with Stones, and bake upon the Fire.
Mean-while *Æneas* climbs a Rock, and all
The Proſpect o'er the ſpacious Main commands;
If *Antheus*, or the *Phrygian* Gallies there,
Toſs'd by the Wind, or *Capys* he might ſpy,
Or on the lofty Deck *Caïcus*' Arms.
No Sail in View; Three Stags upon the Shore
Wand'ring he ſees: Them follow'd all the Herd
Behind, and browzing ſtray'd along the Vales.
Stopping he ſnatch'd his Arrows ſwift of Flight,
And Bow, the Weapons which *Achates* bore;
And firſt the Leaders, bearing high their Heads
With branching Horns, upon the Ground extends.
The Vulgar next with undiſtinguiſh'd Shafts
He wounds, among the leafy Woods; nor ceas'd,
'Till on the Turf ſev'n lofty Deer he laid,
The Number of his Veſſels. To the Port
He then returns, and with his gen'ral Crew
The Booty ſhares: Wine laid on Board in Caſks,
Which, at their Parting, on *Sicilia*'s Shore,

The

Ver. 206. *From Flints.*] *Silici* for *ex ſilice*. Some read *filicis*; which perhaps is right. Ver. 182. Orig. *Feſſi rerum*. Theſe Poetical Idioms I have often noted. *Receptas*, i. e. *recuperatas*.

Ver. 208. *Blew up the ſudden flame.*] *Rapuitque in fomite flammam*. 'Tis, I think, impoſſible to expreſs the full Force and elegancy of That in our Language. *Rapuit*, i. e. *rapide*

The good *Aceſtes* gave, he then divides;
And with theſe Words revives their drooping Cheer.
O Friends, (for long experienc'd in Diſtreſs
We ſuffer) greater Ills you have ſuſtain'd;
To Theſe a Period will be fix'd by Heav'n.
You *Scylla*'s Rage, and dreadful ſounding Rocks
Have ſafe approach'd, and ſeen the *Cyclops*' Caves.
Recall your Courage, baniſh anxious Fear;
Theſe Dangers too perhaps in future Times
With Joy we ſhall revolve. Thro' various Toils,
Thro' all theſe Hazards, we to *Latium* ſteer;
There Deſtiny will peaceful Manſions give,
And there *Troy*'s Kingdom is allow'd to riſe.
Endure; reſerve yourſelves for better Fate.
Thus He, tho' lab'ring with prodigious Woe,
Yet ſmooths his Looks; and with diſſembled Hope
Deep

pide excitavit. And therefore I ſee no Neceſſity of ſuppoſing *in fomitè* to be put for *in fomitem:* He made the Flame burſt out *in* the Fuel. Ver. 195. Orig. *Miſcet,* i. e. *perturbat,* ſay all the Expoſitors: *Indiſcriminatim vulnerat,* I think. *Agens,* i. e. *exagitans, perſequens.*

Ver. 245. *Endure.*] *Durare* ſignifies to *endure,* to *laſt,* and to *be hardened.* Either of Thoſe Senſes may be admitted in this Place: But I chuſe the Firſt.

Ver. 246, 247. *Tho' lab'ring with prodigious Woe, yet ſmooths his Looks,* &c.] This is true Courage; and the Speech is manly, and in every reſpect perfectly proper. *Æneas* upon This Occaſion does not behave himſelf like *Agamemnon* at the Beginning of the Ninth *Iliad,* upon the diſtreſſed Condition of his Affairs; Ἴσατο δακρυχέων, &c. That the greateſt Heroes may upon *ſome Occaſions* ſhed Tears, I deny not; for *all Weeping* is no more inconſiſtent with Courage, than *all Fear* is. But that a great General ſhould ſtand blubbering among his Officers in a Council of War, is very ſtrange. How much leſs Reaſon have *Virgil*'s Criticks to blame him for the Tears which *Æneas* ſheds upon ſome, and thoſe far *more proper,* Occaſions! As when in a Foreign Country he ſees the Ruin of his Own deſcribed in a Picture; when he laments the Death of

a

Deep burys huge Affliction in his Breaſt.
They to their future Feaſt themſelves addreſs,
Flea off the Skins, and lay the Entrails bare:
Some cut them into Joints, and ſpit the Limbs
Yet quiv'ring; Some place Cauldrons on the Shore,
And kindled Fires apply: With plenteous Meal
They then reſume their Strength; and on the Graſs,
Fill'd with old Wine, and well-fed Ven'ſon, lie.
Their Hunger now appeas'd, with long Diſcourſe
Next for their loſt Companions they enquire;
Doubtful 'twixt Hope and Fear, if yet they liv'd,
Or bore the laſt Extremes, nor heard the Call
Of Friends invoking their departed Ghoſts.
Above the reſt, the pious *Trojan* Prince
Now brave *Orontes* with himſelf bewails;
Now *Amycus*, and *Lycus*' cruel Fate,
And *Gyas*, and *Cloanthus*, valiant Chiefs.

Now

a Friend, &c. But he does not weep *here*, when his Buſineſs is to comfort and encourage his Friends and Soldiers in their Diſtreſs: Inſtead of That

——— *Curis ingentibus æger*
Spem vultu ſimulat, premit altum corde dolorem.

Concerning the Courage of *Æneas*, ſee M. *Segrais* at large in his Preface; and from him Mr. *Dryden* in his Dedication of the *Æneis*, p. 216, &c. of the Folio Edition; as alſo my Remark upon the 705th Verſe of the Second Book in my Tranſlation.

Ver. 259, 260. *Nor heard the Call of Friends invoking their departed Ghoſts.*] For That is the Meaning of *nec jam exaudire vocatos*, according to the Cuſtoms of the Ancients at Funerals: And ſo *extrema pati* muſt be underſtood of their *Death*. They are ſuppoſed therefore either *actually not to hear*, becauſe they are not ſo *called upon*, i. e. want the Rites of Burial; or *non exaudire*, for *non poſſe exaudire ſi vocarentur*; not *to be able* to hear, *if they ſhould* be ſo called upon.

Now all was ended; when Imperial *Jove*
Surveying from the Summit of the Sky,
The navigable Seas, and low laid Earth,
And Shores, and Nations wide, on Heav'n's high Tow'r
Stood, and on *Libya*'s Kingdoms fix'd his Eyes.
To Him, such Cares revolving in his Breast,
Sad

Ver. 265. *Now all was ended; when imperial Jove, &c.*] The Majesty of *Jupiter*, and the beautiful Grief of *Venus*, set in Contraste to each other, are the finest Images in Nature.

Atque illum tales jactantem pectore curas——

The solemn Gravity of That is so elegantly followed by the delicate languishing Softness of

Tristior, & lacrimis oculos suffusa nitentes,
Alloquitur Venus, &c.

And then the Beginning of her Speech, in the Middle of a Verse, so expresses the Abruptness and Negligence of Grief; and yet she mentions the awful Attributes of Omnipotence, *&c.* with such Veneration,

——— *O qui res hominumque deûmque*
Æternis regis imperiis, & fulmine terres;

There is such a Mixture of Sublimity and Softness, in the Diction and Cadence of Those Lines: that Nothing upon the Whole can be at once more lovely, and more noble. Then what can be more sweetly complaining, than That tender Expostulation,

Quid meus Æneas in te committere tantum,
Quid Troës potuere?

Who perceives not the Goddess of Love and Beauty, while he reads These Verses? What may be the Sentiment of Others, I know not: But to Me nothing breathes the Soul of Poetry in general, and of *Virgil*'s in particular, more than This delightful Passage.

Ver. 269. *Stood.*] Orig. SIC — *constitit*, i. e. *in the Manner*, as before described. *Despiciens mare, &c.*

Ver. 270. *Such Cares revolving, &c.*] A *Zoilus* upon *Virgil* may ask, *What Cares?* Since there is nothing of them mentioned before. I answer, There is nothing indeed *expressly* mentioned; but we may presume it was not for nothing that *Jupiter* survey'd the World in general, and more intently fixed his Eyes upon *Libya* in particular. That he did it therefore with providential Care, is after-

Sad *Venus*, her bright Eyes all drown'd in Tears,
Suppliant applies. O Thou, whoſe Sov'reign Pow'r
Controuls th'Affairs of Men, and Gods, with Rule
Eternal; and with Thunder awes; 'Gainſt You
What Crime ſo great could my *Æneas* act,
Or what the *Trojans?* By ſo many Deaths
Deſtroy'd, for *Latium*'s Sake muſt they be barr'd
From all the World Beſide? You promis'd ſure,
That, in the Courſe of rolling Years, from Them
The *Romans* ſhould deſcend, and Leaders ſprung
From *Teucer*'s Blood reſtor'd; who Land and Sea
With univerſal Empire ſhould poſſeſs:
Why, Sov'reign Father, is your Purpoſe chang'd?
Sooth'd by That Hope, I ſoften'd the harſh Doom
Of

afterwards inſinuated in This Line, though not expreſſed before: Which is ſo far from being a Fault, that it is an Elegancy.

Ver. 271. *Sad* Venus, *&c.*] *Triſtior ſolito*, ſay Some: And I think it may as well be ſaid, *Triſtior Jove*; He too being *careful*, and *thoughtful*, which is often expreſſed by *Triſtis*; Tho' in truth I am for neither; The Comparative (ſays *Servius*) for the Poſitive; as it is ſometimes. Thus *Terence* uſes This very Word *Triſtior* for *Triſtis*. Not but that the Comparative Degree ſometimes implys *diminiſhing*. Thus *avidior* for *aliquantulum avidus*, &c.

Ver. 278.—*You promis'd ſure*, &c.] The Uſe of the Words *Thou*, and *You* in the Second Perſon ſingular in our Poetry, is much diſputed. For my part, I am ſometimes for the One, and ſometimes for the Other; and that too in the ſame Speech, and as apply'd to the ſame Perſon. The Reaſon of either is ſufficiently plain both to the *Underſtanding*, and to the *Ears* of thoſe who have a true Reliſh of Poetry. In This very Speech, *O You whoſe Sovereign Power*, &c. would have been very bad; and *Thou promis'd'ſt ſure*, &c. would have been worſe. The Second Perſon ſingular of Verbs, eſpecially in the Preter-tenſe, and particularly in Verſe, with *Thou* before it, and the uſual Contraction by leaving out the *e*, is, by the way, the moſt untoward Barbariſm in our Language; and to be tolerated but in very few Inſtances. *Lov'd'ſt, Told'ſt, Mourn'd'ſt.* —— What

Ears

Of ruin'd *Troy*, and ballanc'd Fates with Fates.
Now the ſame Fortune perſecutes them ſtill,
Long toſs'd by ſuch Variety of Storms:
What End, great Monarch, ſhall their Labours find?
Antenor, from amidſt the *Greeks* eſcap'd,
Could penetrate th' *Illyrian* Bay, and reach
Liburnia's inmoſt Realms, and ſafe o'er-paſs
Timavus' Head; whence thro' Nine Months he rolls,
(The Mountain murm'ring loud) himſelf a Sea,
And with a roaring Deluge drowns the Fields.
Yet *Padua* here He built, a Seat of *Troy*,
New nam'd the Nation, fix'd his *Trojan* Arms;
Now reſts ſecure, compos'd in pleaſing Peace.
We your own Race, to whom high Heav'n you give,
Loſing our Veſſels, for the Spight of One,
(Unworthy Treatment!) are betray'd and driv'n
Far from th'*Italian* Coaſts. Is Virtue Thus
Rewarded? Are our Sceptres Thus reſtor'd?
Smiling

Ears or even *Teeth* can endure it? Orig. *Pollicitus* [es.] For the Word *revocato* in the foregoing Verſe, ſee *Ruæus*. Ver. 250. Orig. *Mare proruptum*; i. e. *effusè fluens*. Serv.

Ver. 297. *Now reſts ſecure, compos'd in pleaſing Peace.*] *De La Cerda* will have it, that by *compoſitus quieſcit* is to be underſtood, *lying at reſt in his Grave*. The Words indeed *may* ſignify That: But That is a Happineſs which *Venus* would not have thought of. She would rather take notice of his *living* and *reigning* in *peace*; and That undoubtedly is *Virgil*'s Meaning.

Ver. 298. *We your own Race, &c.*] *Nos tua progenies cœli quibus annuis arcem.* To make it the more emphatical, ſhe ſpeaks in the firſt Perſon, and joins Herſelf with *Æneas*; implying that His Intereſt and Hers are the ſame. *Annuis*; i. e. annuendo *promittis*, or *das*. It muſt mean the former as relating to *Æneas*, the latter as relating to Herſelf.

Ver. 302. — *Are our Sceptres thus reſtor'd?*] Nothing could be more proper to end a Speech in the Mouth of *Venus*, than That ſoft, and ſweet Reproach; *Hic pietatis Honos? ſic nos in ſceptra reponis?* [i. e. *reſtituis*

Smiling on Her, the Sire of Men and Gods,
With That ſmooth Look which clears the ſtormy Sky,
His Daughter gently kiſs'd, and Thus reply'd.
Fear not my *Cytherea*; Still remain
Your *Trojans'* Fates unmov'd: You ſhall behold
That City, and *Lavinium*'s promis'd Walls;
And brave *Æneas* to the Stars of Heav'n
Shall raiſe aloft: Nor is my Purpoſe chang'd.
He (for, becauſe This Care diſturbs your Breaſt,
The Scheme of Fate's dark Volumes I'll unfold)

In

reſtituis nos in regna? or *reddis nobis ſceptra?*] How different is the Concluſion of *Jupiter*'s!

——— *Furor impius intus*
Sæva ſedens ſuper arma, & centum vinctus ahenis
Poſt tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.

Every Thing is adapted to the Characters and Manners of the Speakers; ſo far as there is any room to make ſuch a Diſtinction.

Ver. 304. *With That ſmooth Look which clears the ſtormy Sky.*] *Vultu quo cœlum, tempeſtateſque ſerenat.* This gives us the grandeſt Idea of the Majeſty of the ſupreme God; and is in Senſe, tho' not in the Sublimity, and noble Sound of Expreſſion, equal to That juſtly celebrated Paſſage of *Homer* in the firſt *Iliad*,

Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται, &c.

Theſe Inſtances indeed are of different Kinds: But even the *Smile* of *Jupiter* is *awful*, and *majeſtick*: And in That Idea they both agree; and ſo are capable of being compared with ach other.

Ver. 305. *His Daughter gently kiſs'd*, &c.] *Oſcula libavit natæ.* That is, ſay Some, *Oſcula, leviter tangendo, præbuit.* But certainly the Word *libare* was never uſed in That Senſe. And therefore I am entirely of Opinion with Thoſe, who by *Oſcula* underſtand not *Kiſſes*, but her *Mouth*, or *Lips*; which he gently *libavit*, *touched*, or *ſaluted*. Thus the Word *Oſcula* is frequently uſed, eſpecially when apply'd to a Woman; as in That of *Martial*, to omit many other Inſtances; *Ipſaque crudeles ederunt oſcula morbi.*

Ver. 311, 312. *He (for, becauſe This Care diſturbs your Breaſt,*

In *Italy* ſhall wage a mighty War,
Make ſtubborn Nations bend beneath his Arms,
And Walls, and Manners to the Vanquiſh'd give.
Three Years entire in *Latium* he ſhall reign;
The curb'd *Rutulians* yielding to his Sway.
But young *Aſcanius*, now *Iülus* call'd,
(*Ilus* he was, when *Ilium*'s Empire ſtood)
Twice fifteen Suns, ſhall govern; and transfer
The Kingdom from *Lavinium*'s Seat, and found
Long *Alba* with prodigious Strength ſecur'd.
Here full three hundred Years th' *Hectorean* Race
Sov'reign ſhall wield the Sceptre; 'till at laſt
Ilia the Royal Prieſteſs, big by *Mars*,
A twin Birth ſhall diſcloſe: Hence *Romulus*,
Nurs'd by a Wolf, and in her tawny Hide
Exulting, ſhall ſucceed to rule the State,
Form a new Nation, build *Mavortian* Walls;
And, from Himſelf, the Name of *Romans* give.
To Theſe I fix no Bounds of Place, or Time,
But endleſs Empire grant: Ev'n She, who now
Embroils with anxious Fear Heav'n, Earth and Seas,
Ev'n ſullen *Juno* then ſhall bend her Thoughts
To better Counſels, and with me promote
Rome's

Breaſt, The Scheme of Fate's dark Volumes I'll unfold, &c.] *Movebo*: i. e. *explicabo*, quaſi *ſuſcitabo* [è tenebris.] This is the firſt Place where *Virgil* takes occaſion to interweave a conſiderable Part of the *Roman* Hiſtory with his Poem. It is here moſt judiciouſly introduced by way of Propheſy: And the Whole has at once ſuch an elegant and majeſtick Air, as ſufficiently diſtinguiſhes Poetry from bare Hiſtory.

Ver. 328, 329.——*Shall ſucceed to rule the State, Form a new Nation*——] The Words *excipiet gentem* are taken in the former Senſe by Some; in the latter by Others. I have expreſſed Both, becauſe Both are true in Fact.

Rome's lordly Sons, the Nation of the Gown.
So 'tis decreed: An Age in circling Months
Shall come, when old *Aſſaracus*'s Race
Phthia, and fam'd *Mycenæ* ſhall enſlave,
And abſolute o'er conquer'd *Argos* reign.
Cæſar from *Troy*'s illuſtrious Blood ſhall riſe;
The Sea ſhall bound his Empire, Heav'n his Fame:
Julius! a Name from great *Iülus* ſprung!
Him laden with his Eaſtern Spoils in Heav'n
Secure you ſhall receive: Religious Vows
To Him ſhall be directed. Ages mild
Shall next ſucceed, and War no more be heard;
Then *Faith*, and *Veſta*, and *Quirinus*, join'd
With *Remus*, ſhall give Laws: Strong maſſy Bars,
And Bolts of ſolid Iron, faſt ſhall cloſe
War's dreadful Portals; Impious *Rage* within

Sit-

Ver. 337. *Months.*] In the Orig. 'tis *Luſtris*. This is immaterial. See Ver. 273. Orig.

Ver. 346—*Ages mild*, &c.—] Here it might have been expected the Poet ſhould have enlarged upon *Auguſtus*; whom it was his great Buſineſs to praiſe. So an ordinary Poet would have done: But *Virgil* is ſo far from it, that he does not here ſay one Word about him; hints at his Reign, but ſays nothing of his Perſon; nay immediately breaks off, when he comes to That Period. This is ſurprizing, and leaves the Mind in Suſpenſe. *Virgil* very well knew the Force of *Horace*'s Rule,

Pleraque differat, & præſens in tempus omittat:

He had two more proper Places for That Subject, and for Them he reſerved it.

Ver. 351. *Impious* Rage *within*, &c.] The Latin of This Paſſage I have above cited, as the Concluſion of *Jupiter*'s Speech. I have ſomewhere heard This objected againſt, as Bombaſtick: but without any Reaſon. To make a *Perſon* of *Fury*, or *War*, or almoſt of any *Thing*, is not only an allowed Privilege of the Poets, but one of the greateſt Beauties in Poetry. Then there is not one Word in This noble Deſcription that can be ſuſpected of Impropriety.

Sitting on horrid Armour, and behind
Bound with an hundred brazen Knots, ſhall roar
With bloody Mouth, and foaming bite his Chains.
He ſaid; and from the Sky ſent *Maia*'s Son,
That *Libya*'s Harbours, and new *Carthage* Gates
Might open to the *Trojans*; leſt in Fate
Dido unſkill'd, ſhould drive them from her Coaſts.
He by the airy Steerage of his Wings
Shoots thro' the vaſt Expanſe; and ſoon alighting
On *Libya*, executes great *Jove*'s Commands.
The *Tyrians*, chang'd by Influence of the God,
Forget their native Fierceneſs: More than all,
Their Queen, to aid the *Trojans* well diſpos'd,
Forms hoſpitable Thoughts, and kind Deſigns.
But good *Æneas*, various Cares all Night
Revolving, ſoon as cheerful Morn appears,
Reſolves to walk abroad; and view the Coaſts
Unknown; to ſeek what Natives it contain'd,
If Men, or Beaſts; (for Deſart all he ſees)
And to his Friends relate the Facts explor'd.
His Navy in the Covert of the Woods
He hides retir'd, beneath a hollow Rock,
Fenc'd

Impropriety, nor conſequently of Bombaſt: The Whole indeed is ſtiff, rattling, and harſh, eſpecially That laſt abounding with R's.

——— *fremet horridus ore cruento:*

But ſo it ought to be; becauſe the Nature of the Image requires it. And ſo natural an Image it is, that it would make a moſt agreeable Picture, or Statue. Nay, we are informed by *Turnebus*, and Others, that it has actually been Both: And from one of them *Virgil* is ſuppoſed to have copy'd it.

Ver. 371. *And to his Friends*, &c.] *Sociiſque* exacta *referre*, i. e. (as all agree) *exquiſita, inveſtigata, explorata.* The Word *exigere* has a great Variety of Significations.

Fenc'd round with Trees, and gloomy Shade. Himſelf
Attended only by *Achates* goes,
Shaking two Jav'lins of broad-pointed Steel.
Whom in a Wood's Receſs his Mother meets;
A *Spartan* Virgin's Mien, and Dreſs, and Arms
Diſſembling, or *Harpalyce* of *Thrace*,
When Steeds ſhe tires, and outſtrips *Hebrus'* Stream.
For

Ver. 377. *Whom in a Wood's Receſs his Mother meets*, &c.] This is a moſt entertaining, and delightful Scene. A great Prince thrown by a Tempeſt upon a ſtrange Coaſt, doubtful of it's Inhabitants, nay doubtful whether it has any Inhabitants, or no, is wandring in a Wood; meets a Perſon whom he knows not, but who appears to be a beautiful Virgin. (He ſuppoſes her a Nymph, or a Goddeſs) in That lovely Romantick Dreſs,

Namque humeris de more habilem ſuſpenderat arcum
Venatrix, dederatque comam diffundere ventis,
Nuda genu, nodoque ſinus collecta fluentes,

Than which, by the way, nothing can be more finely deſcribed: She tells him a moſt ſurpriſing Story, relating to the Place in which ſhe finds him; gives him Advice, and Comfort; afterwards appears to be indeed a Goddeſs (tho', to amuſe him, ſhe had pretended otherwiſe) and not only ſo, but his own Mother, and then leaves him in Suſpenſe, and Anxiety. The Solitude of the Receſs, the Unexpectedneſs of the Meeting, the Surprizing Adventure, all conſpire to fill the Soul with Ideas of pleaſing Melancholy, and impatient Expectation of the Event.

Ver. 380. *When Steeds ſhe tires, and outſtrips* Hebrus' *Stream.*] *Tires* them; not by *riding upon* them, (as *Ruæus* ſuppoſes) but, by *out-running* them: as *Camilla* does in the XIth Book. *She* indeed was a good Horſe-woman too: and ſo might *Harpalyce*. But it appears from her Hiſtory (ſee *De La Cerda* upon the place) that ſhe particularly excelled in out-running Horſes on foot. Beſides; The former Senſe (as *Ruæus* himſelf obſerves) would ill agree with This Compariſon: *Venus* being on foot, not on horſeback. It is true ſhe is no more ſaid to be *running*, than *riding*: But ſhe may well enough be imagined to be ſo; becauſe ſhe afterwards pretends that ſhe is ſeeking her Siſter, who is hunting a Boar: At leaſt, to be walking is ſomewhat more like running, than to be on horſeback. It is true too, (as He obſerves) *Virgil's* main Deſign is to deſcribe the Reſemblance

For (Huntreſs like) ſhe had on her Shoulders hung
A light, commodious Bow; and giv'n the Winds
To wanton in her Treſſes: Bare her Knee;
And in a Knot her flowing Folds confin'd.
And firſt; Ho! Youths, inform me, if you ſaw
One of my Siſters wand'ring here, ſhe cry'd,
Girt with a Quiver, and a Lynx's Skin,
And urging in loud Chace a foaming Boar.
Thus *Venus* ſpoke; and thus her Son reply'd.
None of your Siſters has been ſeen, or heard
By me: To You what Name ſhall I apply,
Celeſtial Maid? For heav'nly is your Face;
Nor ſpeaks your Voice a Mortal: Sure ſome Goddeſs;

Diana?

Reſemblance of their *Habits*: But ſtill, if there be a Reſemblance in other Circumſtances, it is ſo much the better. But what is the Meaning of the laſt Clauſe, ——— *Volucremque fugâ prævertitur Hebrum?* To *outſtrip* a River, ſo as to *leave it behind one*, or to run *beyond* it, may either be, or not be, a Proof of Swiftneſs, according to the Length of the Stream, and of the Time ſpent in Running, compared with each other: And ſo to affirm ſuch a thing in groſs, without ſpecifying Thoſe Circumſtances, is to ſay juſt nothing. If by *outſtripping* it be meant *running faſter*, tho' it be the moſt rapid *Stream* in the World; This again is no Proof of her extraordinary Swiftneſs. Beſides; *Volucrem* is an odd Epithet, when apply'd to a River, even by way of Metaphor. And therefore I am entirely of opinion with *Huetius*, who inſtead of *Hebrum* reads *Eurum*: Eſpecially conſidering that (as *Ruæus* remarks) *Hebrus* is a River of *Thrace* in *Europe*, not of *Thrace* in *Aſia*; which laſt (not the firſt) was the Country inhabited by the *Amazons*.

Ver. 383. *To wanton*, &c. *Dederatque comam diffundere ventis.* Exceeding elegant, i. e. *dederat comam ventis; ut diffunderent* [eam.] Ver. 343. Orig. *Sed fines Libyci* [ſunt.] Perhaps it ſhould be read *Libycos.*

Diana? or a Nymph? Whoe'er you are,
To us be kind, and eaſe us of our Toils;
Inſtruct us on what Climate we are thrown;
Unknowing of th' Inhabitatns, and Coaſts,
We wander; hither driv'n by Winds and Waves:
Our Victims ſhall before your Altars fall.
Then *Venus*: I ſuch Honour muſt refuſe:
The *Tyrian* Virgins (Such This Country's Mode)
A Quiver wear; and high incloſe their Legs
In purple Buſkins. *Punick* Realms you ſee,
A *Tyrian* Colony, *Agenor*'s Walls;
But *Lybian* Territories, and a Race
Rigid, and ſtern in War. Here *Dido* reigns,
Flying her Brother, and eſcap'd from *Tyre*.
Long is her Story: intricate her Wrongs:
But Thus in brief. *Sichæus* was her Lord;
Moſt wealthy in *Phœnician* Land, and lov'd
With mighty Paſſion by his hapleſs Bride.
Her Father, with the firſt connubial Omens
Eſpouſing,

Ver. 408. *Long is her Story, intricate her Wrongs: But Thus in brief,* &c.] *Longa eſt injuria*; i. e. *Hiſtoria injuriæ* [ejus.] *Longæ ambages*; i. e. they *would* be ſo, if I ſhould tell the Story at large. *Sed ſumma ſequar faſtigia rerum. Sequar*, i. e. *perſequar, percurram. Faſtigia*; i. e. *capita*. In This Narration of *Venus*, *Virgil* gives a true Specimen of his Own. The Brevity of it is admirable: and the Opening of the Epiſode of *Dido* perfectly proper, and artful. It is not like ſome Paſſages in another great Poet, a tedious Recital of what has no Relation to the Buſineſs of the Poem: But it is like the Narrative Part of a Play, neceſſary to the Deſign in Hand. This is what the Moderns call Plot and Contrivance.

Ver. 412. *Firſt Omens.*] *Primiſque jugârat Ominibus*; i. e. *Auſpiciis. Primis*, ſays *Servius*, i. e. *vel proſperis*, vel *primariis*. What the latter were, I know not. And as to the former, if the Omens were *proſperous*, they were

Eſpouſing, gave her ſpotleſs to his Bed:
But on the *Tyrian* Throne her Brother ſate,
Pygmalion, monſtrous, and renoun'd in Vice
Beyond all others whom fell Rage tranſports.
He with the Sword in Secrecy ſurpriz'd
Sichæus, and before his Altars ſlew,
Impious, and blinded with the Love of Gold,
Regardleſs of his Siſter's Love; and long
Conceal'd the Fact; and, with Pretences vain
Diſſembling, mock'd the pining Lover's Hopes.
But in a Dream, with Viſage wondr'ous pale,
The Ghoſt of her unbury'd Huſband came;
The cruel Altars, and his wounded Breaſt,
And all the hidden Villany diſclos'd:
Warn'd her to fly her Country, and, to aid
Her Flight, reveal'd a Treaſure hid in Earth,

An

were *falſe*: For the Marriage was unfortunate. I take it with *De La Cerda*, and others, to mean no more than an Explanation of *intactam*: She was *intacta*, this being the *firſt time* ſhe was marry'd.

Ver. 416. *Beyond all others whom fell Rage tranſports.*] Or, if you pleaſe, *Between Theſe two a mortal Feud aroſe.* Had the latter been the Meaning of *Quos inter medius venit furor*; it ſhould have been rather *Hos*, than *Quos*: And beſides, it is little leſs than a Contradiction to what follows; —— *Auri cæcus amore, — Clam, — Incautum*, &c. Which puts the Villany rather upon Covetouſneſs, and Treachery, than Animoſity, and Reſentment. I therefore follow the Interpretation of *Servius*, *De La Cerda*, and other Commentators, who make no Stop at *Omnes* in the preceding Verſe, and conſtrue This according to the Senſe in which I have render'd it. But then, I confeſs, though according to this Account the *Senſe* be good, the *Expreſſion* is ſtrange; *Quos inter medius venit furor*, for *qui furore incenſi ſunt* —— The Reader may take which he pleaſes. For my Part, I like neither of them; and look upon This to be one of the darkeſt Paſſages in all *Virgil*.

Ver. 425. *The cruel Altars.*] Meaning the Cruelty committed before them. See Note on Ver. 830.

An unknown Maſs of Silver, and of Gold.
Dido, o'erſway'd by This, provides for Flight;
Prepares her Friends: Some Malecontents combine,
All who abhor'd, or fear'd the Tyrant's Rage.
Ships, which by Chance lay ready, ſtrait they ſeize,
And load with Gold; The greedy Monarch's Wealth
Is o'er the Sea convey'd: A Woman guides
The whole Affair. At laſt they hither came,
Where now Thoſe ſtrong and ſtately Walls you'll ſee,
And the high Turrets of new *Carthage* riſe.
There ſo much Land they bought, as one Bull's Hide
Would compaſs; and the Name of *Byrſa* gave
In Mem'ry of the Deed. But in your Turn
At length inform me, Who, and Whence you are,
And Whither bound. To Her the *Trojan* Prince,
Deep groaning from the bottom of his Breaſt,
Reply'd: O Goddeſs, ſhould I from the firſt
Original trace my Story, and had you
Leiſure to hear the Annals of our Woes;
Ev'ning would cloſe the Day, e'er all were told.
We from old *Troy*, if haply ſuch a Name
Has reach'd your Ears, thro' various Seas are toſs'd,
And now by Tempeſt thrown on *Lybia*'s Shore.
I am the good *Æneas*, known by Fame
Above the Heav'ns; who reſcu'd from the Foe,
And carry in my Fleet, our Country Gods.

The

Ver. 429. *An unknown Maſs*, &c.] *Ignotum* in This place may ſignify *ingens*, as it is taken by ſome Interpreters. But I think the other is not only the firſt ſenſe, but the *beſt*: *Unknown* to *Dido*, 'till it was thus *reveal'd*.

Ver. 452. *I am the good Æneas*, &c.] To ſpeak well of one's

The Land I ſeek, is *Italy*; and *Jove*
The Author of my Birth. With twenty Ships
I ſtem'd the *Phrygian* Sea; My promis'd Fates,
And Goddeſs Mother were my Guides: Scarce ſev'n
Eſcap'd from Storms remain; My ſelf unknown,
And indigent, o'er *Libya*'s Deſarts rove,
At once from *Europe*, and from *Aſia* barr'd.
Venus, no longer bearing his Complaint,
Thus interrupts his Grief. Whoe'er you are,
The Pow'rs Divine, I think, are not your Foes;
Since at the *Tyrian* City you're arriv'd.
But go, and to the Queen your ſelf preſent.
For that your Fleet, and Friends, by changing Winds,
Are ſafe, with Knowledge I pronounce; unleſs
My Parents taught me Augury in vain.
See Theſe twelve Swans, how they with joyful Clang.
Now

one's ſelf is not *always* Boaſting: It is ſometimes *proper*, and ſometimes even *neceſſary*. It was *Æneas*'s buſineſs to recommend himſelf to This Stranger. According to the Genius of Modern Romances, This Character indeed would have been more decent in the Mouth of the *Squire*, than of the *Knight*: But it muſt be conſidered that different Ages have different Cuſtoms: The Heroes of the *Greek* and *Roman* Writers were leſs courtly, and ceremonious, than Thoſe of the *French*, and *Spaniards*: But they were not the leſs Heroes for being ſo.

Ver. 457. *I ſtem'd the* Phrygian *Sea*, &c.] *Conſcendi navibus æquor.* The Word *conſcendi* in This place cannot be expreſſed in our Language; tho' it is very expreſſive, and elegant too in the Original. It is ſo (ſays *Servius*) becauſe, according to the Naturaliſts, the Sea is higher than the Earth. But tho' That is *true*, yet it does not *appear* ſo: And perhaps it would be as well to take it by way of Hypallage, for *conſcendi naves æquore*.

Ver. 468. *With Knowledge.*] That, tho' not *expreſs'd*, muſt be *underſtood*; to make Senſe of *Ni fruſtrà augurium*, &c.

Ver. 470. *See Theſe twelve Swans*, &c.] This Interſperſing of Augury and Religion ſwells the Soul with great and awful Ideas. That

Aus

Now flock Triumphant; whom the Bird of *Jove*,
Stooping from his ethereal Seat, diſpers'd
In open Air: Now in long Row they ſeem
To chuſe their Ground, or having chos'n it, view
The Place with ſurer Ken: As Theſe return'd
On ſounding Pinions play, and in a Throng
Surround the Pole, and ſing along the Sky;
So all your Veſſels, and your abſent Friends,
Now ride in Harbour; or with ſwelling Sails
Steer full into the Channel: But proceed,
And, as That Path directs, purſue your Way.

She

Aut capere, aut captas jam deſpectare videntur

is certainly to be underſtood as I have render'd it, by the Conſent of all Interpreters: *capere* for *eligere*: *Their ground*, i. e. to *pitch*, or *alight upon*. As there is much Beauty in the two next Lines,

Ut reduces illi ludunt ſtridentibus alis,
Et cætu cinxere polum, cantuſque dedere;

So there are Two Difficulties in the laſt of them. They could not *cingere polum*, meaning the *whole* Sky, or *Atmoſphere*; but only a *Part* of it; Which they *ſurrounded*; i. e. flew in a Circle. But how does This agree with their being ranged in *long Order* a little before? I anſwer, *It is* before; and That is enough: They *changed* the Figure and Manner of their Flight. But here it is further objected, Who ever heard a *Swan ſing?* All the Muſick, which even the Poets have given them, is ſuppoſed to be at their Death. So indeed it is commonly ſaid; and *De La Cerda* himſelf affirms it: But after all, it is a mere vulgar Error. *Ovid*, it is true, and others, (not Poets only, for *Tully* in his firſt Book of *Tuſc. Quæſt.* ſays the ſame) affirm that they ſing *juſt before* they die; but not then *only*. And the contrary may be collected from many Paſſages in the Poets (particularly *Virgil* himſelf, and *Horace*) who call themſelves *Swans*, and are called ſo by others, upon the Account of their *ſinging*, and *flying*; as in the Ninth Eclogue:

Cantantes ſublime ferent ad ſydera cycni:
—— *Argutos inter ſtrepere anſer olores.*

Whether

She ſaid; And, as ſhe turn'd, her roſy Neck
Shone bright; Her Hair a Fragrancy divine
Ambroſial breath'd; Down flows her waving Robe,
And by her Walk the Goddeſs moves confeſs'd.
He, when he knew his Mother, with ſuch Sounds
Purſu'd her, as ſhe fled: And why ſo oft
With borrow'd Shapes do You too mock your Son,
Ah! cruel? Why is it deny'd to join
Our Hands, and real Accents hear, and ſpeak?
Complaining Thus, he to the Town proceeds.

But

Whether This were all pure Fiction, or founded upon Reality, I am not natural Hiſtorian enough to determine. *Pliny* poſitively affirms that they ſing; and the more ſweetly, by reaſon of their long Throats: agreeably to That of *Virgil* himſelf in the Seventh Æneid;

——— *Longa canoros*
Dant per colla modos ———

Notwithſtanding which (and I think, in direct Contradiction to it) *De La Cerda* will have it, (and indeed produces very good Authorities to ſupport his Opinion) that their Singing was no more than a pleaſant Sort of Cackling, joined with the Sound of their Wings aſſiſted by the Wind. Thus far I believe all in Theſe Parts of the World will agree, that either they did not ſing, ſtrictly and properly ſpeaking: Or if they did, they were Swans of a different Species from any now in *Europe*.

Ver. 482. *She ſaid; and, as ſhe turn'd, her roſy Neck*, &c.]

Dixit; & avertens roſeâ cervice refulſit,
Ambroſiæque comæ, &c. ———

The Elegancy of This lovely Deſcription can never be too much admired; as well as the ſudden and ſurprizing Turn of the Diſcovery.

Ver. 488. *With borrow'd Shapes do You too mock your Son*, &c.] Notwithſtanding the Comfort ſhe had given him, ſhe ſtill leaves him in Uncertainty and Diſtreſs. And This ſoft Expoſtulation,

Quid natum toties crudelis Tu quoque falſis
Ludis imaginibus? &c. ———

But *Venus*, as they went, around them threw
A cloudy Mantle, made of Air condens'd;
That unmoleſted they might paſs, unſeen,
And none with Queſtions interrupt their Haſte.
Her ſelf to *Paphos* goes ſublime, and pleas'd
Viſits her Seat; where ſacred to her ſtands
A Temple; with *Sabæan* Incenſe ſmoke
An hundred Altars, and freſh Garlands breathe.
They by the Path's direction urge their Way;
And now aſcend the Hill, whoſe jutting Front
Hangs o'er the Town, and from above ſurveys
It's adverſe Tow'rs. Amaz'd *Æneis* ſtands
To ſee an ample City, where before
Low Cottages appear'd; and wond'ring views
The Gates, the Streets, and Hurry of the Place.
The *Tyrians* urge their Work; ſome raiſe the Walls,
Roll pond'rous Stones, and form the Cittadel:
Some mark out Ground for Houſes with the Plough;
Laws, Judges, and an awful Senate chuſe.

Others

is truly natural, and extremely affecting.

Ver. 492. *But* Venus, *as they went, around them threw*, &c.] Here is another ſurprizing, and delightful Incident; and it was neceſſary, in order to introduce another which is much more ſo. Orig. *gradientes—ſepſit, & circum multo—fudit* — i. e. *circumfudit* [eos.] Tmeſis.

Ver. 496. *Her ſelf to* Paphos *goes* ſublime, &c.] Either with a Mien of Greatneſs and Majeſty; or becauſe her Temple was ſituated upon a Hill; or becauſe ſhe was carry'd thro' the Air. Any one of Theſe Reaſons, or any two of them, or all three together, may very well be admitted.

Ver. 504. *To ſee an ample City*, &c.] Here the Scene changes on a ſudden from the Solitude of a Wood to the Noiſe and Hurry of a great City, in the Middle of Building. The Deſcription of which is admirable in every Part. Ver. 427. Orig. *ducere* may ſignify *extending* them i *Length*; or *raiſing* them in *Height*. Ver. 429. *optare*, i. e. *eligere*.

Others dig Ports; Some deep Foundations lay
For Theatres, and Pillars hew from Rocks,
The ſtately Ornaments of future Scenes.
Such Toil employs the Bees in Summer's Prime,
Amidſt the flow'ry Fields, and ſunny Air;
When they diſburthen their o'erpeopled Realms,
Or work the liquid Sweets, and ſtretch their Cells
With luſcious *Nectar*; or unlade their Friends
Returning; or in Troops beat off the Drones,
A lazy Cattle: Hot the Work proceeds,
And ſweet with Thyme the fragrant Honey ſmells.
O happy Theſe, whoſe Walls already riſe!
Said the brave Prince, and looking up ſurvey'd
The lofty Turrets: In a Cloud conceal'd
(Wond'rous to tell) he paſſes thro' the Midſt,
And mingling with the Croud is ſeen by None.
Full in the Centre ſtood a ſhady Grove;
Where firſt the *Tyrians*, toſs'd by Waves and Winds,
Digging, an Omen found, which *Juno* ſhew'd,
A ſprightly Horſe's Head: 'Twas hence foretold,
The Nation ſhould thro' Ages be renown'd
For War, and Conqueſt. Here the *Tyrian* Queen

To

Ver. 514. *Such Toil employs the Bees, &c.*] Mr. *Pope* appeals to the *Ears* of the Reader, whether This Simile, or That of *Homer* *, has the better Sound. I appeal to the ſame; and to my Ears, I confeſs, *Virgil*'s ſounds beſt.

Ver. 522. *O! happy Theſe, whoſe Walls already riſe, &c.*] What could be a more proper and natural Reflection for One, whoſe Thoughts were full of Building a City for himſelf and his Colony?

Ver. 532. *For War, and* Conqueſt, *&c.*] Or, *War and* Plenty; if you like That better. Thoſe are not to be endured who render *facilem victu*,

* *Iliad.* II.

eaſy

To *Juno* built a ſtately Temple, rich
With Gifts, and by the preſent Goddeſs bleſs'd.
To which on Steps the brazen Threſholds roſe ;
The Beams were bound with Braſs ; the brazen Doors
Jarr'd on their Hinges. Firſt within This Grove
An unexpected Sight abates their Fear ;
Here firſt *Æneas* Confidence reſumes,
And better Hopes for his diſtreſs'd Affairs.
For while the ſpacious Temple he ſurveys
Curious, and waits the Coming of the Queen ;
While

eaſy to be conquered. For tho' That is the plaineſt Conſtruction ; yet it makes not only a bad Omen inſtead of a good one, but a Contradiction to the Words immediately preceding. For how can a Nation be illuſtrious in War, and yet eaſy to be conquered ? Others take *victu* for *Proviſions* ; and interpret the Clauſe as denoting *Plenty*, or *Fertility* : And Theſe are followed in *Ogilby*'s, Mr. *Dryden*'s, and Biſhop *Douglas*'s Tranſlations. Monſieur *Segrais*, and the Earl of *Lauderdale*, entirely omit it ; And I wiſh *Virgil* had done ſo too : For take it which Way you will, 'tis a ſtrange obſcure Expreſſion, and perhaps the leaſt juſtifiable of any in all his Works. However it be, the Interpretation laſt mentioned ſeems ill grounded : A Horſe may well denote *War*, but not *Plenty*. *Juſtin* indeed ſays, there was an *Ox*'s Head found, as well as an *Horſe*'s ; but *Virgil* ſays no ſuch Thing. As for That of *Seneca*, Ep. 90. *ſapiens* facilis victu *fuit*, it muſt be underſtood of *Temperance*, not of *Plenty* ; *he was eaſily ſatisfy'd with his Diet, not nice or curious about it.* This Expoſition, however, is preferred by no leſs Men than *Servius* and *Donatus* : Yet I rather chuſe That of *Hortenſius* and *Germanus*, followed by *De La Cerda*, who take *victu* from *vinco* in an active Signification ; *facilem victoriis.* For the latter Supine does not *always* ſignify paſſively. See *Sanctii Minerva* ; *Cap.* 9. *Carthage* indeed was deſtroyed by the *Romans*. But that it was to be ſo, *Juno* might not then know ; Or if ſhe did, it was her Buſineſs to conceal it from the *Carthaginians*. *Ruæus* has given us a fourth Interpretation ; *victu* from *vivo* ; *aptam vivere per ſæcula* : And it may be as good as any of the reſt.

Ver. 535. *To which on Steps the brazen*, &c.] *Ærea cui gradibus ſurgebant limina*, &c. I am aware that *cui* is here put for *cujus* ; and therefore do not render

While he admires the Fortune of the Place,
The buſy Lab'rers, and their mutual Toil:
The *Trojan* Battles he in Order ſees,
Wars ſpred by Fame already o'er the World:
Atrides, *Priam*, and ſevere to Both
Achilles. Fix'd he ſtood, and weeping cry'd,
What Place, *Achates*, in the Univerſe,
What Region now abounds not with our Woes?
See *Priam*; Virtue here has it's Reward;

Ev'n

render it *to which*, as if I deſigned it for a literal Tranſlation; but becauſe I take That to be really the moſt poetical Way of expreſſing it in *Engliſh*.

Ver. 545. *The* Trojan *Battles he in Order ſees*, &c.] This Incident is moſt ſurprizingly beautiful. Nothing can ſtrike the Soul of a Man more than meeting with the Picture of his own Affairs and Diſtreſſes in a foreign Country, to which he is an utter Stranger. Monſieur *Segrais* takes notice of an Objection againſt it: How could the *Trojan* War be in ſo ſhort a Time ſo particularly known to the *Carthaginians*? And if it were; had they no Exploits of Themſelves, or Their Anceſtors, to adorn their Temple with, but were they forced to fetch them, from *Greece* and *Troy*? The Subſtance of his Anſwer, in which I perfectly agree with him, is This: Seven Years had paſſed ſince the Concluſion of That War, according to *Virgil*'s Account: Nothing in the World had ever been ſo renowned: The Gods and Religion of Theſe Nations were the ſame: There might be, nay *Virgil* hints that there were other Decorations of the Temple, beſides This; tho' none of them was ſo likely to detain the Eyes of *Æneas*. The thing was very poſſible; and That is enough: For the reſt, the Genius of Poetry is above trivial Niceties in Point of Fact; to which none but little Poets will be confined, and which none but little Criticks will inſiſt upon.

Ver. 547. Atrides, Priam, *and ſevere to Both*, &c.] I entirely agree with *Seneca* (*Epiſt.* 104.) and *De La Cerda*, and Others, in reading *Atriden*. For *Atridas* joined with *Priamum* makes *ambobus* harſh, and unnatural; to ſay no more of it. And beſides; it is well known that *Achilles* was *ſævus*, fierce, and ſevere, only to One of the *Atridæ*; *Agamemnon* by Name.

Ver. 548. *Fix'd he ſtood, and weeping cry'd*, &c.]

Conſtitit, & lacrimans, quis jam locus, inquit, Achate,
Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?

Ev'n here Compaſſion reigns, and human Minds
Are touch'd with human Mis'ry: Baniſh Fear,
This Fame will give thee ſome Relief. He ſaid;
And with an empty Picture fed his Soul,
Deep groaning, and o'erwhelm'd his Face with Tears.
For there he ſaw, how fighting round the Walls
Here fled the *Greeks*, the *Trojan* Youth purſu'd;
The *Trojans* there gave way; *Achilles* high
Plumb'd in his Chariot rode, and urg'd their Flight.
Not far from hence, by ſnow-white Banners known,
The Tents of *Rheſus* weeping he beholds;
Which, in the firſt Repoſe by Night betray'd,
Tydides plunder'd, and with Slaughter fill'd,
And drove away the fiery Steeds, before
They taſted *Trojan* Graſs, or *Xanthus'* Stream.
Here *Troïlus* in flight, depriv'd of Arms,
(Ill-fated Youth!) was by the Horſes drawn,

Un-

And afterwards,

Sic ait, atque animum picturâ paſcit inani,
Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum.

That Man muſt be utterly ignorant of Poetry, Painting, Travelling, Love of one's Country, Friendſhip, natural Affection, and Human Nature itſelf, who is not ſenſibly touched with This pathetical Paſſage. The Elegancy of *laudi* for *virtuti*, and of *lacrimæ rerum* for *miſericordia* (the Conſequent for the Antecedent) is an Inſtance, among a thouſand others, of the Beautiful Licentiouſneſs of Poetry.

Ver. 557. *For there he ſaw, how fighting round the Walls.*] There never was a finer Picture *of* a Picture than This. As *Virgil* deſcribes it from a Painter of his own making; ſo I wonder no real Painter ever took it from Him. For Poetry and Painting, like different Glaſſes aptly diſpoſed, may reflect Images from one another. I have elſewhere * made a ſhort Compariſon between The.e noble Arts; ſhewn

* *Præl. Poet. ut ſuprà.*

the

Unequally with great *Achilles* match'd:
He to the empty Chariot clings ſupine,
Yet holds the Reins; His Head along the Ground
Is dragg'd: The Spear inverted ſcrawls the Duſt.
Mean-while to unappeas'd *Minerva*'s Fane
The *Trojan* Dames in ſad Proceſſion went,
Beating their Breaſts, and with diſhevel'd Hair;
And bore a Veil: She fix'd her Eyes on Earth,
Averſe. *Achilles* round the *Trojan* Walls
Thrice *Hector* whirl'd, and ſold his breathleſs Trunk.
Deeply He ſigh'd; when he the Chariot ſaw,
The Spoils, and ev'n the Body of his Friend,
And *Priam* ſtretching out his ſuppliant Hands.
Himſelf he knew mix'd with the *Grecian* Chiefs;
The Eaſtern Troops; and ſwarthy *Memnon*'s Arms.
Her *Amazonian* Files with moony Shields
Pentheſilea leads, and in the Midſt
Of Thouſands ſtorms; Beneath her naked Pap
Her golden Belt ſhe buckles, warlike Maid,
And, tho' a Virgin, dares engage with Men.
This while the *Trojan* Prince with wonder ſees
Amaz'd, and in one Poſture muſing ſtands;
Up to the Temple moves the beauteous Queen,
Dido, ſurrounded with a Troop of Guards:

As

the Agreement and Diſagreement between them, and in what reſpects Each is ſuperior to the Other: And I ſhall not now repeat it.

Ver. 569. *Unequally*, &c.] *Congreſſus Achilli impar* [licet.] Next Line; *curru* for *currui*.

Ver. 572. *The Spear inverted*, &c.] One is apt at firſt Sight to underſtand it of *Troïlus*'s Spear. But (as *Ruæus* rightly obſerves) That cannot be; becauſe He had loſt his Arms;——*Amiſſis Troïlus armis*. It muſt therefore be the Spear of *Achilles*; which, being

As on *Eurotas'* Banks, or *Cynthus'* Top,
Diana leads her Train; A thouſand Nymphs
Encloſe her round; Herſelf her Quiver bears
High on her Shoulder, and with ſtately Walk
O'erlooks them all: A ſecret Pleaſure ſlides
Along *Latona's* Breaſt. Such *Dido* was,

So

being driven through the Breaſt of *Troïlus*, and He lying upon His Back, *reſupinus*, muſt of courſe be *inverted*, or have it's *Point downwards*.

Ver. 593. *As on* Eurota's *Banks, or* Cynthus' *Top*, &c.] *Virgil* here compares *Dido* to *Diana*; as he does afterwards in the Fourth Book *Æneas* to *Apollo*; and in the Twelfth *Turnus* to *Mars*. Similes are deſigned always to illuſtrate: But then Illuſtration is of two Kinds; either to *inhance* and *ſet off*, and that both by *heightening*, and *leſſening*; or only to *explain*. In the firſt kind, the two Ideas need not be ſo *diſtinct* from one another, as in the laſt. In the former Inſtance, to praiſe the graceful and noble Carriage of a Gentleman, we commonly ſay he looks like a King: To vilify his mean and poor Behaviour, we ſay he looks like a Mechanick. Now here the Ideas in Compariſon are not very diſtinct in their own Natures: But 'tis enough that by ſuch Compariſon the Perſon or Thing is heightened, or depreſſed. This Simile, and Thoſe mentioned with it, are of This kind: The Figures which the Perſons compared with each other make, are almoſt the ſame: But the Force of the Compariſon lies in *heightening* the Character of the One by comparing it with That of the Other, who is of a much ſuperior Quality and Degree. And ſo on the Reverſe, in the Inſtance of *leſſening*. But in the other Kind of Similes (which conſiſts in *explaining*, and is indeed the beſt) there is a *new Idea* conveyed into the Mind; as in the Simile immediately preceding This, by which the Hurry of the Builders at *Carthage* is compared to That of the Bees in working their Wax, and Honey. That, tho' beneath the Thing to which it is compared, does not *leſſen* it, being not deſigned by way of Contempt; but only *explains* it, by repreſenting it under a *new Appearance*; which is extremely agreeable to the Mind, by the *Variety* with which it is entertained. Were This Diſtinction duly attended to; much falſe Criticiſm would be ſpared in both Inſtances: Some having condemned the former Sort for the *Identity*, or *too great Agreement* of the Ideas; and Others the latter Sort for the *Meanneſs* and *Lowneſs* of the Ideas.

When,

So ſmiling thro' the Crowd ſhe paſs'd, intent
Upon their Labours, and her future Realms.
Then in the Entrance of the Doom, beneath
The Middle of the Temple's Arch, ſhe ſate,
Fenc'd round with Arms; and, on her Throne aloft
Leaning Majeſtick, to her Subjects gave
Commands, and Laws; and meaſur'd out their Taſks
In equal Portions; or by Lot aſſign'd.
When ſuddenly *Æneas* in the Croud

Antheus,

When, as I ſaid, Thoſe two Sorts of Compariſons are made with quite different Views; Both, 'tis true, to *illuſtrate*; but the one by *heightening*, or *leſſening*; the other *only by explaining*. There is indeed a *Third* Sort, partaking the Nature of *both* the other two: Nay, *all* which *chiefly leſſen*, or *heighten*, do at the ſame Time *in ſome Meaſure explain*; tho' it is not *always* ſo on the *Reverſe*: Yet *ſome* too, which *chiefly explain*, do in *ſome Meaſure heighten or leſſen*: And all agree in This, that they *illuſtrate* the Thing, or Perſon deſcribed; and *adorn* and *embelliſh* the Deſcription. Whoever deſires more upon the Subject of Similes, may read what is admirably diſcourſed by Monſieur *Segrais*, in his 7th Remark upon the Firſt, and his 5th upon the Seventh Book; which is of a different Nature from what I have here offered. I refer the Reader to what I have myſelf * elſewhere attempted upon This Subject in other Particulars; if he thinks it worth his while to peruſe it.

Ver. 601, 602. *In the Entrance— In the Middle—*] Suppoſe a *Chapel* in a *Church*. At the *Doors* of the *One*; but in the *Middle* of the *Other*. *Divæ* in the Orig. becauſe That Apartment was *moſt* ſacred to Her, tho' the whole Temple was ſo *at large*.

Ver. 607. *When ſuddenly Æneas in the Croud*, &c.] Here is another great Surprize in *Æneas*'s unexpectedly meeting with his Friends. But then it is not fit they ſhould yet diſcover Him; Firſt, becauſe the Speeches of *Ilioneus*, and *Dido* would have been prevented: And ſecondly, Becauſe it makes Way for another Surprize afterwards. Every Thing opens by Degrees. And here we ſee the Art of *Virgil*, in cloathing *Æneas* and *Achates* in an inviſible Mantle.

* *Præl. Poet.* p. 157, &c.

Antheus, *Sergeſtus*, and *Cloanthus* ſaw;
With other *Trojans*, whom the boiſt'rous Storm
Had toſs'd at Sea, and driv'n on other Coaſts.
Amaz'd himſelf, amaz'd *Achates* ſtood,
Eager, 'twixt Joy and Fear, to join their Hands;
But the unknown Event confounds their Thoughts.
They wait, and muffled in their Cloud, obſerve
The Fortune of their Friends; upon what Coaſt
They left the Fleet; and what ſhould be the Cauſe
Of their Arrival: For from all the Ships
Some choſen came, imploring to be heard,
And with a Clamour to the Temple preſs'd.
Admiſſion being gain'd, and Leave to ſpeak;
Ilioneus, their Chief, with pleaſing Grace
Began. O Queen, whom *Jove* impow'rs to build
This recent City, and with Laws to curb
Proud Nations; We, the poor Remains of *Troy*,
Driv'n thro' all Seas by Winds, implore you: Save
Our

Mantle. This is as true Plot as any in a Play. The Concealment of *Ulyſſes* by *Minerva* in the 7th and 13th Books of the *Odyſſée* (tho' manifeſtly copy'd by *Virgil* in This Place) is not diverſified with ſuch a Variety of Incidents; nor is in it ſelf half ſo agreeable.

Ver. 610.—*Driv'n on* other *Coaſts.*] That is, *other* Coaſts *at firſt*; for they were ſeparated from the ſeven Ships with which *Æneas* landed; tho' the Wind changing (*verſis Aquilonibus*, as *Venus* had foretold) they *afterwards* came to *Carthage*.

Ver. 614. *Wait.*] Orig. *Diſſimulant*; i. e. *do not* yet *diſcover themſelves*.

Ver. 618.——*Imploring to be heard.*] *Orantes veniam.* The Word *venia* does not always ſignify *pardon*: but ſometimes *leave*, *grace*, *favour*. Ver. 528. Orig. *ventis* [per] *maria*, &c.

Ver. 622.— *O Queen, whom* Jove *impow'rs to build*, &c.] It would be too tedious to remark upon the many Beauties of This Speech; which is perfectly proper, and elegant in all it's Parts.

Our Veſſels from inhoſpitable Fires:
Pity a pious Race; with nearer View
Conſider our Affairs. We came not here,
To ravage with the Sword your *Libyan* Stores,
Or lade our Ships with Pillage from the Town;
Such hoſtile Force, ſuch Inſolence of Thought,
Ill ſuits, alas! the State of vanquiſh'd Men.
There is a Place by *Greeks Heſperia* call'd,
An ancient Land, renown'd in Arms, and rich
In fertil Glebe; th' *Oenotrians* once poſſeſs'd,
And till'd the Soil; the Moderns now, 'tis ſaid,
Have from their Chief the Land *Italia* nam'd.
Hither we ſteer'd our Courſe:
When on a ſudden, riſing with a Storm,
Boiſtrous *Orion* drove us on the Flats,
And hidden Shelves; and with capricious Winds
Scatter'd us o'er the Waves, the foamy Deep,
And Rocks unpaſſable: We few eſcap'd
From Shipwreck to your Coaſts. What Race of Men
Is This? What barb'rous Country, that permits
Such Cuſtoms? From the Refuge of the Strand
They drive us, offer War, and beat us back
From the firſt Shore. If Human Kind you ſcorn,
And mortal Arms; Expect, at leaſt, the Gods
Will

Ver. 640. *Boiſtrous* Orion, *&c.*] *Orion*, tho' a Star, is called *nimboſus*, ſtormy, or boiſtrous, with regard to the Effects, or rather concomitant Circumſtances, with which his Riſing is uſually attended.

Ver. 644. *Shipwreck.*] By the Word *adnavimus* in the Orig. one would think they eſcaped *à la nage*, by *ſwimming*. But it was not ſo; For they had their *Ships*. The Meaning is, they eſcap'd with [almoſt] as much *difficulty* as if they had *ſwam*.

Will have a due Regard to Right, and Wrong.
Æneas was our Prince; than whom more juſt
Was none, nor more renown'd in War and Arms.
Whom if the Fates preſerve; if vital Air
He breathes, nor mingles with the ruthleſs Shades;
No more of Fear: Nor ſhall you e'er repent
Of having firſt oblig'd: *Sicilia* too
Has Arms for Us, and Cities, and the King
Aceſtes, ſprung from *Troy*'s illuſtrious Blood.
Let us have Leave to draw our Fleet aſhore,
Shatter'd by Winds; and from the Woods refit
Our Planks, and Oars: That joyful we may ſteer
To *Latium*; if 'tis giv'n us e'er to find
Our Prince, and Friends, and thither bend our Courſe.
But if, all Safety loſt, the *Lybian* Waves
Thee, Father of the *Trojans*, have devour'd,
And no more Hope of young *Iülus* left;
We to *Sicanian* Seas, at leaſt, and Seats
Prepar'd, from whence we're hither driv'n by Winds,
And to the King *Aceſtes* may repair.
So ſpake *Ilioneus*; the *Trojans* all
Murmur'd unanimous.
Dido with down-caſt Looks in brief replies,
Trojans, diſmiſs your Doubts, ſeclude your Cares:
My difficult Affairs, and infant State

Force

Ver. 660.—*From the Woods refit*, &c.] *Stringere remos*. Either to *lop*, and *ſhred* the Trees, to make new Oars (ſtringere *Arbores* in *Remos*) or to *cloſe*, *bind up*, and *repair* the old Ones: Or Both.

Ver. 673. Trojans, *diſmiſs your Doubts*, &c.] In This Speech no Beauty is particularly remarkable; but That which is the Foundation of all others; perfect Propriety, &c.

Force me to take ſuch Meaſures, and ſecure
My Frontiers with a Guard: Th' *Æneian* Race
Who knows not, and the valiant Sons of *Troy*,
And waſtful Rage of ſo renown'd a War?
Not ſo obtuſe are our *Phœnician* Breaſts;
Nor riſes *Phœbus* ſo averſe from *Tyre*.
Whether for wide *Heſperia*, and the Fields
Of *Saturn*, you deſign; or *Eryx*' Coaſts,
And King *Aceſtes*: I'll diſmiſs you ſafe
With my Aſſiſtance, and ſupply'd with Wealth.
Or would you ſettle in Theſe Realms with Me?
Yours is my City; draw your Ships aſhore:
Trojan, and *Tyrian* ſhall from me receive
Treatment alike. And I could wiſh your Prince,
Æneas too, were here himſelf arriv'd,
By the ſame Tempeſt driv'n; Nay, I will ſend
To ſearch the Coaſts of *Libya*, and explore

It's

Ver. 680. *Tyre.*] *Tyriâ urbe.* Not *Carthage*, as Some would have it: For their *Genius*, of which ſhe is ſpeaking, muſt be given them by their *native Country*.

Ver. 684. — *Supply'd with Wealth.*] Or with *Arms*, or *Proviſions*, &c. The Word *Opes* includes any Neceſſaries, or Conveniencies whatſoever.

Ver. 686. *Yours is my City*, &c.] Though the Reading, and Conſtruction of This Place according to *Servius*,

Vultis & his mecum pariter conſidere regnis,
[Vultis] *urbem quam ſtatuo? Veſtra eſt;*

be not altogether improbable: yet the common Acceptation, *Urbs* (underſtood) *quam urbem ſtatuo*, the Subſtantive being repeated with the Relative in the Accuſative Caſe, and ſuppreſſed in the Nominative, is certainly far better: Like That of *Terence*, *Eunuchum quem dediſti nobis quas turbas dedit!* With many other Inſtances in Proſe, as well as Verſe; which we need not mention. Ver. 580. Orig. *certos*: i. e. vel *veloces*, vel *fidos*, ſays *Servius*.

It's utmoſt Bounds; if haply, thrown on Land,
He in ſome Wood, or unknown City, ſtrays.
Exalted by Theſe Words, the *Trojan* Prince,
And brave *Achates*, eager long'd to burſt
The Cloud; *Achates* firſt beſpeaks the Prince.
What, Goddeſs-born, are now your Thoughts? And what
Do you reſolve? All ſafe you ſee; our Fleet,
And Friends reſtor'd: One miſſing, whom ourſelves
Saw drown'd: The reſt confirms your Mother's Words.
He ſcarce had ſpoke; When ſtrait the ambient Cloud
Diſſolves itſelf, and rarifies to Air.
Confeſs'd *Æneas* ſtood; and ſhone in Light
Serene, in Shape and Features, like a God:
For *Venus* with the roſy Bloom of Youth
Had fluſh'd her Son, with graceful Locks adorn'd,
And breath'd a ſparkling Luſtre on his Eyes:
Such is the Beauty, which the Artiſt's Hand
To poliſh'd Iv'ry lends: So Silver ſhines,
Or *Parian* Stone, enchas'd in yellow Gold.
Then ſudden, and ſurprizing All, he Thus
Beſpeaks the Queen. Behold the Man you ſeek,
Trojan

Ver. 701. *He ſcarce had ſpoke, when ſtrait the ambient Cloud.*] —*Et in æthera purgat* [ſe] *apertum.* Here is the other Diſcovery above hinted at; and very ſurprizing it muſt be ſuppoſed to the Beholders. The following Deſcription of *Æneas*'s Beauty, given him by *Venus* the Goddeſs of it, is itſelf as great a Beauty as That which it deſcribes: Eſpecially That

——*namque ipſa decoram*
Cæſariem nato genetrix, lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores.

Next Ver. Orig. *Quale manus addunt ebori decus; aut* [quale eſt decus] *ubi flavo, &c.*

Ver. 712. — *Behold the Man you ſeek.*] It may be aſked by Some Criticks, What is there

fine

Trojan Æneas, ſav'd from *Libyan* Waves.
O You, who only with Compaſſion ſee
Troy's

ſine in This Speech? I anſwer *Propriety*; and That's *enough*; Which there would not have been; had it been *bright*, and *fiery*. And if Propriety be wanting, 'tis a defect which nothing can ſupply. It is not always proper to flame and flaſh; and it would have been here moſt abſurd. *Æneas*'s Buſineſs is to return Thanks to the Queen; which he does with the utmoſt Propriety; all the Sentiments and Expreſſions being juſt and exact. *Want of Fire* and Shining in an Author, or a Work, *upon the Whole*, is always *Dulneſs*; but it is quite otherwiſe with regard to *This* or *That particular* part. In all good Painting, there are Shades as well as Light; In all good Muſick, there are plain Notes as well as Graces, low Strains as well as lofty ones, nay Diſcords as well as Concords. In the moſt beautiful and magnificent Building, every thing does not ſhine: And if it did, the Building would ceaſe to be either beautiful or magnificent, becauſe it would be ridiculous. Beſides; Theſe Gentlemen might conſider that there are *ſeveral Sorts* of *Shining*: There is the ſparkling of a Diamond, as well as the Flaſhing of a Fire; and the Brightneſs of Gold, and Silver, nay of Marble, and Ivory, as well as the Sparkling of a Diamond. The *Palace of the Sun*, as deſcribed by *Ovid*, contains all Theſe Materials: As there is the ſtrong dazling Splendour of Jewels, ſo there is the faint one of Ivory, and the ſoft one of Silver: Which laſt is deſcribed by Mr. *Addiſon*, better than by *Ovid* himſelf:

The folding Doors diſpers'd a Silver Light,
And with a milder Gleam refreſh'd the Sight.

The Place I am now conſidering ſhines with This Sort of Luſtre; at leaſt with ſuch a one as is deſcribed by *Virgil* himſelf juſt before;

Quale manus addunt ebori decus, &c.

And many more Paſſages in his Poem are of the ſame Kind; caſting a gentle Light, not a ſparkling one. But then wherever it is *proper*, his *Æneis*, like the Palace above-mentioned, is

Clara micante auro, flammaſque imitante pyropo:

His Gold glitters, his Gems blaze and dazle; and the Whole is,

——— *Sublimibus alta Columnis:*

Troy's endleſs Toils, receive us for Allies,
And in This City yield a ſafe Retreat
To Us, the Relicks of the *Greeks*, fatigu'd
With all the Hazards of the Land, and Sea,
Of all things indigent: Due Thanks to pay
Is not in Us, nor whatſoe'er remains
Of *Trojan* Race diſpers'd thro' all the World.
The Gods to You (if Virtue be their Care,
And any Juſtice yet remain) the Gods,
And your own Mind ſelf-conſcious of the Right,
Equal Rewards ſhall give. What Age ſo bleſs'd
Gave Birth to ſuch a Princeſs? and from what
Illuſtrious happy Parents are you ſprung?
While Rivers ſeek the Sea, while Shades ſurround
The Mountains' Sides, while Ether feeds the Stars;
Your

The Whole, like That Palace, diverſified with Variety of Brightneſs; and, like That too, having the God of Light, and Heat, and Muſick, and Poetry, for it's Inhabitant.

Some Parts therefore ought to ſhine with one Light, ſome with another; and ſome not at all. Had Theſe Speeches indeed been of a *conſiderable Length*; they had been heavy and tedious: But That *Virgil* always takes care to avoid; He is always *ſhort*, not only in That which does not *ſhine at all*; but in That which does not *ſhine very much*; contrary to the Practice of another great Poet: whoſe Name (for fear of ſpeaking Poetical Treaſon) I will not preſume to mention.

Ver. 720. *Nor whatſoe'er*, &c.] *Non opis eſt noſtræ*, nec [opis eſt] *gentis Dardaniæ, quicquid ubique eſt* [illius]. Or Thus, *Nec quicquid ubique eſt gentis Dardaniæ præmia digna* [ferat; ſed] *Dii—ferant.*

Ver. 728, 729.—*While Shades ſurround The Mountains' ſides, while Ether feeds the Stars.*] Some make *convexa* agree with *Sidera*, and put a comma at *luſtrabunt*. What then becomes of *Montibus?* And of what is it governed? This is neither *Senſe*, nor *Grammar:* The true Reading muſt be *Montibus*, (i. e. *montium*) *convexa* (the *Sides*, or *Tops*, which you pleaſe, for Both are *convex*) *luſtrabunt umbræ*; *polus dum ſidera paſcet* being another Sentence. This

Your Honour, Name, and Praiſe ſhall ever live;
Me whate'er Soil invites. This ſaid, he greets
With his Right hand *Ilioneus* his Friend,
Sereſtus with the Left; then all the reſt;
Brave *Gyas*, and *Cloanthus*, valiant Chief.
Dido at firſt aſtoniſh'd at the Sight,
Then at th' Adventures of the wond'rous Man,
Thus ſpeaks: What Fate purſues you, Goddeſs-born,
Thro' ſuch Variety of Toils? What Pow'r
Drives you on barb'rous Coaſts? Are You That fam'd
Æneas, whom on *Phrygian Simois'* Banks
Indulgent *Venus* to *Anchiſes* bore?
Nay I remember *Teucer* came to *Sidon*,
Driv'n from his Country, and new Kingdoms ſought
By *Belus'* Aid: My Father *Belus* then
Waſted rich *Cyprus*, and, as Conqu'ror, rul'd.
Already from That Time I know the Fate
Of *Troy*, your Name, and all the *Grecian* Kings.
He, tho' a Foe, with laviſh Praiſe extol'd
The *Trojans*, and would prove himſelf deriv'd
From *Trojan* Blood. Come on then, gallant Gueſts,
Enter my Palace: Toſs'd thro' various Toils
Me the like Deſtiny at length decreed
To reſt, and fix my Manſion in this Realm:
Acquainted with Misfortune, I have learn'd
To pity and to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd.
This ſaid; She leads *Æneas* to her Court,
And to the Gods a Feſtival proclaims.

Mean

This laſt is ſpoken according to the opinion of the Ancients: who ſuppoſed the Stars to be *fed* in the Air, by the Vapours and Moiſture exhaled from the Earth, and Sea.

Mean while to all the Crew, on board his Ships
Which lay in Harbour, twenty Bulls ſhe ſends;
An hundred briſtly Boars with ſpacious Chines;
An hundred fatted Lambs, with Ewes; and Wine,
Gift of the jolly God.
But with proud Pomp the inner Rooms of State
Are ſplendidly adorn'd; and Feaſts prepar'd
In the mid Court: The purple Carpets wrought
With Art; The Tables groan with maſſy Plate,
And brave Exploits of warlike Anceſtors
Emboſs'd in Gold; a long ſucceſſive Train
Of Actions, thro' ſo many Heroes drawn
From the firſt Founder of the Royal Race.
Æneas (for a Father's anxious Love
Permits him not to reſt) *Achates* ſends
Swift to the Ships, *Aſcanius* to inform,
And bring him to the City: On his Son

All

Ver. 762. *Gift of the jolly God.*] I take *Munera lætitiamque dei* to be the ſame as *Munera læta dei*; agreeable to ſeveral other Expreſſions of the like nature: in which the Senſe of the Adjective is transferred to the Subſtantive; and *vice verſa*. The Senſe is in effect the ſame, if inſtead of *læta* it be *læti*; as I have rendered it. Moſt abſurd is the Opinion of Thoſe, who by This God underſtand *Neptune*; when it is plainly *Bacchus*: the Wine being not (as They ſuppoſe) a Sacrifice *to* the former, but the Gift *of* the latter. Little better is That of *A. Gellius*: For tho' *dis*, or *dii* (as he reads it) is ſometimes put for *dei*; yet the other Reading, and Senſe *in This place* are both more plain, and more proper.

Ver. 763. *But with proud Pomp the inner Rooms of State, &c.*] This Deſcription of the Banquet both here, and as it is reſumed Ver. 703. and Ver. 727. Orig. is moſt Noble and Magnificent in all it's Parts: Which I refer to the diſtinct Conſideration of the judicious and attentive Reader. Ver. 643. Orig. *Veſtes*: i. e. *Menſarum, Parietum, Pavimenti*, &c. Tapeſtry *cloaths* the Walls; Carpets the Ground, *&c.*

All the fond Parent's Care is ſtill employ'd.
Some Preſents too, from *Ilion*'s Ruins ſav'd,
He bids him bring: a Robe all ſtiff with Gold,
And Figures: and a Mantle woven round
With ſaffron Foliage, *Grecian Helen*'s Dreſs;
Which, from *Mycenæ*, when ſhe came to *Troy*,
And unpermitted Hymenéal Rites,
She brought, her Mother *Leda*'s wond'rous Gift:
A Sceptre too, which once *Ilione*,
The eldeſt Daughter of King *Priam*, bore:
A Necklace ſtrung with Chains of orient Pearl:
And a Crown, doubly ſet with Gems, and Gold.
This to diſpatch, away *Achetes* flies.

But *Venus* in her Breaſt new Plots revolves,
Forms new Deſigns; that *Cupid* chang'd in Shape
Should go for ſweet *Aſcanius*, and with Gifts
Inflame the Queen; and with her Vitals blend
His Fires: For much ſhe dreads th' ambiguous Race;
And double-talking *Tyrians*; *Juno*'s Rage

Tor-

Ver. 775. *Fond.*] *Charus* ſtrictly ſignifies *belov'd*; but *here* it certainly means *loving*. The *Relations* of *Father* and *Son* being ſo *near*, and ſo *reciprocal*; the *Tranſpoſition* is elegant.

Ver. 779. Grecian Helen's *Dreſs*, &c.] There is ſomething very entertaining in the particular Deſcription of Theſe Preſents, as to their Richneſs, and Antiquity, and the Perſons to whom they belonged. We have the ſame in the 5th and 7th Books.

Ver. 789. *Forms new Deſigns; that* Cupid *chang'd in Shape*, &c.] Here opens a new Plot; and a very fine one it is. *Virgil* makes uſe of the Relation which *Æneas* has to *Venus*, and *Cupid*, by introducing a moſt beautiful Machine; upon which the Paſſion of *Dido* turns; and than which Nothing can be more entertaining.

Torments her; and with Night her Care returns.
To winged *Love* she therefore Thus applies.
My Son, my Strength, my mighty Pow'r alone;
My Son, who dost *Typhœan* Bolts defy
Of *Jove* Supreme; suppliant to Thee I fly,
Thy Deity implore. How round the Seas
Your Brother is by *Juno*'s Malice tos's'd,
You know; and oft have join'd your Tears with mine.
Him now *Phœnician Dido* entertains,
And sooths with Speeches bland; and much I fear
What *Juno*'s Hospitality designs:
She in so great a Juncture will not rest.
Wherefore I have contriv'd to countermine
Their Projects, and involve the Queen in Flames;
That by no Pow'r she may be chang'd, but love
Æneas with a Fondness like my own.
This how thou may'st effect, receive my Thoughts.
The Royal Boy, my chief Concern, prepares
To go to *Carthage* at his Father's Call,
Bearing the Presents rescu'd from the Sea,
And Flames of *Troy*: Him lull'd to Sleep I'll hide
On high *Cythera*, or th' *Idalian* Hill,
In sacred Privacy; lest he should know
Our Fraud, or intervening marr the Plot.
Thou for one Night, no more, assume his Looks,
And

Ver. 673. Orig. [Res est] *Nota tibi.*

Ver. 818. *Thou, for one Night, no more, assume his Looks.*]

Tu faciem illius noctem, non amplius, unam
Falle dolo ———

Fallere for *simulare*, in This place is very *particular*; yet *natural*, and *easy*, and therefore *elegant*. This depends upon the *Transposing* of Ideas which are *akin* to each other; of which more at ver. 830. Ver. 686. Orig. *Ne qua* [ratione] *scire*, &c.

And take, thyſelf a Boy, his boyiſh Form.
That, when amidſt the Royal Feaſts, and Wine,
Dido ſhall hug thee on her Lap, and print
Sweet Kiſſes; unperceiv'd thou may'ſt inſpire
Thy Flame, and ſlide thy Poiſon to her Heart.
The God, complying with his Mother's Will,
Throws off his Wings; and, joyful, trips along
In young *Iülus'* Step. Him *Venus* lulls
With dewy Sleep, and on her Boſom huſh'd
Carries him to *Idalia*'s lofty Groves;
Where blooming Jeſſamine around him breathes
With Flow'rs, in fragrant Shade. Now *Cupid* goes
Ob-

Ver. 826, 827. ——*Lulls* —— *With dewy Sleep*, &c.] The Original gives us another Inſtance of the ſame Kind with the preceding. *Aſcanio* —— *quietem irrigat*: i. e. *infundit quietem irriguam*.

Ver. 829. *Where blooming Jeſſamine*, &c.] *Amaracus* ſounds well in Latin: But *Sweet-Marjorum* would ſound ill in Engliſh; and ſo I have changed it to *Jeſſamine*.

Ver. 830. *With Flow'rs in fragrant Shade*, &c.] *Ruæus* renders *dulci* joined with *umbra* by *grata*; in conſideration, I ſuppoſe, that *Shade* has no *ſmell* in it. But Thoſe muſt be ill acquainted with the Genius of Poetry, who do not know that one of it's greateſt Elegancies conſiſts in *transferring Ideas from one Adjunct to another*. The Flowers yielded both Shade and Sweetneſs: And tho' the *Shade* was not *perfumed*; the *Air, joined with it*, was. Thus in the Second Book, Ver. 255.

——*Tacitæ per amica ſilentia lunæ.*

The Moon, tho' always ſilent herſelf, (ſee the Remark upon That place) contributed nothing to the Silence of other things; 'Twas the Abſence of the Sun, not the Preſence of the Moon, which was the Cauſe of That: For the Night would have been as ſilent, tho' the Moon had not ſhone. But becauſe the Shining of the Moon, and the Silence of the Night concurred; the Qualities are elegantly tranſpoſed in That manner. More full to our purpoſe is That in this Firſt Book, Ver. 359. of the Original, 425. of this Tranſlation:

Crudelis

Obſequious, with his Guide *Achates* pleas'd,
And bears the Royal Preſents to the Court.
There when he came; upon the golden Couch,
Sumptuous with Tapeſtry, the Queen had plac'd
Herſelf, and in the Middle choſe her Seat.
Now Prince *Æneas*, and the *Trojan* Youth
Advance; and feaſt, on crimſon Beds repos'd.
Th'Attendants wait with Water for the Hands,
Diſtribute Bread from Caniſters, and hold
Soft Towels. Fifty Handmaids wait within,
Diſpoſe the Banquet in long Order rang'd,
And burn rich Incenſe to the Houſhold-Gods.
An hundred Maids beſides, as many Youths,
Of equal Age, attend; who pile the Boards
With Diſhes, and the Cups and Goblets place.
Nor leſs the *Tyrians* croud the joyful Court,
Invited on embroider'd Beds to feaſt.
The Preſents of *Æneas* all admire;
Admire *Iülus* in the God diſguis'd,
His glowing Looks, and well diſſembled Words,
The Robe, and Veil with ſaffron Foliage wrought.
Chiefly th' unhappy Queen, to future Rage
De-

Crudeles aras ——

The *Altars* were not *cruel*; But there was *Cruelty committed before them.* This is not properly the *Metonymia Adjuncti*; but might, I think, make another Species of That Trope, and be not unfitly called *Metonymia Tranſpoſiti.* This Elegancy is founded upon the Pleaſure of *Change*, and *Variety*, the *Shifting* of *Ideas*, and *Comparing* them with each other: Which is always agreeable to the Mind; for Reaſons which I have elſewhere, and more than once, mentioned. Ver. 705. Orig. *Cereremque* [è] *caniſtris*, &c. Next Ver. *Quinquaginta intus* [ſunt] *famulæ quibus*, &c.

Ver. 852. *Chiefly th'unhappy Queen to future Rage*, &c.] How exquiſite is the Elegancy, and Energy of Theſe Expreſſions!

— *Peſti*

Devoted, with inſatiate Fondneſs burns,
And paſſionately gazes; with the Boy,
And with his Preſents, equally inflam'd:
He, having hung upon *Æneas'* Neck,
And ſatisfy'd his fancy'd Father's Love,
Goes to the Queen: She fixes all her Sight,
And Soul upon him; ſometimes on her Lap
Fonds him; nor thinks how great a God ſhe bears.
He, mindful of his Mother, by Degrees
Begins t' expunge *Sichæus* from her Breaſt;
And with a living Flame to prepoſſeſs
Her Heart, long liſtleſs, and unus'd to Love.
The Banquet pauſing, and the Meat remov'd;
Large maſſy Bowls they place, and crown the Wine.
Loud Noiſe ſucceeds; and thro' the ample Courts
They roll the Sound: In Sconces Tapers hang
Lighted from gilded Roofs; and Night retires,
O'erpower'd with blazing Flambeaus. Here the Queen
Calls for a Goblet, rough with Gems, and Gold,
(Which *Belus* us'd, and all the Kings from Him)
And fills it up with Wine; then through the Court
Silence commands: O *Jove*, (for Thou art ſaid
To fix the Laws of Hoſpitality)
Grant

——— *Peſti devota futuræ*
Expleri mentem nequit, ardeſcitque tuendo, &c.
——— *Hæc oculis, hæc pectore toto*
Hæret ———
——— *Paulatim abolere Sichæum*
Incipit, ac vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jamdudum reſides animos, deſuetaque corda.

Ver. 863. — *A living Flame to prepoſſeſs*, &c.] *Vivo amore*; That is, no Doubt, with the Love of a *living Man*, inſtead of a *dead* one, as *Sichæus* was: Not *amore vehementi*; as Some would have it. *Prævertere*, i. e. with reſpect to any Deſign of *Juno's*. Ver. 734. Orig. *A Belo ſoliti* [ſunt implere.]

Grant that This Day auſpicious may be prov'd
To both the Colonies of *Tyre*, and *Troy*;
And by our late Poſterity be known.
May *Bacchus*, God of Mirth, and *Juno* kind,
Be preſent here: And you my *Tyrians* join,
Well pleas'd, to celebrate the ſolemn Feaſt.
This ſaid, ſhe for Libation ſpills the Wine
Upon the Board: and firſt with gentle Touch
Salutes the Cup: which, haſt'ning him, ſhe gives
To *Bitias*: He with ſpeed the frothy Bowl
Drinks off, and ſwills himſelf with the full Gold.
Then all the Lords; When curl'd *Iopas* tun'd
His golden Lyre, and ſung what *Atlas* taught;
The wand'ring Moon, the Labours of the Sun;
Whence Men, and Beaſts, whence Rain, and Light'nings come;
The Conſtellations of the Northern Cars,
Arcturus, and the ſhow'ry *Hyades*:
Why Suns, in Winter, haſte ſo ſwift to tinge
Themſelves in Ocean; and what Cauſe retards
The ſluggiſh Nights. The *Tyrians* loud Acclaim
Re-

Ver. 882. *Wine*] Orig. *laticum honorum*: literally *the Honour of Liquors*; i. e. the *beſt* of 'em. Next Ver. *Primaque libato* [eo] *ſummo tenus attigit* [vinum in patera reliquum] *ore*. Next Ver. *Increpitans*; *blaming* [his Slowneſs.]

Ver. 889. *The wand'ring Moon, the Labours of the Sun, &c.*] To put ſo much Natural Philoſophy into a Song, may ſeem ſtrange to a mere Modern. Yet how much more grand and noble is it, than a ſilly Story of *Chloris* and *Phillis*; and ſuch like frothy Trifles, which are the Subjects of Songs in our Times! By the way; how pretty would have been an *Opera*, or a *Maſquerade*; to entertain *Æneas*, and his Friends, upon This Occaſion! What Pity it is, the *Ancients* were not ſo *polite*, and *judicious*, as *We* are!

Ver. 894, 895. *What Cauſe retards The ſluggiſh Nights.*] This may be underſtood either of

Redouble; and the *Trojan* Gueſts concur.
Mean-while th'unhappy Queen with various Talk
Protracts the Night; and, deeply drinking Love,
Of *Priam* much, of *Hector* much enquires:

Now

of the Winter-Nights, or of the Summer-Nights. If of the Winter, *tardis* muſt ſignify *ſlow* in *going off*; if of the Summer, *ſlow* in *coming on*. I am for This laſt: becauſe, being compared with the preceding Words *Soles Hybernι*, it makes an Oppoſition between the two Seaſons; which the other does not.

Ver. 899. *Of* Priam *much, of* Hector *much enquires*, &c.] It is natural to deſire to hear Thoſe talk, whom we love; eſpecially to talk of Themſelves, and of their own Adventures; and yet more eſpecially, when Thoſe Adventures are uncommon and extraordinary. And therefore the following Narrative in the Perſon of *Æneas*, which is the entire Subject of the 2d and 3d Books, is moſt naturally introduced. Then there is ſomething ſurprizingly pleaſant in the Poet's Manner of repreſenting it. He firſt tells us in his own Perſon that ſhe aſked ſeveral particular random Queſtions about This, and That, and Another thing:

Nec non & vario noctem Sermone trahebat
Infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem;
Multa ſuper Priamo rogitans, ſuper Hectore multa;
Nunc, quibus Auroræ veniſſet filius armis;
Nunc, quales Diomedis equi; *nunc, quantus Achilles.*

But the next Words are general; and are Her's, not the Poet's,

Imo age, & à prima dic, hoſpes, origine nobis
Inſidias, inquit, Danaum, &c.

The ſudden Change of Perſons from the Poet to the Queen; the natural ſliding in of That *Imo age*, &c. and ſtealing the *inquit* into the ſecond Line, as it were out of the way, and in a Place where we can ſcarce obſerve it; The paſſing from Thoſe ſcattered particular Queſtions, to the general Requeſt in Form and Solemnity, preparatory to the noble Narrative which follows upon it; the Art of the Poet being here like That of Muſicians, who ſport themſelves with little warbling Eſſays and Flouriſhes, while they are preparing to begin a grand and full Conſort: And laſtly, the Concluding of the Book with That Requeſt, and ſo leaving the Mind of the Reader in the moſt earneſt Expectation; are all of them Circumſtances marvellouſly

Now with what Arms *Aurora*'s Offspring came ; 900
Now of *Achilles*, now of *Diomede*'s Steeds.

Nay

lously beautiful : And the more they are conſidered, the more beautiful they will appear.

And here I ſhall take Occaſion to conſider the admirable Addreſs of *Virgil*, in *ending*, and *beginning*, the ſeveral *Books* of his Poem.

In Dramatic Poetry, few Things are more conſiderable, or ſhew greater Art and Judgment, than ending Acts at proper Periods, and beginning them with proper Connections. And what Acts are to a Tragedy, Books are to an Epic Poem. There are Two Ways of concluding them, quite different from each other, yet both excellent in their Kinds. They agree in This, that both leave an Impreſſion of ſomething very important upon the Mind of the Reader : But the one entirely concludes a conſiderable Action, or Narration, the next Book beginning with a Tranſition to ſomething perfectly new ; The other breaks off in the Middle, and leaves the Mind in a longing Expectation to know how the Thread of the Narrative proceeds ; which accordingly the Beginning of the next Book continues by an immediate Connection. Of this latter Kind is the Concluſion of the Firſt, and the Beginning of the Second Book, in This incomparable Poem. The laſt Words of the Firſt are the Queen's Requeſt to *Æneas* to relate the Hiſtory of his Adventures ; like That of *Alcinous* to *Ulyſſes*, at the Concluſion of the Eighth *Odyſſée*. We are therefore impatient to hear his Story : And ſo the Second Book begins like the Ninth *Odyſſée* : Only how mean an Opening is

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολυμήτις Ὀδυσσεύς,

in Compariſon of that noble one,

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant, &c.

It ends with his Expulſion from *Troy*, after the utter Ruin of That City.

Ceſſi, & ſublato montem genitore petivi.

And the Third opens with the Beginning of his Travels, as a Conſequence of That Expulſion.

Poſtquam res Aſiæ, &c.

This Book ends with his Travels, and the Poet's reſuming the Thread of the Narration in his own Perſon.

Sic pater Æneas intentis omnibus unus, &c.
Conticuit tandem factoque hic fine quievit.

The

Nay come, ſhe ſaid, and tell us, Princely Gueſt;
Ev'n from the firſt Original relate

The

The Fourth Book (the Scene ſtill continuing at *Carthage*) returns to the Paſſion of the Queen, who had been all this while liſtening to the Hero's Narrative; and begins with theſe admirable Lines,

At Regina, gravi jamdudum ſaucia cura,
Vulnis alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni.

And ſo the Fury of her Love is the Subject of that Book; which concludes with her Death.

——— *Omnis & una*
Dilapſus calor, atque in ventos vita receſſit.

Then we long to know what becomes of *Æneas*; and therefore the Next begins with a Tranſition to Him, not without an elegant Retroſpect to the foregoing Book.

Interea medium Æneas jam claſſe tenebat
Certus iter, fluctuſque atros Aquilone ſecabat;
Mœnia reſpiciens, quæ jam infelicis Eliſæ
Collucent flammis ———

This Book is ended with the important Incident of the Death of *Palinurus*; and the Complaint of the Hero upon it,

O nimium cœlo & pelago confiſe ſereno,
Nudus in ignotâ, Palinure, jacebis arenâ.

And the firſt Words of the Next, by an immediate Connection, are

Sic fatur lacrimans;

like That of *Homer* at the Beginning of the Seventh *Iliad*;

Ὡς εἰπὼν πυλέων ἐξέσσυτο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ.

The main Subject of This Sixth Book being *Æneas*'s Deſcent into Hell; it concludes at a full Period, with his Re-aſcent, and Reviſiting his Friends;

Anchora de prora jacitur: ſtant littore puppes.

Yet as full a Period as it was; the Poet having mentioned the Harbour of *Cajeta*, from thence takes Occaſion to begin the Seventh by a Connection with it.

The

The *Grecian* Wiles; the Fortunes of your Friends;
And your own Travels: For ſev'n Summers now
Have ſeen you wand'ring o'er all Lands, and Seas.

Tuque, Cajeta, dedisti.

This Book, containing the Opening of the War, concludes with the aſſembling of the Forces; and more particularly with the Deſcription of *Camilla*;

Lyciam ut gerat ipſa pharetram,
Et paſtoralem præfixa cuſpide myrtum.

Then in how Warlike a manner does the Next open with

Ut belli ſignum Laurenti Turnus ab arce
Extulit, & rauco ſtrepuerunt cornua cantu, &c.

And how ſtrongly and fully does it end with Thoſe inimitable Lines, concluding the Deſcription of *Æneas*'s Shield;

Talia, per clypeum Vulcani, dona parentis,
Miratur, rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet,
Attollens humero famamque & fata nepotum!

And the Ninth begins with a Tranſition to the other Side,

Atque ea diverſa penitus dum parte geruntur, &c.

In This Book *Turnus*, having ſhewn prodigious Valour,

Incluſus muris, hoſtilique aggere ſeptus,

(as he himſelf afterwards expreſſes it) is in all imaginable Danger. At laſt with great Difficulty he eſcapes it; and his Eſcape and the Book conclude together:

Et lætum ſociis ablutâ cæde remiſit.

At the Opening of the Next, the Scene ſhifts from Earth to Heaven; and the Synod of the Gods appears.

Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi,
Conciliumque vocat divûm pater atque hominum rex;

It concludes full, with the Death of *Mezentius* in That noble Verſe,

Undantique animam diffundit in arma cruore.

And the Next begins with the Deſcription of a Trophy in Honour of That Victory. Towards the Concluſion of it, we are in the moſt earneſt Expectation; the two Armies being juſt

juſt ready to engage in a Battle, which, in all appearance, muſt be deciſive. We are on Fire when we read Thoſe Verſes;

Sic ambo ad muros rapidi, totoque feruntur
Agmine, nec longis inter ſe paſſibus abſunt:
At ſimul Æneas fumantes pulvere campos
Proſpexit longe, Laurentiaque agmina vidit,
Et ſævum Æneam agnovit Turnus in armis,
Adventumque pedum, flatuſque audivit equorum:

We are on Fire, I ſay, with the Expectation of a deciſive Battle: But the Night parts *Them*, and diſappoints *Us*;

Conſidunt caſtris ante urbem, & mœnia vallant.

And ſo we impatiently long for the Twelfth and Laſt Book; which begins with the diſtreſſed Affairs of *Turnus*, and his brave Reſolution;

Turnus ut infractos adverſo Marte Latinos
Defeciſſe videt, ſua nunc promiſſa reposci,
Se ſignari oculis; ultro implacabilis ardet,
Attollitque animos———

And this Book, and the whole immortal Poem, ends with the Death of That Hero.

Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata ſub umbras.

How full and noble an Ending That is, and how ridiculous to add any thing to it by way of Supplement, ſhall be conſidered in it's proper Place.

The End of the Firſt Book.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK the SECOND.

HAD not the Deſtruction of *Troy* been already known, in general, to the Queen, and the reſt of the Aſſembly, the Preface to This Narration would have been improper: Becauſe it would have anticipated the Event, and conſequently the Pleaſure of Surprize. But as the Hero was about to relate the *Manner*, and particular *Circumſtances* of the Thing, which were unknown to his Auditors, rather than the *Thing itſelf*, which they very well knew; nothing could have been more natural, and yet more artful, than This Introduction: Which, tho' ſhort, contains a great Variety of Beauties. As attentive as the Auditors were before he had ſpoke, That

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem

muſt double their Attention: The ſolemn Air of Sadneſs, in the Opening of the Narrative, fills the Mind with an agreeable Horrour: And we are more particularly concerned in the Adventures of the Perſon ſpeaking, when he adds,

—*Quæ-*

——— *Quæque ipſe miſerrima vidi,*
Et quorum pars magna fui.

His having been not only a Spectator *of* the Calamity, but one of the principal Actors and Sufferers *in* it, is a Circumſtance which more deeply engages his Hearers in his Intereſts. And then, when we read,

——— *Quis talia fando*
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyſſei
Temperet à lacrimis ?

Who indeed can refrain from Tears ? For what can be more moving and pathetical ? The next Words,

Et jam nox humida cœlo
Præcipitat, ſuadentque cadentia ſidera ſomnos,

contain a good Reaſon to excuſe *Æneas* from the Taſk deſired of him ; But I much miſtake, if That was the only Reaſon why the Poet inſerted them : The Idea of the Night-Scene adds very much to the Solemnity and Awfulneſs of the Relation. Indeed the whole Diſpoſition of the Scene, and the concomitant Circumſtances, is admirable in every reſpect. A great Prince, driven by a Storm to a ſtrange Coaſt, entertained by a great Queen, in a numerous Aſſembly of Princes, and Nobility, with Guards and Attendants, ſuppoſed to be liſtening at a Diſtance, after a magnificent Banquet, in the large Hall of a ſtately Palace, hung round with Tapers and Flambeaus, in the Dead of Night, relates to her, at her Requeſt, ſuch a ſurprizing Hi-

Hiſtory of Wars, Diſtreſſes, and Travels, as was never before heard of.

Sed ſi tantus Amor caſus cognoſcere noſtros, &c.

To lay the greater Obligation upon her, notwithſtanding all Theſe Difficulties, He complies with her Requeſt, only again repeating the Uneaſineſs he laboured under, juſt before he begins; which ſtill more heightens the Diſtreſs:

Quanquam animus meminiſſe horret, luctuque refugit;
Incipiam.

Nor does *Virgil* here offend againſt That Rule of *Horace*, which condemns pompous Preambles and great Promiſes; nor incur the Cenſure of

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu?

That relates to the Beginning of the Poem in the Perſon of the Author himſelf, (and accordingly *Virgil* opens His in the moſt plain, and ſimple manner) but not to every particular Relation in the Perſon of Another, during the Courſe and Progreſs of the Poem: In which ſuch a formal Proemium may be ſometimes not only proper, but exceeding beautiful; eſpecially in the Inſtance of Grief, which is always apt to aggravate the Diſtreſs which is the Object of it.

ALL

ALL ſilent, liſt'ning fate; When Thus the Prince
Æneas from the lofty Couch began.
What you command, Great Queen, is to renew
Unutterrable Woes; How *Greece* o'erturn'd
The Pow'r, and Realm deplorable of *Troy*:
Woes, which myſelf beheld; of which myſelf
Was one great Part. In op'ning ſuch a Scene,
What *Myrmidon*, what Soldier in the Camp
Of dire *Ulyſſes*, could refrain from Tears?
And now the dewy Night is haſt'ning ſwift
From Heaven; and ſetting Stars perſuade to Sleep.
But if you have ſuch ſtrong Deſire to learn
Our great Misfortunes, and in brief to hear
Of *Troy*'s laſt Pangs in Ruin: Tho' my Mind
Dreads the Remembrance, and ſhrinks back with Grief;
I will begin. The Leaders of the *Greeks*
Har-

Ver. 15. *Dreads the Remembrance, and ſhrinks back with Grief,* &c.] *Luctuque refugit.* Perhaps it would not be amiſs to render it *from* Grief; tho' I prefer the other. The *Conſtruction* will *admit* of either; But That which I have choſen is the better *Senſe*, if not the better *Latin*. Either *refugit* may be in conjunction with *horret*; *refugitque* (refuſes) *meminiſſe*, præ *luctu*: or be uſed neutrally by itſelf. *Horret meminiſſe, refugitque* præ, *or* à *luctu*: For in either Senſe the Prepoſition may be underſtood, as well as expreſſed. Tho' the Poets take (and ought to be allowed) the Privilege of uſing the Tenſes with great Freedom; yet *in This place* the Preter Tenſe for the Preſent ſeems very harſh: But *Virgil*'s Authority ought to over-rule us.

Ver. 16. *I will begin. The Leaders,* &c.] *De La Cerda* ſays, the full Stop at *Incipiam* in the Beginning of a Verſe, and the Beginning of the Narrative in the next Foot of the ſame expreſſes *Haſte*, and *Readineſs* in *Æneas*, after having made his Apology. But it gives me a quite different Idea. It ſeems more *ſolemn* and *noble*, than if the Introduction had concluded at the End of one Verſe, and the Narrative be-

gun

Harraſs'd with War, and by the Fates repuls'd,
So many rolling Years, an Horſe erect
Of Mountain-Bulk, by *Pallas'* Art divine,
And joint the Ribs with Fur: This they pretend
A Vow for their Return; That Fame they ſpread.
Here in the hollow Sides ſome choſen Troops
They ſecretly incloſe; and all the Womb,

And

gun another. If the Reader aſks me my Reaſon; I confeſs I cannot well tell him: But That may be no Reaſon againſt my Remark: Some Beauties are the more ſo, for not being capable of Explanation. I feel it, tho' I cannot account for it. I am ſo far from conceiving This to expreſs *Haſte*; that after *Incipiam*, I imagine him to make a *long Pauſe*: Then *ſlowly*, and with *a Sigh*, to proceed. *Fracti bello*, &c.

In This noble Epiſode *Virgil* judiciouſly omits Thoſe Parts of the *Trojan* War which had been treated of by *Homer*: and relates only the Deſtruction of *Troy*, which had not been deſcribed (tho' intimated) by That Poet, who concludes his *Iliad* with the Death and Funeral of *Hector*. The Hint of the wooden Horſe indeed is taken from the 8th Book of his *Odyſſée*: But That is all; and the particular Management even of That is not *Homer*'s; however, it may be *Piſander*'s: From whom (if we will believe *Macrobius*) almoſt every Thing in this Second Book is borrowed. I ſay, if we will believe *Macrobius*; for I confeſs I do not: Becauſe he ſays much the ſame of the Fourth Book, with regard to the *Argonautica* of *Apollonius Rhodius*. Now by good Luck *Apollonius*'s Poem is ſtill extant; though *Piſander*'s are loſt. And it only appears, that as *Medea* loves her Gueſt *Jaſon*, ſo *Dido* loves her Gueſt *Æneas*; and that the *Latin* Poet has copy'd a few particular Verſes from the *Greek*; Upon ſome of which *Stephanus* remarks in his Preface to his Edition of *Apollonius*: And it may well be a Queſtion whether ſome even of Thoſe be copy'd, or not. For Example, I can very well conceive that *Virgil* might have ſaid,

At Regina gravi jamdudum ſaucia cura;
Vulnus alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni;

if *Apollonius* had never ſaid,

——— βέλος δ' ε'νεδαίετο κούρη
Νέρθεν ὑπὸ πραδίη πυρὶ ἴκελον ———

The

And roomy Caverns with arm'd Soldiers fill.
In Sight lies *Tenedos*, an Isle renown'd
By Fame, and rich, while *Priam*'s Kingdom stood;
Now but a Bay, and faithless Port for Ships.
Here in the unregarded Shore, retir'd
They hide themselves; We strait suppose them gone,
And for *Mycenæ* sail'd before the Wind.
Therefore all *Troy* from long Restraint is freed;
Open are flung the Gates; and pleasant 'twas
To walk abroad, and view the *Doric* Camps,
The Posts abandon'd, and forsaken Shore.

Here

The Latin is far enough from being a *Translation* of the Greek: It is somewhat like it indeed: But if That be sufficient to make a Man a Plagiary; Nobody must pretend to write any thing of his own, because another has writ before him. Thus again the Sense of

Incipit effari, mediaque in voce resistit,

is expressed by *Apollonius* in three Verses and a half; which I need not transcribe. For the rest; *Virgil*'s Episode does not so much resemble That in *Apollonius*, as it does That of *Ulysses* and *Calypso* in *Homer*: And how exact a Resemblance That is, I have observed in my Preface. [*Scaliger* in the Sixth Book of his *Poetica*, *De La Cerda*, and *Ruæus*, in their Arguments to the Fourth *Æneid*, may be consulted upon This Head.] And yet *Macrobius* says, that *Virgil* formed almost all his Fourth Book from the Fourth of *Apollonius*. [*Saturnal.* Lib. v. Cap. 17.] Just as true, it is, I suppose, that he took his Second from *Pisander*, almost *Word for Word*. [*Saturnal.* Lib. v. Cap. 2.] There are indeed several Other Passages in the *Argonautica*, which *Virgil* seems to have imitated, (and if he did, has vastly exceeded) in other Parts of the *Æneis*, as well as in the Fourth Book. But what is That to the whole Scheme, and Design of a long, and noble Episode?

Ver. 22. *Chosen Troops.*] Orig. *Delecta-sortiti*. *Servius* observes, that *deligere*, and *sortiri*, are contrary to one another. And solves it rightly enough, I think, by saying, that they *chose out* a certain Number; and then Those so chosen *cast Lots* among themselves who should be the Persons out of that Number.

Ver. 32. *Open are flung the Gates; and pleasant 'twas, &c.*]

Here lay the *Dolopes*, *Achilles* there;
Here rode the Fleet, and there the Troops engag'd.
Part, at *Minerva*'s fatal Gift amaz'd,
Admire the Steed's prodigious Size; And firſt
(Whether by Fraud, or ſo the Fate of *Troy*
Requir'd) *Thymætes* moves to have it drawn
Within the Walls, and plac'd upon the Tow'r.
But *Capys*, and the more experienc'd Heads,
Perſuade to plunge into the Sea, or burn,
The *Grecian* Treach'ry, and ſuſpected Gifts;
At leaſt to pierce the Timber, and explore
It's hollow Womb. The fickle Multitude
Vote Contradictions, and in Parts divide.
Firſt, before all, ſurrounded with a Croud,
Laocoon, chafing, from the lofty Fort
Runs down, and Thus from far; What Frenzy blinds
My

This is Human Nature in Perfection. Nothing could be more proper in the Writer; or more pleaſant to the Reader.

Ver. 39. *Whether by Fraud,* &c.] I have a ſtrong Fancy that the Verſes in the Original are wrong placed; and that *Virgil* wrote them Thus:

Et molem morantur equi, primuſque Thymætes
(Sive dolo, ſeu jam Trojæ ſic fata ferebant)
Duci intra muros hortatur, & arce locari.
At capys, &c.

This, to my Apprehenſion, puts a quite different, and far better, Face upon the whole Paſſage. Ver. 36. Orig. *Pelago* for *in Pelagus.*

Ver. 43. *Or burn.*] *Subjectiſque urere,* &c. Inſtead of *que*, I would read *ve.* For they could not fling it into the Sea, and burn it *too.* Not but that I believe there are other Inſtances of this Way of Expreſſing. If ſo, *que* however muſt be put for *aut.* In *Hebrew* the ſame Particle expreſſes Both; and the Context muſt determine which is meant.

Ver. 50. *Runs down; and Thus from far; What Frenzy blinds,* &c.] The Propriety and Elegancy of This ſhort Speech is very obſervable. That,

— *Sic*

My wretched Countrymen? Think you the Foes
Are gone? And *Grecian* Gifts can be ſincere?
Thus is *Ulyſſes* known? Or in This Wood
Greeks are incloſ'd; Or this Machine is form'd
Againſt our Ramparts, to inſpect the Town,
And from above invade; Or ſome Deſign
There lies conceal'd: Ye *Trojans*, credit not
This Pile; Whate'er it be, I dread the *Greeks*,
Ev'n when They come with Preſents in their Hands.
Thus having ſpoke, againſt the crooked Sides,
And jointed Belly, with prodigious Strength,
He whirl'd his mighty Spear: That quiv'ring ſtood;
A grumbling Sound came from within, and all
The

——— *Sic notus Ulyſſes?*

is grown into a Kind of Proverb: A ſure Sign that it is juſt and natural.

Ver. 55. *To inſpect the Town, And from above invade*, &c.] To *inſpect*, or *overlook*, &c. when applied to inanimate Things, ſignifies no more than to *ſtand above*, &c. But how could This Machine *aſſault* the Town, unleſs *Greeks* were incloſed in it; and ſo what Difference is there in This Diſtinction, *Aut hoc incluſi*, &c. *Aut hæc in noſtros*, &c.? I anſwer, the *Greeks*, ſuppoſing they were not incloſed in the Horſe, (tho' not appearing) might not be far off, as indeed they were not: And ſo *Laocoon* ſuppoſes; *Creditis avectos* [eſſe] *hoſtes?* They might ſoon return therefore, and play their Engine againſt the City; either by Way of battering or of throwing Fire. *Ventura urbi* is a *particular* Expreſſion: It means *expugnatura urbem.*

Ver. 56. *Or ſome Deſign*, &c.] *Error* is here uſed for *Deceit*; the Effect for the Cauſe: It being the Buſineſs of Deceit in one Man to produce Error in another.

Ver. 60. *The crooked Sides*, &c.] *In latus, inque feri*, &c. The Word *Ferus* is now uſed only for Wild Beaſts, but it was otherwiſe in *Virgil*'s Time. Nay, he uſes it, Book 7. ver. 409. when he is deſcribing a Tame Beaſt as ſuch, and in Oppoſition to a Wild one;

Pectebatque ferum, *puroque in fonte lavabat.*

The hollow Caverns rattled at the Stroke.
And had not Fate, and our miſguided Minds
Conſpir'd; by his Advice our Steel had hewn
The *Grecian* Lurking Dens: Thou, *Troy*, hadſt Now
Been ſtanding; and great *Priam*'s Tow'rs entire.
Mean-while the *Trojan* Shepherds, ſhouting, drag'd
A Youth, with pinion'd Arms, before the King:
Who with Deſign had fall'n into their Hands,
Unknown; to manage the concerted Plot,
And open to the *Greeks* the Gates of *Troy*;

Bold

Ver. 64. *The hollow Caverns rattled at the Stroke.*] *Hollow Caverns*, in *Engliſh*, ſounds not amiſs; But *cavæ*, and *cavernæ*, in *Latin*, may ſeem too near *akin* to be *joined together* as Adjective and Subſtantive. But we may be ſure *Virgil* knew the *Relation between them*, as well as we; and doubtleſs had an *elegant Deſign* in joining them. This Repetition of the ſame Syllables expreſſes the *long Trembling* of the Wood, and the *gradual Propagation* and *long Continuance* of the *reverberated* Sound, and Motion. This whole Deſcription of Whirling the Spear againſt the Horſe is indeed moſt noble and beautiful: Particularly That *gemitumque dedere*, jumps, and rebounds againſt the Tongue, as one repeats it. Ver. 66. *fædare*, i. e. to *ruin*, *deſtroy*. So Æneid iii. 241. Orig.

Ver. 70. *A Youth with pinion'd Arms before the King.*] Here comes *Sinon* upon the Stage; and the Plot which is to be managed by his Conduct. In deſcribing *his* Art, *Virgil* has given ſufficient Proof of *his own*. I believe it may with Truth be affirmed, that there is not one ſingle Inſtance in any Author, ancient or modern, which exceeds, or even equals it. This may appear from a Detail of Particulars.

Ver. 72. *To manage the concerted Plot.*] *Hoc ipſum ut ſtrueret.* And Verſe 75. *Either to meet Succeſs, or* &c.] *Seu verſare dolos*, &c. Both Expreſſions ſignify putting the Plot in Execution. *Strueret* for *Aſtrueret*, or *Confirmaret*: For as to *Deſigning*, or *Contriving*, (another Senſe of *ſtruo*) That was done already. For the ſame Reaſon *verſare dolos* cannot ſignify *turning* and *revolving* the Fraud in his *Mind*, as it does Book IV. *dolos in pectore verſat*: but *verſute exequi*, or *perficere*. Some read it *verſare dolo*, ſubaudi *Trojànos*. But even

Bold to attempt, and on both Sides prepar'd,
Either to meet Succeſs, or certain Death.
Eager of ſuch a Fight, the *Trojan* Youth
Flock round; and ſtrive to make the Wretch their Sport.
Now hear the *Grecian* Wiles; and from the Guilt
Of One, learn All.
For in the Middle as he ſtood to View,
Confounded, and diſarm'd; and all around
Survey'd the *Trojan* Troops; What Land, he cry'd,
Or Seas can now receive me? And what now
To wretched me remains? Who have no Place
Among the *Greeks*; The *Trojans* too incens'd
Demand to ſlake their Vengeance with my Blood.
By ſuch pathetick Groans our Minds were chang'd
All Fury ceas'd: We urge him to declare
His

even if *Trojanos* were expreſſed; the Expreſſion would appear a ſtrange one.

Ver. 74. *Bold to attempt, and on both Sides prepar'd, &c.*] 'Tis a Miſtake to think that Cunning *always* ſuppoſes Cowardiſe. There is as much Courage required in a good Spy, as in a good General. *Ulyſſes* ſhewed as much of it in the Buſineſs of ſtealing the *Palladium*, as *Achilles* in the Chanel of *Scamander*.

Ver. 77. *To make the Wretch their Sport.*] *Illudere* in This Place *may* ſignify more than I have render'd; tho' it is not neceſſary it ſhould. It ſometimes implies *doing Miſchief*, eſpecially in a *ſporting* Manner: As *illudunt peſtes; caprezque ſequaces Illudunt. Georg.* I. and II. Thus the Word Ἐμπαίζειν in Greek is often uſed: And a *Hebrew Servant* to mock *me*, (i. e. to *abuſe me*) is not the only Expreſſion of This Kind in the Holy Scriptures. Here in *Virgil* the Word *illudere* may ſignify, (and I believe it does) that the Captive was inſulted by the inſolent Soldiers, not only with Taunts, and Scoffs, but with Juſtles, and Blows, *&c.*

Ver. 79.—— *One learn all.*] *Ab uno* [for *unius* illorum] *crimine diſce omnes* [illos.]

Ver. 82. *What Land, he cry'd, &c.*] We rarely ſuſpect Thoſe whom we heartily pity. *Sinon* therefore, by the firſt Words he ſpeaks, endeavours

His Birth, and Country; what Intelligence
He brought; what Hope in Bonds he entertain'd.
Reliev'd from Fear, at length he Thus proceeds.
All Things, O King, with Truth I will confeſs;
Nor will deny my ſelf to be a *Greek:*
This firſt; For cruel Fortune, tho' ſhe makes
Sinon a Wretch, ſhall never make him Falſe.
If e'er the Name and Glory moſt renown'd
Of *Palamede* by Fame has reach'd your Ears;
Whom guiltleſs, and by forgery accus'd,
Becauſe he ſpoke againſt the War, the *Greeks*
Condemn'd to Death, and now lament him dead:
Me, a cloſe Friend to Him, and near in Blood,
My wealthleſs Father hither ſent in Arms,
From my firſt Youth. While He in ſafety ſtood,
And prudent Counſels flouriſh'd in the State;
I too ſome ſhare of Name and Credit bore.
But when by falſe *Ulyſſes'* envious Spight
(Things

to move Compaſſion; and he does it moſt cunningly in That abrupt Manner, and by Way of Exclamation: Which is leſs ſuſpicious than the Formality of a Set Speech.

Ver. 93. *Nor will deny myſelf to be a* Greek, &c.] This frank Confeſſion at the Beginning gives him an Air of Sincerity; which was moſt likely to gain Credit to all he ſhould afterwards deliver. His pretended Zeal for Truth, joined with his Misfortunes, in the next two Lines;

——— *Nec ſi miſerum fortuna Sinonem*
Finxit, vanum etiam, mendacemque improba finget,

is very emphatical; and the Antitheſis between *miſerum*, and *mendacem*, very affecting.

Ver. 96. *If e'er the Name, and Glory*, &c.] His pretending to doubt whether they had ever heard of what he was ſure they knew as well as himſelf; and his telling That known Fact concerning *Palamede's* Death, together with the Falſehood which he tacks to it, as

Illi me comitem, &c.

(Things not unknown I ſpeak) he left the World;
Afflicted, I conſum'd my Days in Grief,
And ſullen Privacy; and inly mourn'd
With Indignation for my guiltleſs Friend.
Nor could refrain (Fool that I was) from Talk;
And if a fit Occaſion e'er was found,
If e'er with Conqueſt I return'd to *Greece*,
I vow'd Revenge; and with provoking Words
Exaſperated his Malice. Hence my firſt
Of Ills: *Ulyſſes* ſcares me with new Crimes,
Scatters ambiguous Rumours thro' the Croud,

And

is exceeding artificial. For a Lye is never ſo glibly ſwallowed, as when it has Truth for its Vehicle. *Fando aliquid*, i. e. *aliquâ famâ. Si forte tuas* &c. *Illi me comitem* &c. *If You have heard*, &c. *I was his Companion.* Why was he not ſo, whether they had heard of it or not? Yes, doubtleſs. But the Senſe is, If You have ever heard &c. *I will tell You that* &c. 'Tis an Ellipſis uſed continually even in common Diſcourſe; and as good in Engliſh, as in Latin.

Ver. 112, and 114. *And if a fit Occaſion*, &c. *I vow'd Revenge*, &c.] *Promiſi me ultorem, ſi qua fors tuliſſet*, i. e. either *paſſa fuiſſet*, or *tuliſſet occaſionem*: not *promiſi me ultorem, ſi fors tuliſſet* me, *i. e. retuliſſet*, or *reduxiſſet in patriam*, (which is expreſſed in the next Verſe, *Si patrios*, &c.) as *Ruæus* interprets it. The Catachreſis in *Promiſi ultorem* is very elegant; and yet ſo natural, that it is uſed in common Converſation, and among the common People. *I'll be even with you, I promiſe you*, is a known *Threat* among the Vulgar. Of the ſame Nature on the other Side is that of *Horace*; *Multa, & pulchra minantem*: Threatning for Promiſing.

Ver. 115. *Hence my firſt — Of Ills*, &c.] *Prima mali labes.* It is true, *labes* often ſignifies *Ruin*, or *Deſtruction*: But I think it cannot here; as Some would have it. The *Ruin* of *Evil*, or *Miſchief*, is bad Senſe. *Spot*, or *Blemiſh*, *i. e.* (as Some interpret it) *Beginning*, or *Original* of *Miſchief*; Or (which I rather think) *Imputation of Guilt* muſt be the Signification.

Ver. 116. *Scares me with new Crimes.*] *Criminibus*, *i. e.* certainly *Criminationibus*: But I think *Crimes* may by the ſame Figure be as elegantly thus uſed in Engliſh, as *Crimina* in Latin.

And conſcious ſeeks fit Engines for my Fall.
Nor reſted; 'till by *Chalchas'* Miniſtry——
But why do I This nauſeous Tale in vain
Revolve? Or why delay? Since all the *Greeks*
You equally regard; Enough is ſaid:
Now take my Life; 'Tis what *Ulyſſes* wants,

And

Ver. 118. *Fit Engines for my Fall.*] *Quærere arma, i. e.* (ſay Some) *dolos:* his *Arts*, which he muſtered together in his Mind. But I rather take it for the external *Means*, and *Inſtruments*, which he ſought.

Ver. 120. *But why do I This nauſeous Tale in vain*, &c.] The Art of breaking off in the Middle of a Sentence, and interrupting himſelf with That Queſtion, to add to the Impatience of his Hearers, and his bidding them take his Life to gratify their mortal Enemies, is admirable, for Reaſons too plain to be inſiſted upon. I take *ingrata* to be better, and more elegant Senſe, as referred to the *Trojans*, than as referred to *Sinon* himſelf; as Some would have it. *Why ſhould I trouble You with This tedious Story? What have You to do with the Adventures of ſuch a Wretch as I am, whom You regard as a mortal Enemy?* This is much more Emphatical than, *Why ſhould I revive the Memory of my Misfortunes?* This laſt indeed is ſcarce Senſe; for it was almoſt impoſſible they ſhould be ever out of his Mind. And yet Mr. *Dryden* chuſes This in his Tranſlation:

But why — why dwell I on That anxious Thought?

Ver. 121, *&c. Since all the* Greeks, *&c.*] In the Original it is, — *Si omnes*, &c. But I believe the Senſe is, *If you do*, &c. —— *as you certainly do*, &c. As the Word *If* is often uſed. The next Line I have render'd according to the true Meaning, as I apprehend it; tho' not according to the exact Grammar of the Original. It being in Effect the ſame to ſay, *Since you regard all the* Greeks *alike, (omnes uno ordine habetis Achivos)* i. e. *as Enemies*; and *you have heard enough*, i. e. by hearing that I am a *Greek*; *Idque* [quod dixi] *audire ſat eſt*; *Take my Life*: as to ſay, *Since you regard*, &c. *you have heard enough — Take my Life.* Only the latter ſeems more clear. *Ruæus* points it thus: *idque audire ſat eſt jamdudum*; *ſumite pœnas.* All Others Thus: *Idque audire ſat eſt*; *jamdudum ſumite pœnas.* I am for the laſt; tho' it is a very particular Expreſſion: Something muſt be underſtood as ſuppreſſed: — *Sumite pœnas jamdudum debitas*, or the like. This is not the only Place in which *Virgil* uſes

And both th' *Atridæ* would rejoice to hear.
Eager we burn t'enquire, and know the Cauſe,
Unſkill'd in Villany, and *Grecian* Arts:
He trembling, and with guileful Heart proceeds.
Oft have the *Greeks* deſir'd t' abandon *Troy*
To raiſe their Siege, and quit the tedious War,
Fatigu'd: And would They had: But oft the Sea
Tempeſtuous kept them back; and Southern Winds
Deter'd them. Chiefly, when this Timber-Steed
Was built; loud Storms roll'd rattling thro' the Sky.
In deep Suſpenſe *Eurypylus* we ſend,
Inſtructed to conſult the *Delian* God:
He from the Shrines This dreadful Anſwer brings.
With Blood, Ye *Greeks*, and with a Virgin ſlain
You ſooth'd the Winds, when firſt you came to *Troy*;
With Blood you muſt procure a ſafe Return.

And

uſes the Word *jamdudum* in a very ſingular Manner. And doubtleſs there was an Elegancy in it, which we do not well underſtand. And the ſame may be ſaid of many other Inſtances in the Uſe of *Adverbs, Conjunctions*, &c.

Ver. 124. *And both th' Atridæ would rejoice to hear.*] It is, I think, impoſſible to make the literal *Engliſh* of *magno mercentur*, would *buy*, or *purchaſe with a vaſt Sum*, look graceful in This Place. And therefore I am forced to recede from the Original; and ſubſtitute a much lower Idea in the room of it.

Ver. 127. *He trembling*, &c.] Tho' he had before, in a great Meaſure, laid aſide his Fear, [*Ille hæc depoſita tandem formidine*] yet the Relicks of it muſt ſtill hang about him. Or perhaps, to increaſe their Pity, he counterfeited more Fear than he really had.

Ver. 128. *Oft have the Greeks deſir'd t' abandon Troy*, &c.] This long formal Story has ſuch a Mixture of Religion, and Prodigy, and Diſtreſs, which laſt is exceedingly heightened by the ſolemn Horror of an intended human Sacrifice; that Nothing could have been better calculated to amuſe and confound the Underſtandings of Thoſe who were already in great Amazement.

And by the Off'ring of a *Grecian* Life.
Soon as This Meſſage reach'd the vulgar Ears,
Amazement ſeiz'd on all; and chilling Dread
Ran thro' their Veins; whom *Phœbus* ſhould demand,
Who ſhould be doom'd to Death. *Ulyſſes* here
With Noiſe and Tumult to th'Aſſembly brings
The Prophet *Calchas*, urges him to tell
The Meaning of the Gods; And Many now
Fatal to me preſag'd the Villain's Plot,
And ſilent ſaw th'Event. Ten days reſerv'd,
And mute he ſtands; refuſing with his Voice
To ſentence any, or expoſe to Death:
'Till by *Ulyſſes*' Clamours ſcarce o'erpow'r'd,
At laſt by Compact he the ſilence breaks,
And Me declares the Victim: All aſſent;
And what Each fear'd would light upon himſelf,
All on the Ruin of one Wretch devolve.
And now the fatal Day was come; for me
The holy Ceremonies are prepar'd,
The ſeaſon'd Cakes, and Fillets round my Head:
Death, I confeſs, I ſcap'd, and broke my Bonds;
And

Ver. 144. *Who ſhould be doom'd to Death*, &c.] *Cui fata parent.* A conciſe Expreſſion: *Timor concurrit per oſſa* [ſubaud. *dubitantium*, or ſome ſuch Word,] *cui* [ſubaud. *Oracula*] *parent fata*, or *mortem*. I have imitated the former Ellipſis in the Tranſlation: Becauſe I think it is elegant in any Language.

Ver. 148. —— *The Villain's Plot.*] In the 11th Book, Ver. 407. *Artificis ſcelus* is certainly an Hypallage for *Artifex ſceleris*: And it *may be* ſo here, tho' it is not *neceſſary* it ſhould.

Ver. 160. *Death, I confeſs, I 'ſcap'd*, &c.] The Modeſty of the Man is wonderful; as if it were a Crime to ſave his Life. But This again gives him a mighty Air of Sincerity and Innocence; and prepares the

And in a muddy Lake among the Reeds
Obſcurely lurk'd by Night, 'till they ſhould hoiſe
Their Sails, if haply ſuch were their Deſign.
And now to me, forlorn, no Hope is left
Of e'er beholding my ſweet Native Soil,
Or my dear Children, or my long'd-for Sire;
Whoſe forfeit Lives, perhaps, for my Eſcape,
They will demand; and expiate This Offence

By

the Way to That Compaſſion which he endeavours to move, or rather to increaſe, in Thoſe inimitable Lines, which follow.

Ver. 163. —— *If haply ſuch were their Deſign.*] To amuſe the *Trojans* the more, and add Credit to his Story; he pretends not to know what became of his Countrymen. The Words *ſi forte dediſſent* may relate either to their *Attempting* to ſail, or to their *Actually* ſailing. Monſieur *Segrais* is for the former; and Him I follow. Since their intended Victim was eſcaped, it might be doubtful whether they would venture to put to Sea; tho' they had reſolved it before.

Ver. 164. *And now to me forlorn no Hope is left,* &c.] No Wonder the *Trojans*, who were ignorant of his Deſign, were moved by Theſe Verſes; when 'tis ſcarce poſſible even for Us who know the Villany of them, to read them without Tears. At leaſt I ſpeak for One: I have cry'd over them many a Time, when I was a School-Boy; and am not aſhamed to own, that I am ſtill exceedingly affected by them. I take it to be one of the moſt moving Paſſages that I ever met with. *Virgil*, to ſhew the Triumph of his Art, will ſoften us with the tendereſt Compaſſion by the Mouth of One whom we know to be a perjured Villain. It is not indeed upon the Account of Him, but of Human Nature in general: But ſtill the Perſon through whom it was convey'd would have prejudiced us againſt it; had not the Force of it been irreſiſtible. No Hope of ever any more ſeeing his beloved Native Country, Children, Father:

Nec mihi jam patriam antiquam ſpes ulla videndi,
Nec dulces natos, exoptatumque parentem.

That was diſtreſsful enough; but little, in Compariſon of what follows: There was Danger that Thoſe dear Lives would be ſacrificed in his Abſence, and for his Sake.

Quos

By Their untimely Death. For which, by Heav'n,
By all the Gods, who witneſs to the Truth,
By all That Faith (if any ſuch there be)
Which yet remains untainted in the World,
You ſuppliant I implore; commiſerate
Such mighty Woes, commiſerate a Wretch
Not meriting th' Afflictions he endures.
Mov'd by Theſe Tears, we grant him Life; and firſt
Priam himſelf commands him to be freed
From his cloſe Manacles, and cramping Chains.
Then Thus in friendly Words; Whoe'er Thou art,
Forget th' abandon'd *Greeks*; Thou ſhalt be Ours;
And anſwer true to what I now demand.
Why built they This prodigious Steed? What Aim?
Who

Quos illi fors ad pœnas ob noſtra repoſcent
Effugia, & culpam hanc miſerorum morte piabunt.

Then, what can be more pathetical than That religious Obteſtation in the Apoſtrophe to the King?

Quod te, per ſuperos, & conſcia numina veri,
Per, ſi qua eſt, quæ reſtat adhuc mortalibus uſquam
Intemerata fides, oro, miſerere laborum
Tantorum, miſerere animi non digna ferentis.

The Speech ends there; and ſo it had need: For whatever had been added muſt have ſpoiled it. Nothing could leave ſo deep an Impreſſion upon the Mind: Human Nature cannot be more ſenſibly touched, and human Art can go no further.

Ver. 169. *For which*, &c.] Quod for propter *quod*: *Per* [intemeratam fidem] *ſi qua eſt —intemerata fides. Animi* for *hominis.*

Ver. 176. *Mov'd by Theſe Tears*, &c.] Our Language is not bold enough to admit a litteral Tranſlation of *His lacrimis vitam damus*: But it is very elegant in the Original.

Ver. 177. — *Commands him to be freed*, &c.] This, for *commands that he ſhould be freed*, or *commands others to free him*, would certainly be unjuſtifiable in Proſe: But I ſubmit it to the Judgment of Others, whether it may not be proper in Poetry.

Ver. 150. Orig. *Quo molem hanc*

Who is th' Inventer? What religious Vow
Is This they make? Or what Machine of War?
He ſaid; The other furniſh'd well with Fraud,
And *Grecian* Arts, upraiſes to the Stars
His Hands unmanacled; and Thus replies.
You, Ye eternal Fires, I here atteſt,
And your inviolable Deity;
Ye Swords, and Altars, which I 'ſcap'd; Ye Wreaths,
Which I, as Victim, wore: I now am free
To cancel all Engagements to the *Greeks*;
To hate them, and diſcloſe whate'er they hide;
Oblig'd no longer by my Country's Laws.
Thou only keep thy Promiſe, and preſerve,
O *Troy*, thy plighted Faith, Thy ſelf preſerv'd;
As I ſpeak Truth, and make thee large Amends.

The

banc, &c. The common Dictionaries tell us *quo* is ſometimes for *cur*. But it is not ſimply ſo: *Animo*, or *Conſilio*, or ſome ſuch Word muſt be underſtood. Ver. 157. *Graiorum ſacrata jura*; i. e. *Juramenta Græcis data*.

Ver. 188. *You, Ye Eternal Fires*, &c.] This ſolemn Perjury to Thoſe who knew it not to be ſuch, muſt have been extremely awful: And now it is diſcovered, it is enough to chill one's Blood with Horror. This Speech being the laſt and principal Part of Treachery which he has to act, he uſhers it in with This Religious Preamble, with the no leſs ſolemn Renunciation of his Country,

Fas mihi Graiorum ſacrata reſolvere jura, &c.

and That grave Admonition to the *Trojans* to be true to their Promiſe,

Tu modo promiſſis maneas, &c.

Which are Circumſtances incomparably adapted to gain Credit, and raiſe Attention: As is likewiſe the formal Beginning of the Tale itſelf;

Omnis Spes Danaum, &c.

This likewiſe the *Trojans* knew as well as he could tell them; and therefore he artfully begins with it, for the Reaſon above-mentioned.

The only Hopes of *Greece*, ſince firſt the War
Commenc'd, depended on *Minerva*'s Aid.
But ſince the Time, when *Tydeus*' impious Son,
And *Ithacus*, Artificer of Frauds,
Killing the Guards that watch'd the lofty Tow'r,
Dar'd from your hallow'd Temple to purloin
Minerva's fatal Image, and preſum'd
With bloody Hands to touch her virgin Wreaths;
Our ebbing Hopes ran back, our Strength decay'd;
The Goddeſs in her Mind averſe: Of which
Signs by undoubted Prodigies ſhe gave.
Scarce was her Statue lodg'd within the Camp;
Her glaring Eye-balls flaſh'd with darted Flames,
Salt Sweat bedew'd her Limbs; and (ſtrange to tell)
Thrice, leaping from the Ground, ſhe claſh'd her Shield,
And ſhook her Lance. Immediately the Seer
Declares the Sea muſt be explor'd by Flight,
And *Troy* would never fall by *Grecian* Pow'rs;
Unleſs they bore freſh Auguries from *Greece*,

And

Ver. 203. *Dar'd from your hallow'd Temple*, &c.] The Story of ſtealing the *Palladium* was well known: But what a Uſe entirely New does *Virgil* make of it! How judicious is the Fiction! How beautiful the Deſcription! That *Minerva*'s Image was ſtolen from them, the *Trojans* did not want to be informed: But what became of it afterwards, and what Effects it produced, they never heard before. Now then they are told by *Sinon*: Not that there is one Word of Truth in what he ſays. And what could be more ſurprizing and entertaining in itſelf? Or more conducive to the Execution of the Deſign he aimed at?

Ver. 206. *Our ebbing Hopes*, &c.] *Ex illo fluere, & retro ſublapſa referri*, is extremely elegant; but will not admit of a cloſe Tranſlation.

Ver. 208. *Signs*, &c.] *Ea ſigna*: i. e. ſigna *iſtius rei, viz.* her Averſion. Next Verſe but one *arrectis*: i. e. *intentis, coruſcantibus ad minas*, ſays *De La Cerda*.

And brought the Goddeſs back, who o'er the Main
Was thither in their winding Ships convey'd.
Now that they ſail for *Greece*, they furniſh Arms,
And ſeek th' Alliance of the Gods; Then o'er
The Sea returning, ſudden they will here
Arrive: So *Calchas* has diſpos'd the Scheme.
In lieu of the *Palladium*, to appeaſe
Th' offended Goddeſs, and That Crime attone;
This Figure, warn'd by Oracles, they rear'd.
Yet *Calchas* gave Command to build it huge
With jointed Oak, and raiſe it to the Sky;
Leſt it ſhould find admittance thro' the Gates,
And, drawn within the Walls of *Troy*, protect
The People by their old religious Rites.

For

Ver. 217. *And brought the Goddeſs back*, &c.] By *reducant* many Interpreters underſtand *appeaſing*, or *reconciling*; And That it *implies*, but not *ſignifies* in its *firſt Senſe*. The *Image* which was ſtolen was literally to be *brought back*, and the *Goddeſs* to be *thereby reconciled*. But it will be aſked, What Occaſion was there then for the Wooden Horſe? I anſwer, to ſupply the Place of the *Palladium* in the mean Time; and ſhould the *Trojans* in the mean Time draw it into the City, it ſeems (if we will believe *Sinon*) it would have the ſame Effect with the *Palladium* itſelf. Therefore I render *pro*, Ver. 183. *in lieu of*; not *for the Sake of*, or *upon the Account of*, as ſome (improperly enough) ſeem to underſtand it.

Ver. 219. *Now that they ſail for* Greece, &c.] *Et nunc quod patrias vento petiere Mycenas*, &c. For *quod*, *Ruæus* renders *ſi*; I preſume becauſe *Sinon* had in his former Speech expreſſed himſelf doubtful, whether the *Greeks* were ſailed, or not. But he might be doubtful of it, when he *firſt* fled from them; and yet be ſatisfied of it *ſince*. Theſe things may be ſuppoſed conſiſtent with each other; and That is ſufficient. The elegant Uſe of the Particle *quod* in This, and many other Places, is well known: And *That* in our Language very well anſwers it in the ſame Senſe.

Ver. 220. *And ſeek the Alliance of the Gods.*] For That is the Meaning of *Deos parant comites*: i. e. *operam dant ut Dii ſint ſibi comites*; [et Auxiliatores.] Ver. 86. *Cœloque educere*; i. e. *erigere uſque ad cœlum*.

For ſhould you violate *Minerva*'s Gift;
Then wide Deſtruction (rather may the Gods
Turn the dire Omen on Himſelf) would fall
On *Priam*'s Empire, and the State of *Troy*.
But ſhould it by your Hands be drawn within
Your City; *Aſia*, of itſelf, would come
With pow'rful War to *Pelopeian* Walls,
And our Poſterity Thoſe Fates attend.
To ſuch falſe Tales, and perjur'd *Sinon*'s Art
We yield full Credit; by commanded Tears,
And Frauds, enſnar'd: Whom neither *Diomede*,
Nor fam'd *Lariſſa*'s Hero could ſubdue,
Nor ten Year's Conflict, nor a thouſand Ships.
Here a Portent more diſmal ſtrikes our Sight,
And terrifies our unprovided Breaſts,
Laocoon,

Ver. 231, 235. *For ſhould you violate*, &c. — *But ſhould it by your Hands*, &c.] Orig. *Had You*, &c. *But had it*, &c. The Senſe is the ſame. He neither commends them for not having done the one, nor adviſes them to do the other. He only lays Both before their Eyes, and tells them the Conſequences of Each; leaving the reſt to their own Choice, and Judgment. This is the more perſuaſive, for not being in the *Form* of Perſuaſion. There is a certain Pride in Human Nature, which is flattered by being ſuppoſed to act of its own Accord, and by its own Prudence, rather than by Advice. Beſides; *Sinon* having, but a few Minutes before, been an Enemy and a Captive, and being ſtill a Stranger; it would more eſpecially have ill became him to be an Adviſer; and therefore he cunningly inſinuates what he would have them do, not directly preſcribes it.

Ver. 240. *By commanded Tears*, &c.] I am entirely for *lacrimiſque coactis*, rather than *coacti*, as Some read it. *Coactæ*, when apply'd to *lacrimæ*, is as proper here, as *juſſæ* in *Martial*, or *expreſſæ* in *Terence*: Whereas a Man cannot be properly *compelled* by the Tears of another; tho' he may be *moved*, and *affected* by them.

Ver. 244. *Here a Portent more direful*, &c.] Tho' it is ſaid before, that *Sinon*'s Story was believed, —— *Credita res*; yet it might be ſo only *in a great Meaſure*, not *abſolutely* and

Laocoon, *Neptune*'s Prieſt by Lot aſſign'd,
With all the Pomp of ſolemn Sacrifice
A ſtately Bull before his Altars ſlew.
When lo! from *Tenedos* thro' the calm Deep
(With Horror I relate) two dreadful Snakes,
With Orbs immenſe, incumbent on the Main
Together make to Shore: Whoſe Breaſts erect
Among the Floods, and bloody-colour'd Creſts
Stand high above the Waves: Their other Part,
Prone on the Billows, ſweeps behind; and twiſts
Their

and *entirely*; or if it were a full Belief *then*, yet upon *farther Conſideration*, they might have altered their Opinions. Take it which Way you will; This amazing Incident is extremely well timed, and moſt properly introduced to confirm their Belief, and puſh them on to the immediate Execution of *Sinon*'s Plot. And this very much contributes to ſalve the Reputation of the *Trojans*; who, otherwiſe, notwithſtanding the exquiſite Art of *Sinon*'s Speeches, and the plauſible Stories he had told them, cannot well eſcape the Cenſure of great Weakneſs and Credulity. Nor can it indeed, even *with* This Excuſe; unleſs we recur to the Degrees of Fate, which accordingly *Virgil* takes care in other Places to mention. I am ſenſible that *improvidus* in the next Line directly ſignifies *improvident*, not *unprovided*; but the firſt *ſuppoſes* the laſt; and the laſt, I think, is a better Engliſh Word in This Place. Whoever is *heedleſs of* Misfortunes, is *unprovided for* them. Ver. 201. Orig. *Ductus*, i. e. *electus*.

Ver. 249. *When lo! from* Tenedos, &c. *Two dreadful Snakes*, &c.] This is one of the fineſt and nobleſt Deſcriptions that ever was made. It is rarely, if at all, exceeded by *Virgil* himſelf, and equalled by no body elſe. To inſtance in Particulars here (as I have ſaid upon another Occaſion) would be to tranſcribe the Whole; which 'tis impoſſible to read, without the moſt agreeable Horror and Aſtoniſhment! There is an ancient Statue of *Laocoon* with the Snakes twiſted round him; from whence *Virgil* is ſuppoſed to have taken This Deſcription.

Ver. 255. *Prone on the Billows ſweeps behind*, &c.] *Pontum——Pone legit——Legit* for *ſkims over it*, or *along it*: As Book III. *Littoraque Epiri legimus*,

Their ſpacious Backs in Spires: The frothy Sea
Roars, as they ſwim. And now they gain'd the Land,
(Their glaring Eyes diſtain'd with Blood, and Fire)
And lick'd their hiſſing Mouths with quiv'ring Tongues.
Pale at the ſight we fly: Their ſinuous Trains
They to *Laocoon* roll direct; and firſt
With dire Embrace about the little Limbs
Of his two Sons both Serpents curling round,
With cruel Fangs their tender Fleſh devour.
Himſelf, with Arms advancing to their Help,
They next invade; and with prodigious Folds
Incloſe him; now twice wreath'd about his Waiſt;
Their ſcaly Backs twice round his Neck convolv'd:
Their Heads and lofty Creſts ſtand high in Air.
He labours with his Hands to tear the Knots,
(His Fillets with black Gore, and Poiſon ſmear'd)
And bellows hideouſly to Heav'n; as when
A Bull juſt wounded from the Altar flies,

And

gimus. I ſhall here, for the Eaſe of ſome Readers, take notice of a few more Expreſſions purely Poetical, in the following Lines. Ver. 212. of the Original, *Agmine* is uſed to expreſs the Motion of a Serpent's Body; the Parts of which ſeem to follow and ſucceed one another, like Men marching in a *Troop*. So in the Third Georgick we have the inexpreſſible Elegancy of the following Verſes;

Cum medii nexus extremæque agmina caudæ
Solvuntur, tardoſque trahit ſinus ultimus orbes.

Ver. 218, 219. — *collo ſquamea circum Terga dati*; *circumdati* quoad *terga*, for *circumdantes terga*. Ver. 229. *Inſinuat* for *ſe inſinuat*, or *inſinuatur*. *Scelus expendiſſe* for *ſceleris pœnas luiſſe*. Ver. 235, 236. *Rotarum lapſus*; the *Slidings of Wheels*; i. e. *Wheels* upon which it ſhould *ſlide*. Ver. 237. *Intendunt* for *illigant*, *tie*, or *bind* round it.

Ver. 272. — *As when — A Bull juſt wounded*, &c.] This Simile may ſeem, at firſt Sight, a little forced. But let it be con-

And with his Neck eludes th' uncertain Axe.
But both the Serpents, ſliding off, repair
To the high Fane, and ſtern *Tritonia*'s Tow'r;
There lurk ſecure, beneath the Goddeſs' Feet,
And the round Concave of her boſſy Shield.
A new Surprize, and Fear, 'till now unknown,
Runs thro' the trembling Breaſts of All: And now
They ſay *Laocoon*'s Crime had well deſerv'd
His Fate; who durſt profane the ſacred Wood,
And hurl againſt it's Side his impious Spear.
All cry to draw the Steed within the Town,
And reconcile the Goddeſs.
We break the Ramparts, and a Gap diſcloſe;
All to the Work addreſſing: Twiſted Cords
About his Neck, and Wheels beneath his Feet
They fix: The dire Machine aſcends our Walls,
Teeming with Arms; Boys, and unmarry'd Girls
Sing holy Metre round him, and rejoice
To touch the Cords: He ſtill with threat'ning Nod
Slides on, and gains the Middle of the Town.

O

conſidered that *Laocoon* had upon This very Spot killed a Bull juſt before; and the Prieſt being compared to the Sacrifice, the Ideas are local and perſonal, and therefore, one would think, proper. Nor is it neceſſary that the Things compared ſhould anſwer each other in all Circumſtances; and ſo it cannot be reaſonably objected, that there is no Reſemblance between a Snake and an Axe, *&c.*

Ver. 289. *The dire Machine aſcends our Walls*, &c.]

——*Scandit fatalis machina muros,*
Fœta armis——

And a little after,

Illa ſubit, mediæque minans illabitur urbi;

Who does not *ſee* all This, as well as *read* it?

O *Ilion!* O my Country! Seat of Gods!
And you, *Dardanian* Walls, renown'd in War!
Four Times ev'n in the Entrance fix'd he ſtood;
And four Times Armour clatter'd in his Womb.
Yet thoughtleſs We puſh on; and blindly place
The fatal Monſter on the ſacred Tow'r.
Then too, obſequious to the God's Command,
Caſſandra open'd her prophetick Mouth,
In vain, and fated ne'er to be believ'd.
We miſerable, doom'd to ſee That Day
Our laſt, the ſacred Turrets of the Gods
With feſtal Boughs, o'er all the City, crown.
Mean-while the Hemiſphere rolls round, and Night
Swift ruſhes from the Sea; in duſky Shade

In-

Ver. 297. —— *Armour clattered in his Womb.*] Though This Infatuation of the *Trojans* was decreed by Deſtiny, and ſent by the Gods, (which will ſalve any Thing) yet that they ſhould not be warned by the Rattling of Arms in the Belly of the Horſe four ſeveral Times, is ſo monſtrouſly ſottiſh, that I wiſh *Virgil* had omitted This Circumſtance. Nay, there ſeems to be an Improbability on the Part of the *Grecians*; as well as of the *Trojans*. As the latter were more than mad not to be alarmed *at that Noiſe*; ſo the former, who were ſuch cunning Plotters, ſhould have taken care not to *make any*. It would have been eaſy to diſpoſe their Arms and Armour in ſuch a Manner as to prevent their claſhing in their Paſſage: But if This Incident itſelf be wrong, the Introduction to it I am ſure is right:

O patria! O divûm domus Ilium, &c.

Nothing can be more proper and beautiful in This Place, than ſuch an Apoſtrophe to the *Manes* of his Country in ſo moving and pathetical an Exclamation.

Ver. 301. Caſſandra *open'd her prophetick Mouth*, &c.] An ordinary Writer, nay *one* very *extraordinary* Writer would probably have told us *what ſhe ſaid*, and that in a *long Speech* too; but *Virgil* knew better.

Ver. 306. *Mean-while the Hemiſphere rolls round, and Night*, &c.] There is certainly ſome-

thing

Involving Earth, and Heav'n, and *Grecian* Frauds.
The *Trojans*, ſcatter'd o'er the Walls, lie huſh'd
In Silence; Sleep relieves their weary Limbs.
And now from *Tenedos* the *Grecian* Fleet
To the known Shores, with well-appointed Ships,
Sails,

thing more imply'd in *Vertitur cælum*, than that it was changed from Light to Darkneſs: The Hemiſphere turned or ſhifted; there being a new one every 12 Hours, the whole Revolution of the Globe being in 24. Thus Monſieur *Segrais* renders it, *Cependant le Ciel tourne.* I cannot imagine what *Ruæus* means, by his Interpretation of *ruit Oceano nox*; i. e. (ſays he) *in Oceanum. For the Sun-ſetting, or (as it is fancied) falling into the Sea, the Night follows him thither.* Juſt the contrary: The Earth being *really* compaſſed by the Ocean, the Ocean is by the Poets ingeniouſly ſuppoſed to be at the Edge of our *viſible* Horizon. And ſo both Day, and Night, are imagined to *ſet in* it, and *riſe from* it. So here as the Day ſets into the Weſtern Ocean, the Night riſes from the Eaſtern: According to That of *Milton*,

——— *For the Sun*
Declin'd was haſtniug now with prone Career
To th'Ocean Iſles, and in th' aſcending Scale
Of Heav'n the Stars which uſher Ev'ning roſe.

Homer and *Ovid* ſay the ſame; But it is needleſs to quote them. See *De La Cerda* upon the Place. And This very Paſſage Monſieur *Segrais* renders, *Et la nuit ſort des flots.* But This is one of *Ruæus*'s *Noſtrums*, among others: And Mr. *Dryden* follows it in his Tranſlation.

Ver. 308. *Involving Earth, and Heav'n*, &c.]

Involvens umbrâ magnâ terramque, polumque,

And what elſe?

Myrmidonumque dolos ———

Who would have expected That? And yet what can be more obvious, after 'tis ſaid? What can be more *ſurprizingly natural*, than the Conjunction of Thoſe Words and Ideas? We know Mr. *Wycherly*'s ingenious Reflection upon Some who write *eaſy Things*, i. e. ſuch Things as any body *may eaſily write.* But This is ſuch *eaſy* Writing, as is of all Things the moſt *difficult*; Or rather, the moſt *uncommon*: For a Genius,

Sails, by the friendly Silence of the Moon;
The Royal Deck diſtinguiſh'd by it's Lights.
And now, protected by the partial Fates,
Sinon by ſtealth unlocks the *Greeks* inclos'd
In Timber-Caverns: Them to open Air
The Horſe reſtores; and from his hollow Wood
The joyful Chiefs ſlide by a Rope let down;
Tiſandrus, *Sthenelus*, and dire *Ulyſſes*,
Athamas, *Thoas*, *Neoptolemus*
Son of *Achilles*, and *Machaon* firſt,
And *Menelaüs*, and the Architect
Epëus, who the treach'rous Engine form'd.
They ſeize the Town, immers'd in Sleep, and Wine;
Kill all the Sentries; at the open'd Gates
Receive their conſcious Troops, and join their Friends.
'Twas now the Seaſon, when the firſt Repoſe,
Sweet Gift of Gods, on weary Mortals creeps:
Lo!

nius, like *Virgil*, may ſometimes do it with great Facility. I ſay *ſometimes*; for very often it was otherwiſe even with Him: And what is now moſt *eaſy* in his Works, was with much *Time* and *Study* made ſo.

Ver. 313. — *The friendly Silence of the Moon.*] Tho' the Opinion of Thoſe who by *Lunam ſilentem*, or *tacitam*, underſtand the Moon *not ſhining*, is ſupported by the Authority of *Pliny*, and *Others*: yet I agree with Thoſe who take it, far more poetically, for the Silence of the Night joined with the Shining of the Moon. See the Note upon Ver. 830. of the Firſt Book. *Scaliger* proves, that *Troy* was taken when the Moon was at the Full. See *Servius* (who mentions a Third Interpretation) and *De La Cerda* more at large.

Ver. 322. — *And* Machaon *firſt.* Not firſt in *Quality*; becauſe here are many of his Superiors mentioned; particularly *Menelaüs* himſelf. But He (ſay Commentators) was the firſt who came out of the Horſe. Why then is he mentioned one of the laſt? I confeſs I cannot tell: And the Word *primus* ſeems to be oddly inſerted. But *Virgil*'s Authority muſt not be queſtioned, unleſs the Caſe be very evident.

Ver. 328. *'Twas now the Seaſon when the firſt Repoſe,* &c.]

Lo! in a Dream, before my ſlumb'ring Eyes
The much afflicted *Hector* ſeem'd to ſtand,
Profuſe of Tears; drag'd with the Chariot's Wheels,
As heretofore; beſmear'd with bloody Duſt;
And thro' his ſwelling Feet transfix'd with Thongs.
Ah me! How was he from That *Hector* chang'd,
Who once return'd Triumphant in the Spoils
Of great *Achilles*; or who flung his Fire
Amidſt the *Grecian* Veſſels! Foul his Beard;
His Hair all clung, and clotted with his Blood:
And in his Body all the Wounds receiv'd
Before his Native Walls. I firſt began,
And weeping in Theſe mournful Accents ſpoke.
O Thou, the Light, and certain Hope of *Troy*;
How, *Hector*, haſt thou been detain'd? From whence
Com'ſt thou ſo long expected? How fatigu'd,
After ſuch various Labours of the State,
And ſo much Slaughter of thy Countrymen,

Do

&c.] Some Verſes by their Dulneſs incline a Man to Sleep; but Theſe by their Elegancy. The ſweet, ſmooth, and ſoft Flowing of them would lull us to the Sleep they deſcribe; did not Admiration keep us awake. For their Sound is their leaſt Excellence: Every Word almoſt contains an Idea of a diſtinct Beauty; eſpecially in That laſt Clauſe,

Dono Divûm gratiſſima ſerpit:

How many Authors would have ſpent Ten Verſes in ſaying leſs than is here ſaid in Two? Ver. 272. Orig. *Perque pedes trajectus lora tumentes*; i. e. *habens lora trajecta per pedes.* I have often taken notice of theſe Poetical Idioms; but this is a very ſingular one, and diſtinct from thoſe which *ſeem* to be of the ſame Kind. It is not the ſame with *Nudâ genu*; as *Servius* ſays it is. Ver. 278. *Quæ circum plurima muros Accepit*, &c. The Order; *Quæ plurima accepit circum muros.*

Ver. 330. *Lo! in a Dream before my ſlumbering Eyes*, &c.]

——— *On my Soul,*
'Tis mournful, wond'rous mournful ———

Who

Do we behold thee? What unworthy Hand
Has ſoil'd thy Face ſerene? Or why Thoſe Wounds?
He no Reply to my vain Queſtions gave:
But with a diſmal Groan, Ah! fly, he cry'd,
Fly, Goddeſs-born, and ſave thee from Theſe Flames.
The Enemy has gain'd our Walls; and *Troy*
Is tumbling from it's Height. Enough is done
For *Priam* and our Country: If any Hand
Could have ſav'd *Troy*, by This ſhe had been ſav'd.
Her Gods, and her Religion ſhe commands
To Thee; take Theſe as Partners of thy Fates;
For Theſe a City ſeek, which thou at laſt,
The Ocean having wander'd o'er, ſhalt build.
He ſaid; and brought the Garlands from their Shrines,
Great *Veſta*'s Image, and th' eternal Fire.
Mean while, with Cries confus'd the Walls reſound:
And tho' my Father's Palace, fenc'd with Trees,
Stood

Whoever conſiders the Character of *Hector*, the Heroic Virtue, as well as Heroic Bravery, the conjugal, filial, and paternal Piety of that excellent Prince, will be the more ſenſibly touched with the unutterable *Pathos* of This Deſcription; with the Queſtions which *Æneas* aſks, and with the no Reply which his Friend makes;

Ille nihil, nec me quærentem vana moratur:
Sed graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens,
Heu! fuge, nata Dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis, &c.

Such a Spirit of Sadneſs reigns thro' the Whole, as is only to be felt, but cannot be expreſſed. Then was there ever ſuch a Viſionary Scene to introduce ſuch a Real one? The diſmal Tranſition from the one to the other is inexpreſſibly affecting; The Hero is waked from his frightful Dream by That which fulfils it: For immediately after,

Æternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem,

it follows Thus;

Ver. 363. *Mean-while with Cries confus'd the Walls reſound, &c.*

Diverſo

Stood from the Hurry of the Town retir'd;
The Noiſe grows loud, and th' undiſtinguiſh'd Din
Of claſhing Arms rolls nearer. Rous'd from Sleep,
I gain the Summit of the high-built Houſe;
And ſtand with liſt'ning Ears. As when a Flame
Invades a Field of Corn by driving Winds;
Or, ruſhing from the Hills, a rapid Flood
Lays flat the Product of the Plains, lays flat
The riſing Crop, and Labours of the Plough,
And with a ſweeping Torrent whirls the Woods;
On a high Rock the doubtful Peaſant ſtands
Amaz'd, and in his Ear receives the Sound.
Now all the Truth appear'd, and *Grecian* Faith
Lay

Diverſo interea miſcentur mœnia luctu;
Et magis atque magis (quanquam ſecreta parentis
Anchiſæ domus, arboribuſque obtecta receſſit,)
Clareſcunt ſonitus; armorumque ingruit horror.
Excutior ſomno, &c.

He might well be waked from Sleep by what is deſcribed in Thoſe Verſes: for the Verſes themſelves are almoſt enough to wake a Man from a Lethargy. Eſpecially That

Clareſcunt ſonitus, armorumque ingruit horror,

which has Drums and Trumpets in the Sound of it.

Ver. 569. *As when a Flame*, &c.] *Homer*, in his Second, and Eleventh *Iliad*, has a Compariſon of This Kind taken from Fire; and another in the Fourth taken from Water. But *Virgil* has caſt them into One; and never did Fire and Water in Conjunction better ſtrive for the Maſtery, than *Homer*'s and *Virgil*'s Similes with each other. That Verſe of *Homer*,

Τῶν δέ τε τήλοσε δοῦπον ἐν οὔρεσιν ἔκλυε ποιμὴν,

has indeed a better Sound than any one of *Virgil*'s. But the Greek Language may be thanked for That: *Virgil*'s Deſcription, however, has a greater Variety of Circumſtances; particularly Thoſe of *Liſtening*, *Ignorance*, and *Amazement*, in the Shepherd; upon which the main Streſs of the Compariſon turns.

Ver. 377. *Now all the Truth appear'd, and* Grecian *Faith*, &c.] To take *Fides* Ironically, and

Lay plain to View: Now vanquiſh'd by the Fire
Deïphobus' wide ſtately Palace falls
With noiſy Ruin: Next *Ucalegon*
Blazes aloft; The broad *Sigéan* Sea
Glares with the Conflagration: Loudly ſound
The Trumpets Clangor, and the Cries of Men.
Arms with mad Haſte I ſnatch; tho' little Hope
There was from Arms: Yet eager glow'd my Mind
To form a Body for the Fight, and ruſh
Into the Citadel among my Friends:
Anger and Rage precipitate my Soul,
And glorious 'twas, I thought, to die in Arms.
Lo! *Pantheus*, from the *Grecian* Darts eſcap'd
Pantheus Otriades, *Apollo*'s Prieſt,
Bears

and *Inſidiæ* literally, is a little harſh; and I rather think the former of Theſe Words is to be underſtood of the *Truth* of the *Thing*, and of *Hector*'s Intelligence. I have therefore expreſſed *That* in the firſt Word, and transferred the ſuppoſed *Irony* to the other; For ſuppoſed it is by many, and thoſe ſome of the beſt Interpreters: And That Senſe is certainly the moſt *elegant* in *itſelf*: But there is room to doubt of its *Propriety* in *This Place* for the Reaſon above-mentioned.

Ver. 380. *Next* Ucalegon, *&c.*] *Ucalegon*, for his *Houſe*, is elegant in the Original: And for the ſame Reaſon I think it may be ſo in a Tranſlation. Whoever thinks otherwiſe, may, if he pleaſes, read *Ucalegon*'s.

Ver. 384. *Tho' little Hope — There was from Arms.*] *Nec ſat rationis in armis.* There was but ſmall Reaſon, or Cauſe, for my taking Arms; becauſe the Caſe was almoſt deſperate. Next Ver. *glomerare* [colligere] *manum* [i. e.] *manum* [militum] *a Company*, *bello*, i. e. *ad bellum*.

Ver. 387. *Into the* Citadel, *&c.*] Monſieur *Segrais* remarks upon the Piety of *Æneas*, in taking care of *Religion* in the firſt Place; and ſo underſtands *Arcem* of the *Temple*. And *That* it may ſignify, but not That *only*: Here, as at the Capitol of *Rome*, the Temple was in the Citadel.

Ver. 390. *Lo!* Pantheus *from the* Grecian *Darts*, &c.] The Sacredneſs and Helpleſſneſs of a Prieſt's Profeſſion, the Utenſils of Religion, his Gods, and his little Grandſon, make up a moſt affecting Image in the midſt of War and Confuſion.

Bears in his Hands the holy Utenſils,
His little Grandſon, and his vanquiſh'd Gods,
And runs, with pace diſtracted, to the Shore.
What Poſture, *Pantheus*, has the main Affair?
What Caſtle do we ſeize? I ſcarce had ſpoke;
When groaning he reply'd. Our laſt of Days,
And *Troy*'s inevitable Hour is come;
We *Trojans have* been, *Ilium* once *has* been,
And the long Glory of the *Dardan* Race:
To *Argos* cruel *Jove* has all transferr'd,
And *Greece* now domineers in flaming *Troy*.
The lofty Steed in the mid City pours
Arm'd Troops; and *Sinon* Conqu'ror ſcatters Fire,
Inſulting: Others thro' the open'd Gates
Arrive by Thouſands; a more num'rous Force
Than ever yet from great *Mycenæ* came.
Others with Arms the Paſſes of the Streets [drawn,
Have ſeiz'd; Their Swords with glitt'ring Blades ſtand
Thirſt-

Ver. 395. *What Poſture, Pantheus, &c.*] Elegant Brevity! expreſſive of Haſte and Hurry!

Quo res ſumma loco Pantheu? quam prendimus arcem?
Vix ea fatus eram; gemitu cum talia reddit.

Then how diſmal is That

Venit ſumma Dies!

And how delicate That

Fuimus Troes!

All the Commentators I have ſeen explain *quo loco* by *quo ſtatu*, and *res ſumma* by the *main Chance*, as we call it in *Engliſh*, and as it generally ſignifies. And I believe they are right: But I am not ſure that *Virgil* did not mean, *Where*, or *in what Place* is the *Streſs of Action?* This very well agrees with the next Words; — *Quam prendimus arcem?*

Ver. 409. *With glitt'ring Blades, &c.*] *Coruſco* here, as in many other Places, may ſignify either *ſhining*, or *brandiſhed*. Here it may mean *Both*.

Thirſting for Blood: The firſt Guards of the Gates
Scarce try the Fight, and blind Reſiſtance make.
By *Pantheus'* Words, and by the Gods inflam'd,
I hurry ſwift into the Fires, and Arms;
Where dire *Erinnys*, where the Tumult calls,
And the loud Noiſe aſcending to the Sky.
Ripheus, and *Iphitus* renown'd in Arms,
And *Hypanis*, and *Dymas*, by the Moon,
Join me, and thick'ning gather to my Side.
And young *Choræbus*, *Mygdon*'s Son; who came
By chance in Thoſe unhappy Days to *Troy*,
With Love unbounded for *Caſſandra* fir'd;
And, as a Son-in-Law, Aſſiſtance brought
To *Priam*, and the *Trojans*: hapleſs Youth,
Who the Advice of his prophetick Spouſe
Had not regarded.
Whom when I ſaw compacted, and reſolv'd
For Fight; I thus begin. Brave Youths, but brave
In vain, if you are fix'd to follow me
Daring the worſt; the Poſture of Affairs
You ſee; The Gods, by whom This Kingdom ſtood,
Have all withdrawn from their abandon'd Shrines,
And left their Altars: You would yet aſſiſt

The

Ver. 416. *Renown'd in Arms*, &c.] Thoſe who here read *armis* inſtead of *armis*, prefer That Reading, becauſe *Virgil* afterwards ſays — *Iphitus ævo jam gravior*: And I am againſt it for That very Reaſon. Becauſe it is not *Virgil*'s Manner to ſay a Thing *twice*, when to ſay it *once* is ſufficient.

Ver. 421. *With Love unbounded for* Caſſandra *fir'd.*] This Love-Adventure diverſifies the Subject in a moſt agreeable Manner. *Sponſa* is uſed not only for a *Wife*, but for one *intended to be ſo*. And I am forced to uſe *Spouſe* in *Engliſh*, in the ſame Senſe, for want of another Word. Ver. 347. Orig. *Incipio ſuper* [*de*] *his* [rebus.] Next Line; *ſi vobis* [me] *audentem*, &c.

The flaming City; let us die, and ruſh
Into the thickeſt Arms: To vanquiſh'd Men
The only Safety is to hope for none.
Theſe Words add Rage to Courage: Thence like Wolves
Prouling in gloomy Shade, which Hunger blind
Urges along, while their forſaken Whelps
Expect them with dry Jaws; thro' Darts, thro' Foes
We march to certain Death, and take our Way
Thro' the mid City: Night with duſky Shade
Involves us. Who the Horror of That Night,
The Ruins and Confuſion can expreſs?
Or equal ſuch prodigious Woes with Tears?
Down falls the ancient City, which ſo long
Had

Ver. 436. *Thence like Wolves*, &c.] *Lupi ceu. Homer* exactly; λύκοι ὥς. I own This Simile does not ſtrike me: Nor can I imagine why Men of Courage and Virtue, endeavouring to defend their Country, though by Night, ſhould be compared to Wolves ravening for their Prey. There is nothing but the Darkneſs of the Night common to Both; and That is a Circumſtance not conſiderable enough to ſupport all the reſt. This Compariſon ſeems more proper for the *Grecians* than for the *Trojans*.

Ver. 437, 438. *Which Hunger blind urges along.*] Perhaps the Reader will be of Opinion, that *whom* in This Place would have been better than *which*. We have certainly Authority from the beſt *Engliſh* Poets to apply That Relative to Beaſts, and Birds. And in This Tranſlation I have ſometimes done it myſelf. *Urges along* is indeed no Tranſlation of *exegit*; which here ſignifies *drove out*, i. e. from their Dens. But I could not well expreſs it in *Engliſh*. *Cæcos*, i. e. blinded with their ravenous Appetite, and unapprehenſive of Danger. I have transferred the Senſe of it to the Hunger which ſo blinds them.

Ver. 440. *We march to certain Death.*] *Certain*, as They *thought*; tho' it *proved* otherwiſe to *Æneas*.

Ver. 442. *Who the Horrour of That Night*, &c.] This Summary of Generals is very properly brought in by That pathetical Queſtion; and becauſe they *are* Generals, they are all comprized in nine Verſes which are extremely beautiful: But Particulars being more entertaining, the Poet immediately paſſes to *Them*.

Had proudly reign'd: Thro' Houſes, thro' the Streets,
And Temples, ſluggiſh Carcaſſes, around,
Lie, roll'd in Heaps: Nor do the *Trojans* bleed
Alone; The Vanquiſh'd in their Turn reſume
Their Courage; and the conqu'ring *Grecians* fall.
A Scene of Slaughter ev'ry where appears,
And Terrour, and a thouſand Shapes of Death.
Firſt of the *Greeks*, ſurrounded with a Croud,
Androgeos meets us, thinking us his own
Aſſociate Troops; and Thus familiar ſpeaks.
Haſte, Soldiers; What Delay retards your Arms?
Others divide, and ravage burning *Troy*:
Come you This Moment from your lofty Ships?
He ſaid; And ſtrait (for Anſwer was not giv'n

So

Ver. 447. *Sluggiſh Carcaſſes*, &c.] *Inertia* is rendered by *Ruæus*, and ſome others, *inutilia*: But undoubtedly it is to be taken in it's firſt, and plain, and yet far moſt poetical Senſe, for *Sluggiſh*, by being dead. A dead Body is not only motionleſs, but more *heavy* than when it was living. I therefore call ſuch a Carcaſs *Sluggiſh*, as I would call a *Lump of Lead* ſo.

Ver. 449. *In their Turn.*] Orig. *Quondam*: for *interdum*, *aliquando*.

Ver. 453. *Firſt of the* Greeks *ſurrounded with a Croud*, &c.] Here the Fighting begins; I mean the Particulars of it: and continues 'till Verſe 559. of the Original. The Whole is comprehended in no more than 189 Verſes; and in them there is, I think, as great a Variety of extraordinary Incidents, as in any whole Book of *Homer*'s Battles. The Error of *Androgeos* in ſuppoſing the *Trojans* to be his Friends: The latter diſguiſing themſelves with the Arms of their Enemies; Their Succeſs upon it for ſome time; The Attempt of *Choræbus* to reſcue *Caſſandra*; The Slaughter of the *Trojans* from their Friends, occaſion'd by the Miſtake of their Arms; The Diſcovery of their Stratagem by the *Grecians*, and the Slaughter conſequent upon it; The Beſieging and Taking of the Palace; and laſtly the Death of *Priam*. All Theſe Particulars illuſtrated by a great Number of beautiful Deſcriptions,

So friendly as he thought) he found himſelf
Amidſt his Foes: Surpriz'd with Fear he back
Recoil'd, and with his Speech repreſs'd his Steps.
Like One, who unawares in prickly Thorns
Has trod upon a Snake; and ſtarting fled
Him rouſing all his Venom, and with Rage
Heaving his ſpeckled Neck. *Androgeos* ſo
Shudd'ring withdrew. We forwards ruſhing preſs,
And them, around inclos'd with clatt'ring Arms,
Unknowing of the place, and ſtruck with Fear
We vanquiſh: Fortune crowns our firſt Attempt.
Fluſh'd with new Fire, and proud of his Succeſs,
Chorœbus Thus adviſ'd. O Friends, the Way
To Conqueſt, which our firſt kind Fortune ſhews,
Let us purſue; and follow where ſhe leads.
Our Habit let us change; and wear diſguis'd
The *Grecian* Shields and Helmets: Who would aſk
Whether 'twere Art, or Valour, in a Foe?

Them

tions, Similes, and Speeches; and the Confuſion, Horror, and Diſtreſs, heightened to a Degree inexpreſſible.

Ver. 460. *He found*, &c.] *Senſit medios delapſus*, &c. Greciſm: for *ſenſit ſe delapſum eſſe*, &c.

Ver. 463. *Like one, who unawares*, &c.] Nothing need be added to the Account which Mr. *Pope* has given of This beautiful Simile, in his Remark upon that of *Homer* [*Iliad* the Third] from whence it is taken, and much improved. The Hiſſing of the Verſes by the frequent Repetition of the Letter S, *Improviſum aſpris*, &c. As before, *Fit ſonitus ſpumante ſalo*, &c. is a Matter of common Obſervation, and was without doubt deſigned by the Poet. Ver. 385. Orig. *aſpirat*: i. e. *favet*. So *Ovid.* Metam. *Cœptis* aſpirate *meis*.

Ver. 473. *Kind.*] *Quàque oſtendit ſe dextra*: The Senſe is the ſame as if it were *dextram*; i. e. *propitiam*.

Ver. 477. *Whether 'twere Art or Valour in a Foe*, &c.] Who indeed would aſk ſuch a Queſtion? And why therefore does *Æneas* exclaim ſo vehemently againſt the Fraud of *Sinon*, and the *Greeks*? What did all the Contrivance of the Wooden-Horſe, &c. amount to, more

Themſelves ſhall give us Arms. Thus having ſaid,
Himſelf puts on the boſſy burniſh'd Shield,
And creſted Helmet which *Androgeos* wore;
And buckles to his Side the *Grecian* Sword.
The ſame does *Ripheus*, *Dymas* next, then all
The Youth, exulting: With the recent Spoils
Each arms himſelf: Among the *Greeks* we march,
Mingled, with Gods not Ours: In gloomy Shades,
Obſcure, by various Skirmiſhes we fight;
And many of the *Greeks* we ſend to Hell.
Some to their Ships retire, and flying ſeek
The faithful Shores: While, ſeiz'd with Coward Fear,
Others again aſcend the monſtrous Horſe,
And in the well-known Belly lurk conceal'd.
All human Confidence, alas! is vain,
When Heav'n oppoſes. From *Minerva*'s Shrines,
And Temple, lo! the *Priameian* Maid,
Caſſandra, with diſhevel'd Hair is drag'd,
Throwing in vain her glaring Eyes to Heav'n;
Her

than a *Stratagem of War?* I anſwer, it was joined with the moſt ſolemn Treachery, Lying and Perjury.

in the Fifth Book: Or with the Gods who favour'd the *Grecians* (as *Juno*, *Pallas*, &c.) engraven upon their Armour.

Ver. 492. *All human*, &c.] *Nihil* [for *non*] *fas* eſt *quenquam* *fidere* [ulli rei, vel homini.]

And then the Repetition of *lu-* *mina* in the next Verſe, with the Reaſon of it,

Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas
Non tulit hanc ſpeciem, &c.

Ver. 485. *With Gods not Ours*, &c.] That is, either with *unpropitious* Gods; as, on the Reverſe,

——— *Ferunt* ſua *ſtamina claſſem*,

Ver. 495. Caſſandra *with diſhevel'd Hair is drag'd*, &c.] This is a beautiful Image, if ever there was one in the World. Eſpecially That

——— *Ardentia lumina fruſtra*;

Her Eyes; for Bonds confin'd her tender Hands.
Enrag'd by Love to Madneſs, ſuch a Sight
Choræbus could not bear; but deſp'rate flings
Himſelf into the Middle of the Foes:
We follow all, into the thickeſt Arms
Ruſhing. Here firſt from the high Temple's Top
Our Friends with Darts o'erwhelm us: Thence enſues
A dreadful Slaughter, by our Armour's Form,
And by the Error of our *Grecian* Plumes.
Then at the Reſcue of the Royal Maid
The *Greeks* enrag'd, invade us; *Ajax* fierce,
Both the *Atridæ*, all the *Dolopes*,
Gath'ring from ev'ry Part. As when the Winds
Adverſe in Hurricane abrupt engage,
Notus, and *Zephyrus*, and *Eurus* ſwift
Exulting with his Eaſtern Steeds: The Woods
Roar loud; And *Nereus* with his Trident ſtorms
Foamy, and from the Bottom ſtirs the Deep.

Thoſe

Ver. 497. *Confin'd her tender Hands.*] *Arcebant* for *coercebant*.

Ver. 501. *Arms.*] Either *into Theirs*; or *with* our *own*. The Former is the better. *Incurrimus armis* [hoſtium.]

Ver. 506. *Then at the Reſcue of the Royal Maid, &c.*] *Tum Danai* gemitu, *atque ereptæ virginis ira, &c.* What is the Meaning of this *gemitu?* None of the Commentators take any Notice of it; and yet I think it a Word very oddly inſerted. *Ruæus*, in his Proſe, renders it by *dolore*; but whether it be apply'd to *Caſſandra* and the *Trojans*, or to the *Greeks*, He does not tell us. For myſelf, I think it ſhould be rather apply'd to the former: The *Greeks* were rally'd together firſt by the Cries of *Caſſandra*, and the deſperate *Trojans*, aſſiſting her, and then more ſo by their own Rage at her Reſcue.

Ver. 509. *As when the Winds, &c.*] This Simile is taken from the Ninth *Iliad*; and is very beautiful in both Poets: But *Virgil* (as uſual) is moſt particular in the *material*, and *ſhining* Circumſtances. Ver. 420. Orig. *ſi quos*, for *quoſcunque*. I have ſeveral Times remark'd upon other Inſtances of This Kind.

Thoſe too, whom we by Stratagem diſpers'd
In Night obſcure, and drove thro' all the Town,
Appear; They firſt diſcern our borrow'd Arms,
And in our Speech the diſagreeing Sounds.
Strait Multitudes o'erpow'r us: And before
Minerva's Altar, firſt *Chorœbus* falls,
Kill'd by *Peneleus*; *Ripheus* next, than whom
No *Trojan* was more juſt and good; tho' Heav'n
Decreed not ſo: *Dymas*, and *Hypanis*,
Stab'd by their Friends: Nor could thy Piety,
O *Pantheus*, nor the conſecrated Wreaths
Of *Phœbus*, ſave thee from as hard a Fate.
You, Ye dear Ruins, and laſt Flames of *Troy*,
I call to witneſs; that I ne'er declin'd
The *Greeks*, nor ſhrink'd from Dangers in your Fall:
And had I been by Deſtiny decreed
To die; my Actions merited my Death.
Thence *Iphitus*, and *Pelias*, with Myſelf,
Were hurry'd: *Iphitus* infirm with Age,
And *Pelias* halting by *Ulyſſes*' Wound.

Hence

Ver. 522, 523. *Tho' Heav'n —Decreed not ſo.*] *Diis aliter viſum*, i. e. by an Ellipſis, decreed not that he ſhould be ſucceſsful. *Viſum*, for *placuit*.

Ver. 527. *You, Ye dear Ruins*, &c.] As This ſolemn Proteſtation is natural and affecting in itſelf; ſo it is much better in the Middle of the Confuſion and Diſtreſs, than it would have been either at the Beginning, or the End. Becauſe the Narrative is agreeably interrupted, and the Mind unexpectedly diverted by ſo ſudden an Exclamation. The full Import of the Word *Vices* in This Place is very difficult, if not impoſſible, to be expreſſed in our Language. It means *mala* viciſſim *illata* [à Danais.] Ver. 106. Ulyſſes' *Wound.*] *Vulnere Ulyſſei*, i. e. *Vulnere ab Ulyſſe dato.* So Book xii. 51. *Noſtro ſequitur de Vulnere ſanguis*; with many other Inſtances. And 'tis as poetically elegant in *Engliſh* as in *Latin*,

Hence the loud Noiſe to *Priam*'s Royal Seat
Calls us away: Here fierce the Battle burns;
So fierce, as if in other Parts no War
Were heard, no other Slaughter thro' the Town.
A Fight ſo obſtinate we ſee; and Crouds
Of *Greeks*, beneath a Canopy of Shields,
Thick

Ver. 535. *Hence the loud Noiſe to* Priam*'s Royal Seat*, &c.] Here the Fight was ſuch, he ſays, as if there had been no other over all the City: And the Deſcription of it is ſuch, as if there had been no other Deſcription in all the Book. The changeing of the Scene from the common Streets of the Town, to the King's Palace, both diverſifies, and heightens the Image: And the extreme Obſtinacy of the Fight on both Sides, the furious Attack on the one, and the deſperate Defence on the other; That noble Deſcription of *Pyrrhus*, the Violence and Rage of his Aſſault, in which one trembles for good old King *Priam*, and the Court, at every Advance he makes; The Breach made in the Walls, thro' which, as it is expreſſed in That fine Verſe,

Apparet dòmus intus, & atria longa pateſcunt;

The Diſtraction of the whole Court, eſpecially of the Ladies, ſhrieking, and running from one Room to another, hugging and kiſſing the Pillars, &c. The farther widening of the Breach, at

——— làbat arjete crebro
Janua, & emoti procumbunt cardine poſtes;

The Torrent of the Enemies ruſhing in, with That noble Simile,

Non ſic aggeribus ruptis cum ſpumeus amnis, &c.

The Royal Apartments and Bed-Chambers crouded with plundring Soldiers, the magnificent Furniture huddled in Heaps, and the whole Palace in Flames and Ruin: All Theſe Circumſtances concur to give us ſuch a complicated Image of Horrour and Confuſion, as we can only admire; but can never fully explain.

Ver. 536. *The Battle*, &c.] *Ingentem pugnam* [cernimus.] That Word is expreſs'd juſt afterwards: And the Force of it affects This Place.

Ver. 540. — *Beneath a Canopy of Shields.*] — *Acta teſtudine.* Their Shields joined together, or linked in one another, in a convex Form, like the Shape of a Tortoiſe-Shell, (therefore called *Teſtudo*) making as it were a Roof, or Canopy, to cover a great Body of Men.

Thick ruſhing to the Palace; and the Gates
By Siege aſſaulted. Scaling-Ladders hang
Againſt the Walls: And by the Steps they ſtrive
To gain the Doors; With their left Hands oppoſe
Their Shields to Storms of Arrows, with their right
Graſp at the Battlements. To them adverſe
The *Trojans* tumble Roofs, and Turrets down;
Seeing the worſt, and in the laſt Extremes
Of Death, ſuch Arms they uſe for their Defence;
Rolling down gilded Beams, the ſtately Pomp
Of Royal Anceſtors: With Swords unſheath'd
Others ſtand thick below, and guard the Doors.
Freſh with recruited Rage, we fly to ſave
The Court, and re-inforce our fainting Friends.
There was an unregarded Poſtern Door,
'Twixt *Priam*'s Palaces contiguous plac'd,
An Entry of a private Uſe; through which
Hapleſs *Andromache*, while *Troy* remain'd,
(Such was her Cuſtom) unattended went,
To ſee the aged Royal Pair, and bring
Her young *Aſtyanax* to his Grandſire's Arms.

Up

Ver. 543, 544. *Strive to gain the Doors.*] *Sub poſtes ipſos* [portarum] *nituntur* [aſcendere ad eas portas.]

Ver. 560. *Aged Royal Pair.*] Orig. *Soceros*; i. e. *Socerum* Priamum, & *ſocrum* Hecubam.

Ver. 561. *Her young* Aſtyanax *to his Grandſire's Arms.*] This cool Image of natural Affection, brought in by the Way, is very proper to vary the Scene of Warlike Fire and Fury. Monſieur *Segrais* has another, and that a very judicious, and material Remark upon it, *viz.* that the Addition of This pathetical Circumſtance takes off from the Littleneſs of ſuch an Idea as an *Entry*, and a *Back-Door*; which is extremely artful in the Poet. The ſame he ſays concerning that Circumſtance of the Tower afterwards mention'd, that from thence they had a Proſpect of all the City, and of the *Grecian* Camp.

Up to the higheſt Battlements I go;
From whence the miſerable *Trojans* flung
Their unavailing Darts. There ſtood a Tow'r
Tall and conſpicuous; from the lofty Roof
Rais'd to the Stars: From whence all *Troy* we view'd,
The *Grecian* Navy, and the *Grecian* Camp.
This we encompaſs round; and with our Steel,
Juſt where th' extremeſt Planks disjointed gave
Eaſieſt

Camp, and Navy. And Theſe he produces as Specimens of *Virgil*'s Skill and Judgment in elevating little Things, and giving them an Heroic Turn, among many Inſtances of the like Nature.

Ver. 565. *Tall, and conſpicuous,* &c.] *Ruæus,* and Monſieur *Segrais* render *in præcipiti ſtantem,* by *ſloping,* or *leaning.* But the other Interpreters (whom I rather follow) take it to ſignify no more than *high.* And ſo That of *Juvenal* is underſtood: *Omne in præcipiti vitium ſtetit*; i. e. it is come to it's *greateſt Height:* And That (as it appears from the Context) muſt be the Meaning. In the ſame Verſe *ſub aſtra.* To ſay *under* the Stars, litterally, is to ſay nothing, for every thing on Earth is ſo. *Sub* therefore has here the Senſe of *ad,* by way of Hyperbole: And ſo in other Places. And the diligent and attentive Readers will obſerve many Inſtances of This Kind in reading the Poets.

Ver. 569. *Juſt where th'* extremeſt *Planks,* &c.] Moſt Commentators take no Notice of *ſumma* as here apply'd to *Tabulata*; and the reſt leave it as obſcure as they found it. In its firſt and moſt uſual Senſe it ſignifies *uppermoſt,* or *high:* But That, I preſume, is not the Meaning of it here; becauſe then, only the topmoſt *Story* would have been thrown down, which does not ſo well agree with the Ruin here deſcribed. Sometimes it ſtands for *deep,* or *low*; but never in *Virgil:* If it did in any other Part of his Works, I ſhould take it ſo here. But even in Him it frequently ſignifies the *extremeſt,* or moſt *outward* Parts; and ſo I underſtand it in This Place. The *outſide* Planks (towards the Bottom, or at leaſt in the Middle, otherwiſe the Ruin could not have been ſo great) were diſjointed; and they took the Advantage of That to make a *farther* and *deeper* Irruption. Thus this Word is uſed, Book 1. l. 741 —ſummo *tenus attigit ore.* And Book 12. l. 434. Summaque *per galeam,* &c. I am ſenſible that *Tabulatum,* ſtrictly ſpeaking, ſignifies not a *Plank,* but a *Floor, Loft,* or *Story*; but a common

Eaſieſt Acceſs, we rend it from on high
Puſh'd forward: Swift with Ruin, loud with Noiſe,
It thunders down, and on the *Grecian* Troops
With wide Deſtruction falls: But Others ſtill
Succeed them; Nor do Stones, or any Kind
Of Weapons ceaſe to fly.
In the firſt Portal, ſtorming at the Door,
Pyrrhus exults; with Arms, and brazen Light
Refulgent. Like a Snake, in open Air;
Who all the Winter, fed with noxious Herbs,
And ſwoln with Poiſon, lurk'd in Earth, and there
Caſt his old Skin; now glitt'ring, new with Scales,
And ſleek in Youth, he rolls his ſlipp'ry Spires;
Erect againſt the Sun his burniſh'd Breaſt
Uprears, and darts his quiv'ring forky Tongue.
With Him his Squire *Automedon*, who drove
Achilles' Steeds, great *Periphas*, and all
The *Scyrian* Youth advance; and to the Top
Hurl flaming Brands: In the firſt Ranks Himſelf,
Graſping a Battle-Axe, the ſtubborn Doors
Burſts

common Synecdoche will ſalve That: And ſince it is ſaid, that the Tower itſelf, [*ea lapſa repente*, &c.] not the Top only, was tumbled down, I underſtand *ſumma* in the Senſe I mentioned. But if any Reader likes the other Interpretation better [the uppermoſt *Story*] he is free to take it.

Ver. 578. *In open Air.*] Orig. *In lucem.* ſubaud. *prodit*, or ſome ſuch Word. *Ruæus* makes no Grammar of it.

Ver. 579. *Fed with noxious Herbs*, &c.] It is doubtful, (and Commentators are divided in their Opinions upon it) whether *mala gramina paſtus* is to be referred to his feeding in the Winter under Ground; or in the Summer above Ground. I do not enough underſtand the Hiſtory of Animals, to determine This Point: But as it may relate to Either in the Original, ſo it may in my Tranſlation. This is in all Reſpects a moſt fine Simile; and beyond Compariſon ſuperior to That of the 22d *Iliad*, from which it is taken.

Burſts thro', and from their maſſy Hinges rends
The brazen Poſts; Now, having hewn the Beams,
He ſplits their ſolid Timber, and a Gap
Diſcloſes wide. Th' interior Court appears;
Long Gall'ries, *Priam*'s Rooms of State, and all
Th' Imperial Pomp of ancient Kings they ſee,
And Sentries ſtanding at the Doors in Arms.
But with confus'd Laments, the inner Rooms,
With Tumult, Noiſe, and wild Diſtraction, ſound;
The echoing Palace rings with female Shrieks,
And the ſhrill Clamour beats the golden Stars.
From place to place the trembling Matrons run,
Thro' the vaſt Court; and cling, and hug, and kiſs
The Pillars: *Pyrrhus* with his Father's Fire
Still puſhes on; Nor can the Bars, or Guards
Suſtain his Fury: To the batt'ring Rams
The Gate gives way; And from their Hinges torn
The ſolid Poſts lie flat. A ſpacious Breach
Is made; The thronging *Greeks* break in; then kill
The firſt they meet; and with arm'd Soldiers croud
The rich Apartments. With leſs rapid Force
A foamy River, when th' oppoſing Dams
Are broken down, rolls ruſhing o'er the Plain,
And ſweeping whirls the Cattle with their Folds.

Theſe

Ver. 600. —— *Beats the golden Stars.*] ——*Ferit* aurea *ſidera clamor*: This Epithet ſeems to be a meer Expletive: And it is certainly an Idea which adds nothing to the Diſtreſs. There are ſome other (though but a few) Inſtances of the ſame Kind in *Virgil*'s Works. I have nothing to ſay for it, but that in Poetry every Thing is excuſed by Variety.

Ver. 607. —— *A ſpacious Breach — Is made* ——] *Fit via vi.* This is no *Pun*, as Some would have it to be: Becauſe here is no Ambiguity. Here is a Likeneſs of Sound indeed; and it ſounds prettily.

Theſe Eyes ſaw *Pyrrhus* raging, ſmear'd with Gore,
And both th' *Atridæ* in the Entrance ſtorm;
Amidſt an hundred Daughters ſaw the Queen;
And *Priam* on the Altars, with his Blood
Pollute Thoſe hallow'd Fires, which he himſelf
Had conſecrated. Fifty Bridal Rooms,
(So great their Hopes of num'rous future Heirs)
The Poſts with Trophies, and Barbarick Gold
Magnificent, lay ſmoking on the Ground;
Where the Flames fail, the *Greeks* ſupply their place.
Perhaps for *Priam*'s Fate you will enquire.
He, when he ſaw the captive City's Fall,
His Gates torn off their Hinges, and the Foe
Within his Palace, Armour long diſus'd,
With vain Attempt, upon his Shoulders hangs,
Trem-

Ver. 624. *Perhaps for* Priam's *Fate you will enquire*, &c.] Yes doubtleſs, every body muſt: And here is ſuch an Anſwer to the Queſtion, as nobody but *Virgil* could have given us. To uſe the Words of *Ventidius* again, *Was ever Sight ſo moving?* The awful Character of a great and good King; His hoary Age, which increaſes both our Reverence for his Perſon, and our Pity for his Misfortunes; His vain Attempt to die with Glory, by putting on Armour, when he was ſcarce able to ſtand under the Weight of it: The gentle Diſſuaſive of his Queen, and her receiving him to Herſelf and Daughters, for whom he was fit Company, being as helpleſs as Themſelves; The Murder of his Son before his Face; That moſt pathetical Speech extorted from him by Grief, Anger, and Deſpair; And his feeble Effort to wound, as well as provoke his inſulting Enemy; The hot, rapid, and inſolent Youth of *Pyrrhus*, oppoſed to the venerable, pious, and trembling Age of *Priam*; The inhuman Butchering of the latter by the former, before the Altar, in the Preſence of his Queen, and Daughters, and in the Blood of his Son; Are all Circumſtances, which cannot well fail of drawing Tears not only from the Softneſs of a Woman, but from the Bravery and Generoſity of a Hero.

Trembling with feeble Age; and to his Side
Girds an unprofitable Sword; then flings
Himſelf, reſolv'd to die, among the Foes.
Juſt in the Centre of the Court, beneath
The open Sky, a ſpacious Altar ſtood;
Near it an ancient Laurel, hanging o'er
The ſacred Hearth, and cov'ring with it's Shade
The Houſhold-Gods. Here *Hecuba*, and all
Her Daughters, like a Flock of trembling Doves
Driv'n by a Tempeſt, vainly round the Shrines,
Clinging, embrac'd the Statues of the Gods.
But when in youthful Arms ſhe ſaw the King;
What deſp'rate Rage, ſhe cry'd, what Frenzy moves
My wretched Huſband to be harneſs'd Thus?
Or whither wouldſt thou? Not ſuch Aid as Thine,
Nor ſuch Defenders does the Time require;
Not, tho' my *Hector*'s ſelf were here in Arms.
But come; This Altar ſhall protect us All:

At

Ver. 630. *Girds.*] As *Cingitur* has here the ſame *Senſe* as *Induitur*; it governs the ſame *Caſe*. Ver. 517. Orig. *tenebant* [ea.]

Ver. 645. *Not tho' my* Hector's *ſelf*, &c.] The Senſe here, though good at the Bottom, is a little dark at firſt Sight. It may be objected; Would *Priam*'s Help then have been more *wanted*, had *Hector* been alive? No; unleſs for this Reaſon only, that it would have been more likely to be *effectual*. The Meaning is; Things are now ſo deſperate, that not only ſuch Aid as Yours is of no Avail, but even *Hector*'s, were he living, would be ſo too; tho' Yours, in Conjunction with His, might ſeem to promiſe a little more than it does now, and Your Attempt would be ſomewhat leſs extravagant. *De La Cerda* thinks there is ſome hidden Meaning in her ſaying *my* Hector, rather than *yours*, or *ours*; as if He were the Son of ſome God: but I rather take it to be a fond, motherly Expreſſion, and no more.

At leaſt we will be join'd in Death. This ſaid,
She to herſelf receiv'd the aged King,
And plac'd him trembling in the ſacred Seat.
When lo! *Polites*, one of *Priam*'s Sons,
By ſlaught'ring *Pyrrhus* preſs'd, thro' Darts, thro' Foes,
Gazing about, runs round the ſpacious Court,
And wounded thro' the winding Cloyſters flies.
Him, ardent, threat'ning with a mortal Dart,
Pyrrhus purſues; juſt ready with his Hand
To ſeize him, and diſcharge the deadly Blow.
At length, arriv'd before his Parents' Eyes,
He fell; and welt'ring in a Flood of Gore,
Pour'd out his Soul. Here *Priam*, tho' beſet
With Death on ev'ry ſide, could not refrain;
But Thus indulg'd his Rage. For Crimes like Theſe,
So bold, and monſtrous may the righteous Gods
(If Heav'n has any Juſtice, that regards
Such Outrages) reward thee, as thy Deeds
Deſerve; who thus haſt forc'd me to behold
The Murder of my Son, and with his Blood,
Barbarian! couldſt pollute a Father's Sight.
Not ſo *Achilles*, whom with lying Vaunt
Thou call'ſt Thy Father; he not ſo behav'd
To *Priam* his Foe: But rev'rencing the Rights,
And

Ver. 654. *Threat'ning with*, &c.] Orig. *Inſequitur vulnere*, i. e. *telo* vulnus *inflicturo*.

Ver. 655, 6. *Juſt ready*] — *deadly Blow.*] For that is the Meaning of *Jam jamque manu tenet, & premit haſta.* Ver. 535. Orig. *At te*, &c. There is an Elegance in the Particle *at*, not to be expreſs'd in Engliſh.

Next Verſe, The Word *Pietas* ſometimes ſignifies *Mercy*, *Juſtice*, &c. or Vertue in general. So *Virgil* elſewhere; *pia numina.* Ver. 541. *In hoſte* for *in hoſtem.* Ver. 545. *Conjecit* is remarkable, as apply'd to the *old Man*: In a young one 'twould have been *contorſit.* Ibid. *repulſum* [eſt.]

And Faith of Suppliants, *Hector's* Corps reſtor'd
To Burial; and diſmiſs'd me to my Realms.
So ſpake the aged Sire; And feebly flung,
Without a Wound, an unperforming Dart:
Which, by the Target's ſounding Braſs repuls'd,
Hung on the Surface of it's boſſy Orb.
To whom Thus *Pyrrhus*. Thou ſhalt then relate
Such Crimes; and bear This Meſſage to my Sire
Achilles; Him remember to inform
Of my foul Deeds, and his degen'rate Boy:
Now die. Then drags him to the ſacred Hearth,
Trembling, and ſliding, on the ſlipp'ry Ground,
In his Son's Blood; and, twiſting in his Hair
His Left Hand, with the Right his glitt'ring Sword
Deep to the Hilt he plunges in his Side.
Such was the End of *Priam's* Fates; the laſt
Concluding Scene, which Deſtiny decreed
To *Aſia's* Lord; once o'er ſo many Realms,
And Nations. Sovereign Monarch; having ſeen
His *Troy* in Flames, and tumbling to the Ground:
Upon the Shore the Royal Body lies
Expos'd; the Head from off the Shoulders torn;
A Trunk diſhonour'd, and without a Name.
Here Horrour firſt ſurrounded me. Amaz'd

I

Ver. 680. *Foul.*] *Triſtia*: i.e. *horrida deteſtanda*. Ver. 552. Orig. *Implicuitque comam lævâ*. I would rather read *Implicuitque comæ lævam*; tho' the Other will do. Next Ver. *Extulit*: i. e. *evaginavit*. *Lateri* for *in latere*, or *in latus*. Ver. 555. *Tulit* for *abſtulit*.

Ver. 694. *Here Horror firſt ſurrounded me*, &c.] What a Turn is This? How different are his Sentiments here from what they were at Verſe 314. Orig.

Arma amens capio, &c. *Talibus*

And afterwards,

I ſtood; My Father's Image to my Mind
It ſelf preſented; when I ſaw the King,
In Age his Equal, by a barb'rous Wound
Expiring: To my Thoughts at once recurr'd
My dear *Creüſa* left at home, my Houſe
Expos'd to Plunder, and th' impending Fate
Of young *Iülus*. Round I look'd, to ſee
What Force was near: All harraſs'd out were gone;
Some leaping to the Ground; Some, ſpent and ſick
With Toil, had flung themſelves into the Flames.
Now I alone remain'd; When in the Porch
Of

Talibus Otriadæ dictis, & numine divûm
In flammas, & in arma feror, &c.

In the Heat, and Hurry of the War, he was all Fire, and Fury: But now after the utter Ruin of his Country, and particularly the Death of the King, he is ſeized with Horror; which is incomparably expreſſed in That cool and diſmal Manner, all in ſlow Spondées,

At me tum primum ſævus circumſtetit horror;

and thinks it no Impeachment of his Courage that he is ſo: Since This is the firſt Time he is ſo ſeized: And, ſuppoſing him to have the Sentiments of a Man, nothing but Horror can now be the Object of his Thoughts. Then the Tranſition from the Diſtreſs of his Country in general to That of Himſelf and his Family in particular, is no leſs remarkable:

Subiit cari genitoris imago.

Ut regem æquævum, &c.

His Care (as Monſieur *Segrais* judiciouſly obſerves) was for his *Religion* in the firſt Place, for his *King* and *Country* in the ſecond, and for his *Family* in the third. It is hard to ſay, whether the Piety, and *true rational* Courage of the Hero, or the Art of the Poet, be more conſiderable.

Ver. 700. *Expos'd*, &c.] Orig. *direpta*: ſubaud. *for aught I knew*; or *as I had Reaſon to fear.*

Ver. 705. *Now I alone remain'd; when in the Porch*, &c.] What Contradiction there is in This Paſſage to That which is related by *Deïphobus* in the Sixth Book, I cannot apprehend. Why could not *Helen* be in *Deïphobus*'s Houſe at one Time of the Night, and in This Temple at another? For it,

Of *Veſta*'s Temple *Helen* I behold
Silent, and lurking in the ſacred Seat.
The glaring Conflagration, as I rove,
And

it does not neceſſarily follow, that, becauſe ſhe had endeavour'd, by betraying *Deïphobus*, to oblige *Menelaüs*, he was therefore ſo obliged by her: And ſo ſhe might afterwards be lurking in This Temple with Fear and Conſciouſneſs of her Guilt. That *Menelaüs*, after the Burning of *Deïphobus*'s Palace, did not ſtay to amuſe himſelf with her Converſation, is moſt certain, as Monſieur *Segrais* obſerves; becauſe after That (which was the firſt Remarkable Incident of This dreadful Night,

——— *jam Deïphobi dedit ampla ruinam*
Vulcano ſuperante domus ———)

We twice met with *Menelaüs*, in the thickeſt of the Battle.

Et gemini Atridæ——geminoſque in limine Atridas.

Then as to the Propriety of This Paſſage, Mr. *Dryden*'s Friend wrongs *Virgil* very much; when he ſays, that the Hero *enters into an unmanly Deliberation to kill her in a Church* *. For tho' ſhe was *in* a Church; it is no Conſequence that he intended to *kill her there*: Why could not he drag her out of it firſt, and kill her afterwards? According to the Practice of the *Jews*, and Others, to Thoſe who had taken Sanctuary in Temples, but were not fit to be protected by them. Moreover it muſt be conſidered, that He himſelf foreſees and anſwers the Objection relating to her *Sex*,

——— *etſi nullum memorabile nomen*
Fœminea in pœna eſt ———
Extinxiſſe nefas tamen ———
——— *cineres ſatiaſſe meorum.*

And after all, he *only thinks* of ſuch a Thing in the *Heat of Rage* and Reſentment, than which too nothing could be more juſt;

Talia jactabam & furiata mente ferebar;

But he might ſtill have forborn it (though *Venus* had not appeared) upon cooler Thought and Reflection. However, I acknowledge Theſe Objections have ſome Weight: And beſides,

* *Life of* Virgil.

And throw my Eyes around, affords me Light.
There She, the common Peſt of *Greece*, and *Troy*,
Fearing the *Trojans* for their City's Fall
Incens'd, the juſt Reſentments of the *Greeks*,
And her abandon'd Huſband's Rage, conceal'd
Herſelf, and ſkulking on the Altars ſate

The

ſides, there are Expreſſions in Theſe 22 Lines ſaid to have been expunged * by *Tucca*, and *Varius*, who were appointed as Superviſors of *Virgil*'s Works, which ſeem unworthy of That great Poet.

——— *Sceleratas ſumere pœnas,*

looks harſh, and unnatural: And *ſudarit ſanguine* ſeems improper; (Becauſe Sweat is a Moiſture that iſſues from the Body to which it belongs, not ſuch a one as is poured upon it:) And perhaps the ſame may be ſaid of *animum ultricis flammæ*. But then if Thoſe Verſes ought to be retrenched; ſo ſhould ſome others which follow; becauſe they have a manifeſt Connexion with them, and are not ſo much as Senſe without them. And by Theſe I do not mean Thoſe which Mr. *Addiſon* mentions in his moſt ingenious *Account of* Italy *: It is true,

Non tibi Tyndaridis, &c. Culpatuſve Paris ——

is more proper *with* them; but it is not *improper without* them. For *Æneas* might be well ſuppoſed to have ſuch a Thought of *Helen*, and *Paris*, (the latter of whom by the Way he does not mention in the foregoing Speech) tho' That Speech had never been ſpoken by him. But That

Nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras?
Quid furis? &c.

would have been perfect Nonſenſe without That Speech, or ſomething of the ſame Kind going before it. Neither do I perhaps rightly conceive Mr. *Addiſon*, when he ſays, "the Apparition of *Venus* comes in "very properly to draw *Æneas* "from the Sight of *Priam*'s "Murder, *&c.*" I preſume he means, to draw him away *after he had* ſeen *Priam*'s Murder;

* *P.* 425, 426.

The curſt Incendiary. Within my Breaſt
Glow'd furious Fires, inflam'd me to revenge
My ruin'd Country, and due Puniſhment
Inflict on Crimes. Shall then this Sorc'reſs ſafe
Viſit *Mycenæ*, and her Native Soil?
Shall ſhe, a Queen in pompous Triumph ride,
Her

der; for he *had* ſeen the whole Tranſaction, and largely deſcribed it, before Theſe 22 Verſes begin. And as *Æneas* ſays he was alone,

Reſpicio, & quæ ſit me circum copia luſtro;
Deſeruere omnes, &c.

and as the *Grecian* General may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to be ſurrounded with Numbers of his Friends, They being now entirely Conquerors, and the *Trojans* utterly ſubdued: *Æneas* might be ſuppoſed, without any Reflection upon his Courage, to be *ſeized with Horror*, (as he ſays he was) at the Murder of the King; and ſo to leave "*Neoptolemus* triumphant, and *Priam* "unrevenged." Tho' I confeſs therefore the Machine of *Venus* would have come in properly There; yet, with the greateſt Submiſſion to the *Engliſh* Succeſſor of *Virgil*, I do not think it was *required*, either to ſalve the Honour of the Hero, or for any other Purpoſe whatſoever.

Monſieur *Segrais*, in his XIXth Remark upon This Book, takes a great deal of (in my Opinion) unneceſſary Pains to vindicate the Hero's Courage with regard to This, and other Incidents thro' This whole Night. What he ſays is indeed ſufficient, even notwithſtanding his Conceſſions; which yet he ought not to have made. Becauſe *Æneas* owns *he ſaw* the Rage of *Pyrrhus*, and the *Atridæ*, and the Death of *Priam*, and did not fight with the three firſt, and revenge the laſt; his Honour, forſooth, muſt be called in Queſtion. All Theſe Objections proceed (as I have hinted before, and as Monſieur *Segrais* himſelf obſerves) from not diſtinguiſhing between *true Courage*, and *Madneſs*; between *ſurprizing* Adventures, and *impoſſible* ones; between an ancient *Æneas*, and a modern *Amadis de Gaul*. *Æneas* behaves himſelf with the utmoſt Intrepidity in all Places whereever he comes, and his Poſts are always the moſt *important*, and the moſt *dangerous*: But becauſe he could not be conveniently in all Places at once, his Courage muſt be reflected upon.

Her Conſort, Parents, Houſe, and Children ſee,
Surrounded with our Captive *Trojan* Dames:
While *Priam* by the Sword expires, *Troy* burns,
The *Dardan* Shore ſo often ſweats with Blood?
Not ſo: for tho' a Woman's Death affords
No Glory, nor does Fame the Conqueſt crown;
At leaſt the Praiſe of having eas'd the World
Of ſuch a Trait'reſs ſhall be mine; I'll take
Due Vengeance: 'Twill be ſome Relief, to glut
My Rage, and with a Sacrifice ſo juſt
The *Manes* of my Country to appeaſe.
Such Paſſions toſſing in my ſtormy Breaſt,
I hurry forward: When to Sight reveal'd
My heav'nly Parent, never ſeen before
So clearly, to my Eyes her ſelf preſents,
Confeſs'd

upon. Yes; but he *ſaw* the Death of *Priam*, yet neither *aſſiſted* him, nor *revenged* him. To the Latter I have ſaid ſomething already: But beſides, as to Both; *He* was upon the Top of the Houſe, while *Priam* was in the open Court below: Would Theſe Criticks have had him jump off the Battlements, and break his Neck, in order to come at the *Grecians*, and aſſiſt, or revenge the King? For the Buſineſs below was ſoon over; and a thouſand Things may be ſuppoſed to hinder him from coming Time enough to do any Service: All the Gates, and Paſſes, except the Back-door aforeſaid, if That may be excepted, being poſſeſſed by the *Grecians*. Yet, notwithſtanding This, and a great deal more which Monſieur *Segrais* alledges, and to which I refer the Reader, he in ſome Meaſure yields the Point; and therefore to ſoften the Matter, and *pour nous conformer a nos mœurs*, renders *vidi* by *on void*. Had I been in his Place, I would *hardiment*, and without any more Ceremony, have ſaid *Je vis*; and rather have endeavour'd in This Caſe to conform the *French* Manners to *Virgil*'s, than *Virgil*'s to the *French*.

Ver. 721. *Her Conſort, Parents,* &c.] *Conjugium* for *Conjugem*; *Patres* for *Parentes*. Ver. 596. Orig. *Aſpicies*; for *cogitabis*. *Thought* to the *Mind* is the ſame as *Sight* to the *Body*.

Confeſs'd a Goddeſs: Thro' the duſky Shades
She ſhone in Light ſerene; Such, and as great,
As ſhe appears in Heav'n. My Arm ſhe graſp'd;
And, as ſhe held me, from her roſy Mouth
Theſe Accents fell. What fierce Reſentment boils
Thy untam'd Rage, my Son, to ſuch a height?
Why do'ſt thou ſtorm? Or whither is thy Care
For Us withdrawn? Will you not rather think,
Where 'twas you left your aged Father, where
Your Wife *Creüſa*; whether yet She lives,
And young *Aſcanius?* Whom the *Grecian* Troops
All hover round; And, did not my Concern
Prevent, the fiery Tempeſt had e'er this
Conſum'd them, or the hoſtile Sword devour'd.
'Tis not *Tyndarian Helen*'s hated Form,
Nor much blam'd *Paris*; Heav'n, inclement Heav'n
O'erturns This Realm, and levels Tow'ring *Troy*.
Behold, (for I'll remove That dewy Miſt,
Which

Ver. 749. ——— *The hoſtile Sword devour'd.*] For That I take to be the Meaning of the Word *hauſerit* in This Place; according to the Scripture Expreſſion. *The Sword devour'd more*, &c. For other Significations of This Word, ſee the Note upon the 176th Verſe of the Fifth Book.

Ver. 751. *Heav'n, inclement Heav'n*, &c.] *Divûm inclementiæ, Divûm*, &c. How much more Noble is That in ſome Manuſcripts, than *verum inclementia*, &c. in others? Ver. 603. *Has opes*, i. e. *hoc regnum.*

Ver. 753. *Behold, (for I'll remove that dewy Miſt*, &c.] I have elſewhere * cited this Paſſage as an Inſtance of the ſublime Style. And I now add, that for the Perfection of Poetical Sublimity both in Diction and Sentiment, there is perhaps nothing equal to them in the Heathen World. What Ideas can be more amazingly Grand and Aw-

* *Præl. Poet.* p. 99, 100.

Which dulls thy Sight, and dims thy mortal Eyes;
Suſpect not thou my Precepts, nor refuſe,
Diffiding, to obey thy Mother's Words:)
Here, where you ſee That Rubbiſh, Heaps confus'd,
Stones wrench'd from Stones, and thick redounding Smoke
Blended with Clouds of Duſt; great *Neptune* ſhakes
The Walls, and with his maſſy Trident heaves
The City from it's deep Foundations. There
Relentleſs *Juno*, girt with Steel, has ſeiz'd
The *Scæan* Gates; and, raging, from their Ships
Calls her confed'rate Forces.
Next, (That way bend thy Eyes) the lofty Tow'rs
Tritonian Pallas has poſſeſs'd; There ſits,
With her dire *Gorgon*, in a beamy Cloud,
Effulgent. *Jove* himſelf the *Grecian* Troops With

Awful, than That of a Mortal having his Eyes opened by a Divine Power, to ſee the Gods in all the Enſigns of Terror and Majeſty, even then actually employ'd in the Deſtruction of his Country!

Non tibi Tyndaridis facies inviſa Lacænæ,
Culpatuſve Paris; Divûm inclementia, Divûm,
Has evertit opes, ſternitque à culmine Trojam.

And how are Thoſe Ideas convey'd to the Mind by the dreadful Grandeur of Theſe Verſes;

Hic, ubi disjectas moles, avulſaque ſaxis
Saxa vides, miſtoque undantem pulvere fumum;
Neptunus muros, &c.

And afterwards,

Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ
Numina magna Deûm.

I want Words to enlarge upon This Image; and if I had them in never ſo great Plenty, I dare ſay the Reader would think the Uſe even of a few of them entirely ſuperfluous.

With Courage, and new Strength ſupplies; Himſelf
Excites the Gods againſt the *Dardan* Arms.
Eſcape by Flight, my Son, and end thy Toil;
I always will be preſent to thy Aid,
And place thee ſafe within thy Father's Walls.
She ſaid; and in th' involving Shades retir'd:
The direful Shapes appear, and Foes to *Troy*
Forms of the awful Gods.
All *Ilion* now to me among the Fires
Seem'd to lie flat; and from it's Bottom turn'd
Down falls *Neptunian Troy*. As when an Aſhe
Aged, and tall, is on the Mountains hewn
By Ruſticks; who in emulation ſtrive
With Strokes of Axes, and repeated Steel
To overturn it: Oft it nods, and ſhakes
It's leafy Top; ſtill tott'ring; 'till at length,
Subdu'd by Wounds, it groans it's laſt, and torn
From the high Ridge with cumb'rous Ruin falls.
Conducted by the Godhead I deſcend;

Diſ-

Ver. 777. *All* Ilion *now, to me*, &c.] My Note upon This Paſſage in the former Editions was erroneous; and I here retract it. One of the Interpretations I gave (which was in my Verſion too) cannot be juſtify'd by Grammar. It was occaſion'd by a mere Overſight; with the Reaſon of which I ſhall not trouble the Reader.

Ver. 779. *As when an Aſhe* &c.] I am not only of Mr. *Pope*'s Opinion, that This Simile is improperly compared with That in *Homer*'s Fourth *Iliad*, by which the Fall of *Simoiſius* is illuſtrated, there being very little Reſemblance in the Circumſtances; but I think moreover, that for the ſame Reaſon the one was not at all taken from the other. This of *Virgil* is extremely beautiful; and ſo is That of *Homer*.

Ver. 787. *Conducted by the Godhead*, &c.] *Ducente Deo.* So, I think, all the Manuſcripts and Editions have it; and it is juſtified by the Authority of

Diſpatch'd by her Protection, thro' the Flames,
And Foes: The Darts give way, the Flames retire.
But when I came within my Father's Walls;
He, whom I firſt propos'd and firſt deſir'd
Up the high Mountains to convey, refus'd,
After the Sack of *Troy*, to ſave his Life,
And ſuffer Exile. You, he cry'd whoſe Blood
Runs vigorous in youthful Veins, do You
Secure

Homer: And it is indeed more awful than *Deâ*; tho' That would have ſtood in the Verſe as well.

Ver. 790. *But when I came within my Father's Walls*, &c.] With what Variety has This Narration already entertained us! And yet here is a new Scene opened; which, with what follows in This Book alone, would be almoſt ſufficient to furniſh out a Book of an Heroic Poem, for any Poet, but *Virgil*. The Hero is now arrived at his Father's Houſe: And as he has now nothing to do, but to provide for the Eſcape of Him, and the reſt of his Family; one would think there ſhould be no Difficulty in That, but from the Enemy. But quite otherwiſe: His Father, with the Obſtinacy of a deſpairing Old Man (which is natural, and probable) abſolutely refuſes to uſe the Means of preſerving his Life, or to ſurvive the Ruin of his Country. This occaſions a new Affliction, as ſevere as unexpected. Then That Speech of *Anchiſes* expreſſing ſo much Deſpondency; and That of *Æneas* in anſwer to it, expreſſing ſo much filial Piety,

Mene efferre pedem, genitor, te poſſe relicto
Speraſti? tantumque neſas patrio excidit ore?

ſo much Diſtreſs,

Hoc erat, alma parens, quod me per tela, per ignes
Eripis, ut mediis hoſtem in penetralibus, &c.

and ſo much Courage,

Arma, Viri, ferte arma, &c.

are as pathetical, as any thing yet mentioned. If any thing which follows can be more ſo, it is That of *Creüſa*.

Ecce autem complexa pedes in limine conjux
Hærebat, parvumque patri tendebat Iülum:
Si periturus abis, &c.
—— *& Conjux quondam tua dicta relinquor?*

In

Secure yourſelves by Flight.
Me did the Gods permit to live, This Seat
They would have left me: 'Tis enough, and more,
That I have ſeen one Ruin, and ſurviv'd
The captive City. Thus, O Thus of Me
Take your Farewell; and leave This lifeleſs Corps.
With my own Hand myſelf may find a Death:
The Foe will pity me, and hither come
For Spoils: The Ceremony of a Grave
Is eaſily diſpens'd with: Long abhorr'd
By

In this moſt diſtreſsful Criſis, a Prodigy is with the utmoſt Propriety introduced; For this is

——*Dignus vindice nodus.*

And thoſe ſhining Deſcriptions of the lambent Flame upon the Head of *Iülus*, the auſpicious Thunder, and the Star ſhooting along the Sky, give a pleaſing Turn to the Whole; and the Conviction of *Anchiſes* is moſt agreeably ſurprizing. But then the Loſs of *Creüſa* throws us back again into Lamentation and Woe: *Æneas* returns into the City, and with Him the Poet artfully returns to finiſh the Deſcription of the Sack and Ruin of it, when we thought he could add no more upon That Subject, but had entirely diſmiſſed it. Particularly the Circumſtances, which the Hero relates of the Burning of his own Palace, and of the *Grecians* guarding the Spoils and the Captives, are new and engaging. But the Apparition of *Creüſa*'s Ghoſt, her Speech to her Husband, and their final Parting, fill us with ſo much Terror, Pity, and melancholy Pleaſure, as cannot be expreſſed.

Ver. 800, 801. *Thus— lifeleſs Corps.*] His Deſpair makes him ſpeak of Himſelf, as if he were actually dead. *Sic, ô ſic, poſitum affati diſcedite corpus*, i. e. *Diſcedite, affati* [me] *poſitum*, &c. *laid out*, as we ſay in Engliſh. *Affati* means giving the laſt *Farewel*, or *Conclamation*; as at *Funerals*. See Æneid. iii. 68. Orig.

Ver. 802. *With my own Hand my ſelf*, &c.] Either kill myſelf, or provoke the Enemy to kill me. Thus it muſt be, if we underſtand it *manu mea*, as I do: Though Some take it indefinitely, by the Hand of *ſomebody or other*. The Difference is not material; and the Senſe is in effect the ſame.

By Heav'n, and uſeleſs to the World, I drag
A wretched Being; ſince with Light'ning's Flaſh
Jove blaſted me, and ſing'd me with his Fire.
He ſaid; and in his Purpoſe perſever'd:
We, on the other ſide, diſſolv'd in Tears,
My Wife *Creüſa*, young *Aſcanius*, all
The Family, intreat him not to urge
The Ruin of himſelf, and Us; nor ſink
Beneath the Load of Fate. He ſtill denies,
And obſtinately reſolute perſiſts.
Again I ruſh to Arms, and deſp'rate wiſh
My Death: For now what Fortune could I try?
What Meaſures take? Could you, my Father, think
I would remove from hence, and leave You here;
Thus could you wrong my Filial Piety?
If

Ver. 807. *Light'ning's Flaſh.*] Orig. *Fulminis ventis.* Becauſe *Wind* is one *Ingredient* of *Light-ning.* See Æneid. viii. 430. Orig. Ver. 652. Orig. *vertere* for *ſubvertere*, or *evertere.*

Ver. 813. *Nor ſink —Beneath the Load, &c.*] *Fato urgenti incumbere.* Had I any Authority for it, I would read it *occumbere*; as it may very well be, according to the Verſe: And would That, and Authority permit, I would, as the beſt Reading of all, make it *ſuccumbere.* As it now ſtands, it is taken for a Metaphor from *falling upon a Sword.* Should we render it nearer to the Original,

Nor fall
Upon the Point of Fate

I believe it would not be allowed in our Language.

Ver. 815. *Obſtinately reſolute perſiſts.*] *Sedibus hæret in iiſdem.* Many take *Sedibus* for his fixed Purpoſe of Mind: And it is indeed ſomewhat analogous to *ſedet hoc animo*, a little afterwards. But as This was before imply'd in the Word *Incepto*, it is at leaſt as proper to render the Whole Thus: He perſiſted in his Reſolution, and would not ſtir, nor be dragged from the Place in which he ſate, or lay. *De La Cerda* is for Both. Ver. 654. Orig. *Sperafti* for *expectaſti.* So it is often uſed. Ver. 663. *obtruncat* for *poteſt*, or *novit obtruncare*; included in the Senſe of *obtruncavit.* Next Ver. *Hoc* for *Propter hoc*, or

If Heav'n decrees that nothing ſhall remain
Of ſo renown'd a City; and your Will
Stands fix'd to add yourſelf, and all your Friends
To falling *Troy:* The Means of ſuch a Death
Are obvious. Reeking freſh with *Priam*'s Blood,
Pyrrhus will ſoon be here; who ſlew the Son
Before his Father's Eyes, the Father's ſelf
Before his Altars. Was it then for This,
Celeſtial Parent, that you brought me ſafe
Thro' Flames, and Jav'lins; that I might behold
Th' inſulting Foe within our Palace-Walls,
Aſcanius, and my Father, and my dear
Creüſa, butcher'd in each other's Blood?
Arms, Arms, my Friends; Tho' vanquiſh'd, This laſt Day
Calls us to Arms: Give me the *Greeks* again;
Off; let me go: I'll ſee the Fight renew'd;
This Day we'll never All die unreveng'd.
Once more I gird on Arms, refit my Shield
To my left Hand, and ruſhing ſeek the Door.
When lo! *Creüſa* in the Entrance claſp'd
My Feet, there clinging cloſe; and to his Sire
Held out my young *Iülus:* If you go
To die, take Us with you in all Extremes:
Or if you yet have any Hope conceiv'd
In taking Arms; defend This Manſion firſt;
In which your Father, and your little Son
Are left, and I who once was call'd your Wife.
Shrieking ſhe ſpoke; and with her ſhrill Laments
Fill'd

or *hæc cauſa, erat quod,* &c. Next Ver. *Eripis* for *eripuiſti*; and therefore in the next but one, *cernam* for *cernerem.*

Ver. 676. Orig. *expertus*; i. e. *propter experientiam tuam in re militari.*

Fill'd all the Palace: When a Prodigy
Sudden, and wond'rous to relate, appear'd.
For as before his weeping Parents Eyes
He ſtood, between our Hands; lo! from the Head
Of young *Iülus*, roſe a glimm'ring Flame;
Harmleſs with gentle Touch it glided o'er
His Hair, and lambent round his Temples fed.
Trembling with Fear, we bruſh the burning Locks;
And Water bring, to quench the ſacred Fire.
But old *Anchiſes* joyful lifts his Eyes
To Heav'n, and ſtretches out his ſuppliant Hands.
Almighty *Jove*, if Thou by any Prayers
Art mov'd, this once behold us; and if aught
Our Piety deſerves, afford us now
Thy Succour, and This Prodigy confirm.
He ſcarce had ended; With a ſudden Craſh
It thunder'd to the Left; and thro' the Shades
A falling Star from Heav'n with glaring Light
Glided along, and drew a Trail of Flame.
O'er the high Palace-Top we ſaw it run,
And hide itſelf within th' *Idæan* Grove,
Marking our Way; th' indented Path ſhines bright,
In a long Track; and Sulphur ſmokes around.

At

Ver. 852. *Lo! from the Head of young* Iülus, &c.] For the Shape of this Cap, Hat, or Bonnet, ſuppoſed to be ſignified by *Apex*, ſee the Commentators. Either of thoſe Words would here ſound ill in our Language.

Ver. 861. *This once*, &c.] *Hoc tantum.* Either *hoc tempore*, or *quoad hoc*, or *hoc petimus*; But *tantum* being added to it, the Senſe is the ſame either Way. Ver. 692. Orig. *Vix ea — ſubitoque — que* for *cùm.* This, and a thouſand ſuch are Idioms of Poetry.

Ver. 870. *Marking our Way*; *Th' indented Path*, &c. *Signantemque vias*; *tum longo limite ſulcus*, &c. All the Annotators interpret it as I have render'd it, *marking* our *Way*; and That is certainly the beſt Senſe;

At This o'erpowr'd, *Anchiſes* roſe, the Gods
Invoking; and ador'd the ſacred Star.
Now, now there's no Delay; where-e'er you lead,
I follow: You, our Country-Gods, preſerve
This Houſe, preſerve my Grandſon: Theſe Portents
Are yours; and *Troy* ſubſiſts involv'd in You.
I yield, my Son; no longer I refuſe
T' accompany your flight. He ſaid; and now
The Fire more loudly roars; and from the Walls
The blazing Torrent nearer rolls the Flames.
Haſte then, my Father; on my Shoulders lay
Your aged Body; I the Load will bear,
Nor think That Labour hard: Whatever Chance
Betides us; Both ſhall ſhare one common Fate,
Eſcape together, or together fall.
Iülus cloſe by me ſhall go; my Wife
Behind obſerve our Steps: You, Servants, mark
My

Senſe: Tho' it may be underſtood of *its own* Way, or the Track in which it ſhot along. *Sulcus* here is the ſame with *ignea rima* in the eighth Book. A ſhooting Star, or any other Stream of Light in the Sky, ſeems to make a *Chink*, or *Furrow* in the Cloud, or Darkneſs.

Ver. 872. *Roſe.*] The Orig. *ſe tollit ad auras* muſt imply ſomething more than *riſing*, viz. lifting his Hands and Eyes to Heaven. For what is ſaid about *Augury*, ſee the Commentators.

Ver. 877. *And* Troy *ſubſiſts involv'd in You.*] *Veſtroque in numine Troja eſt.* If I greatly miſtake not, This is a much more noble Expreſſion than it is generally imagined to be. Troy *is in your Power*, ſay Some; *depends upon your Favour and Protection*, ſay Others; *is involved, or wrapped up in your Deity*, ſay I. This indeed is true of the World in general, according to That of St. *Paul, In him we live*, &c. But it is here more *particularly*, and *emphatically* apply'd to *Troy*; Though outwardly it ſeems to be deſtroy'd; yet it's *Principle* of *Life* and *Being* ſtill ſubſiſts in You, who will not ſuffer it to be entirely extinguiſhed, tho' it may be transferred to another Place. Ver. 707. Orig. *Imponere* is the Imperative Paſſive. Ver. 713, 14. Orig. *Templum— deſertæ Cereris*; i. e. *Templum deſertum Cereris.*

My Words with Care. Without the City ſtands,
On riſing Ground, an old forſaken Fane
Of *Ceres*, and an ancient Cypreſs near,
By the Religion of our Anceſtors
Preſerv'd for Ages: There from diff'rent Parts
We all will meet in One. The holy Things
Take you, my Father, and our Country-Gods;
In me 'twere Guilt to touch them, juſt return'd
Recent from ſo much Slaughter, and beſmear'd
With War; 'till in the living Stream I waſh
The Blood away.
Thus having ſaid, a Lion's tawny Hide
I o'er my Neck, and ample Shoulders throw,
And take my Burthen: Young *Iülus* links
His Hand in mine, and with unequal Steps
Runs by his Father's Side: My Wife behind
Follows: Thro' gloomy Shades we ſearch our Way.
And me, whom juſt before no miſſile Darts,
Nor adverſe Files of charging *Greeks* could move,
Now ev'ry Breath of Air, each ruſſling Sound
Alarms, ſollicitous for Him I led, And

Ver. [redacted] *The holy Things Take you, my Father.*] This Piety of *Æneas* ſufficiently ſhows that he would not have killed *Helen* in a Church. For if he would not touch the Sacred Utenſils, becauſe his Hands were bloody; how much leſs would he have ſpilt Blood in a Temple; which would have been a far greater Profanation? Ver. 720, 721.

——— *Nate, exclamat, fuge, nate, propinquant;*
Ardentes clypeos, atque æra micantia cerno.

This, whether *real*, or only the Coinage of the old Man's Fears, is *really* very affecting.

Orig. *Veſte ſuper fulvique* ——— *pelle*, &c. This muſt be a Hendiad; for *Veſte, quæ erat pellis*, &c. For his *other* Cloaths, and his Armour too, were on *Before*.

Ver. 908. *Now ev'ry Breath of Air*, &c.] This is the Fear of a Hero, not of a Coward: And it is extremely moving. As is That which follows;

Ver. 735. Orig. *Malè amicum*: i. e. *inimicum*, or *minus amicum*.

And Him I bore. Now near the Gates I came;
And thought all Dangers of the Way o'erpaſs'd;
When ſuddenly the Sound of trampling Feet
Approach'd our Ears: And, looking thro' the Shades,
My Father cry'd, Fly, fly, my Son; They come;
I ſee their burniſh'd Braſs, and glaring Shields.
Here ſome unfriendly Pow'r (I know not who)
Bereft me of my Reaſon, and diſturb'd
My Mind: For as I ſhun'd the noted Streets,
And ſought By-ways, and Paſſages unknown;
I loſt my dear *Creüſa:* Whether ſnatch'd
By Fate, ſhe ſtay'd, or ſtraggled from the Way,
Or quite fatigu'd ſate down to eaſe her Toil,
Is doubtful; But ſhe never was reſtor'd,
Since that, to her unhappy Huſband's Sight.
Nor did I once look back, or recollect
My Thoughts; 'till to the antiquated Dome
Of *Ceres*, and the ſacred Seat we came:
There when we view'd our Number, ſhe alone
Of all was wanting; and deceiv'd her Friends,
Her Son, and Huſband. Raving with Diſtreſs,
Whom did I not accuſe, of Gods, and Men?
Or what more cruel did I ever ſee
In ſack'd, and burning *Troy?* My Father, Son,
And Country-Gods, committed to my Friends
I leave, and hide them in a winding Vale.

Ver. 920, &c.—*I loſt—Whether*, &c.] — *Heu! miſero Conjux* — to *reddita noſtris*. *Ordo eſt* (ſays *Servius*) *Fato erepta Creüſa, ſubſtititne, erravitne via*, &c. But 'tis very harſh to transfer the *ne* from *fato* to *ſubſtitit*. And beſides, This does not clear That *nec poſt*, &c. I rather take it with *Ruæus* Thus, tho' that is ſomewhat perplex'd too; *Creüſa ſubſtitit*, ſtay'd behind (*i. e.* was loſt) *fatone erepta* [I would add, ſubaud. *eſt*] *miſero* [mihi] *erravitne via, ſeu laſſa reſedit, Incertum: nec poſt*, &c. Ver. 742. Orig. *antiquæ Cereris*. See the Note on Ver. 877, at the End.

Back to the City I repair, and ſhine
In Steel; reſolv'd all Dangers to renew,
Explore all *Troy*, and once more ſtake my Life.
Firſt to the Walls, and Gates, thro' which I came,
In Darkneſs I return; with Care obſerve
My former Steps, and round me throw my Eyes.
Horrour, and ev'n the diſmal Silence, frights
My gloomy Thoughts. Thence Home I go, to ſee
If haply ſhe had thither back repair'd:
Inſtead of Her, the thronging *Greeks* had ſeiz'd
And fill'd the Palace: Strait devouring Flames
To the high Roof are hurl'd; a Storm of Fire
Rages aloft, and thunders in the Sky.
Next I reviſit *Priam*'s Royal Seat;
There, in the empty Iles of *Juno*'s Fane,
Phœnix, and dire *Ulyſſes*, choſen Guards,
Watch o'er the Prey. There *Trojan* Treaſure ſnatch'd
From burning Shrines, the Tables of the Gods,
Goblets of maſſy Gold, and captive Robes
Lie pil'd in Heaps; Children, and trembling Dames,
Rank'd in long Rows, ſtand round.
Advent'rous thro' the Shades to ſend my Voice,
I call aloud, and vainly fill the Streets
With Repetition of *Creüſa*'s Name.

Ver. 941.—*Round me throw my Eyes.*] So I interpret, *lumine luſtro*, with the beſt Commentators: Tho' Some take it for the Light of the Moon, or of the Conflagration. Thoſe who think that only *Lumina* in the plural Number is referred to the Eyes, forget That of *Virgil* himſelf,

—— *& aram*
Suppliciter venerans demiſſo lumine Turnus.

Æn. 12. v. 220.

Ver. 944. *If haply ſhe had thither, &c.*] *Si forte pedem, ſi forte tuliſſet.* That Repetition (expreſſive of Doubt and Uncertainty) is very elegant; but cannot, I believe, be well tranſlated. Ver. 761. Orig. *aſylo*, i. e. *Temple*: Becauſe *Temples* were *Sanctuaries* for *Criminals*.

Thus as I ſearch'd impatient o'er the Town,
With endleſs Labour; to my Eyes appear'd
Her penſive Ghoſt, my dear *Creüſa*'s Shade,
A Form enlarg'd, and bigger than the Life.
Aghaſt I ſtood; uproſe my Hair erect;
And to my Mouth my Speech with Horrour cleav'd.
At length ſhe ſpoke, and Thus reliev'd my Cares.
Why, my dear Lord, do you ſo far indulge
Your reſtleſs Toil? Without the Pow'rs Divine
Theſe Things are not diſpos'd; nor is it giv'n
To you to carry your *Creüſa*'s hence
Companion of your Voyage; 'Tis deny'd
By Him, the Sov'reign Monarch of the Skies.
You a long Exile [illegible] explore, and plough
A wide Extent of Ocean; 'till at laſt
At rich *Heſperia*'s Shore you ſhall arrive,
Where *Lydian Tyber*'s gentle Train divides
The fertil Glebe: There wiſh'd Succeſs, for you,
A Kingdom, and a Royal Conſort wait.
Lament no more your lov'd *Creüſa*'s Loſs:
I never ſhall behold the proud Abodes
Of *Myrmidons*, or *Dolopes*; nor go
A Captive Servant to the *Grecian* Dames;
A *Trojan* Princeſs born, and, as your Wife,
Daughter to *Venus*.
But the Majeſtick Mother of the Gods
Detains me in theſe Coaſts: Farewell; and love

Ver. 979. *Lament no more*, &c.] *Tu lacrimas dilectæ pelle Creüſæ*, i. e. *depone dolorem* [conceptum ob] *dilectam Creüſam*. This is another Inſtance of the purely Poetical Style.

Ver. 985. *But the majeſtick Mother of the Gods Detains me in theſe Coaſts*——] *Cybele* chiefly worſhipped in *Phrygia*, (therefore *his detinet oris*) takes *Creüſa* into the Number of her Attendants, being after her Death made a Kind of a Goddeſs, or Nymph.

Your Son, our common Care. Thus having ſpoke,
My weeping, and a thouſand Things to ſay
Deſiring, ſhe forſook, and vaniſh'd ſwift
Into the yielding Air. I thrice aſſay'd
About her Neck to throw my folding Arms:
Thrice, vainly graſp'd at, from their Circle flew
Th' unbody'd Fantom, light as fleeting Winds,
And like a ſlipp'ry Dream. The Night now ſpent,
To my Aſſociates I at laſt return,
And find a Conflux of new Followers there,
Admiring at their Number; Matrons, Men,
With Youth aſſembled, and prepar'd for Flight,
(A wretched Vulgar!) From all Parts they came
Furniſh'd with Arms, and Courage, and prepar'd
To ſhare my Fortune; to whatever Coaſts
My Conduct ſhould tranſport them o'er the Seas.
Now *Lucifer* on *Ida*'s Top aroſe,
And uſher'd in the Day; the conqu'ring *Greeks*
Poſſeſs'd the Paſſes of the Gates; And now
No Hope of Aid was left us: I retire,
Bearing my Father, and aſcend the Hill.

Nymph. The Amphibology between *Cybele*, and the *Earth*, and the *Soul*, and *Body* of *Creüſa*, ſeems not conſiderable enough to be inſiſted upon.

Ver. 996. *And find a Conflux of new Followers there*, &c.] It was neceſſary that *Æneas* ſhould have a conſiderable Force to attend him, beſides his own Family: And to tell This in general, to ſlide it in by the bye, without a particular Account how they came thither, which would have been needleſs, and tedious, is another Inſtance of *Virgil*'s elegant and judicious Brevity.

Ver. 1000. *Arms*] For I take *Arms* to be meant *chiefly*, tho' not *only*, by *opibus*. The Word, beſides other Things, ſignifies any *Neceſſaries*, or *Conveniences*. As for *Wealth*, People in Their Condition cannot be ſuppoſed to have had much of *That*. Ver. 800. *Deducere* [eos.]

The End of the Second Book.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK the THIRD.

CUrioſity being one of the moſt ruling Principles in the buſy Soul of Man; and *Novelty*, and *Variety*, being the Food by which That Appetite is gratify'd; It is for this Reaſon that *Books of Travels* are ſo entertaining to the Generality of Readers. And no Travels certainly can be more delightful than Thoſe of *Æneas*, as deſcribed by *Virgil*. Tho' we know them to be purely imaginary, they give us greater Pleaſure than others which we know to be real; the Want of true Fact being more than compenſated by the Beauty of the Fiction. And yet it is generally ſuppoſed that This Third Book is, of all the Twelve, the leaſt read, and regarded. Monſieur *Segrais* conjectures, that it owes This Diſadvantage to its Situation, as much as to any Thing elſe; and indeed I believe it does ſo *more* than to any Thing elſe; being placed between the Hurry of War and Confuſion in the Second Book, and the no leſs Hurry of outrageous Paſſions in the Fourth. For tho' a Variety of cooler Adventures, of Places, Perſons, Voyages, and the like, be extremely agreeable; yet the Minds of moſt Men rather chuſe to be ſuddenly fired, than gra-

gradually warmed, into Pleaſure: And That which is moſt rapid is moſt intenſe: Whether it be moſt durable, and, upon the Whole, moſt eligible, may admit of a Queſtion. However it be; This Book is *in it's Kind* as *beautiful* as any one of the *Æneis*; and to *ſome Perſons*, nay, to *all* perhaps at *ſome Times*, altogether as *delightful*. For it is impoſſible to determine which of them is the moſt Beautiful, or Delightful, abſolutely ſpeaking. 'Tis here, as 'tis every where elſe: There are different Species of Beauty, and Delight; and that not only to different Perſons, but to the ſame Perſons, at different Times. This Third Book is as perfect in It's Kind, as any of the reſt in Theirs: And even the Kind itſelf is exceeding agreeable for the Reaſon abovementioned: Nay, it's very Situation, which makes it over-looked and ſlighted by Some, ought to make it loved and admired by All. For what a grateful Viciſſitude is it to the Mind, to paſs from the Horrour and Fury of War, to the more ſlow and cool Ideas of Voyages, and Countries, deſcribed in ſo charming a Manner! And from Them again to the Rapidity of Paſſions in That Tragedy which ſucceeds! Not but that in This Book itſelf we have not only the moſt conſummate Elegancy and Variety throughout; but very often the *Marvellous*, and the *Pathetical*. The Whole is extremely fine; and many Parts of it extremely ſurprizing. Beſides; even the coldeſt and dryeſt Paſſages of it are ſo managed, as to be very entertaining. Even the Geography, and Names of Places are recited with ſuch Brevity, and diverſify'd with ſuch Adjuncts and Circumſtances, that we cannot read them without great Pleaſure: As at Verſe 124, *&c.* of the Original.

Lin-

Linquimus Ortygiæ portus, pelagoque volamus;
Bacchatamque jugis Naxon, viridemque Donyſam,
Olearon, niveamque Paron, ſparſaſque per æquor
Cycladas, & crebris legimus freta conſita terris.

Then again at Verſe 270, *&c.*

Jam medio apparet fluctu nemoroſa Zacynthos,
Dulichiumque, Sameque, & Neritos ardua ſaxis:
Effugimus ſcopulos Ithacæ, Laertia regna,
Et terram altricem ſævi execramur Ulyſſis.
Mox & Leucatæ nimboſa cacumina montis,
Et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo.

With many other Places of the like Nature. Nothing is inſiſted upon. We only ſail by the Coaſts in the Verſe; as the Voyagers are ſuppoſed to do at Sea. But then more pleaſing are the various Views and Proſpects of Land and Sea, Storms and Calms, Day and Night. As after That admirable Deſcription of the Tempeſt, Ver. 196, *&c.*

Continuo venti volvunt mare, &c.

follows That Complication of natural Images at Verſe 203, *&c.*

Tres adeo incertos cæca caligine ſoles
Erramus pelago, totidem ſine ſidere noctes;
Quarto terra die primum ſe attollere tandem
Viſa, aperire procul montes, ac volvere fumum.

Than which laſt, eſpecially, nothing was ever more finely painted. Then who does not find himſelf in a Voyage, and in a clear ſtarry Night, tho' he knows he

he is in his own Houſe at Noon-day; when he reads That at Verſe 513, *&c.*

Haud ſegnis ſtrato ſurgit Palinurus, & omnes
Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat;
Sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia cœlo,
Arcturum, pluviaſque Hyadas, geminoſque Triones,
Armatumque auro circumſpicit Oriona?

But Theſe are only incidental Ornaments; the Fillings and Edgings of the great Hiſtorical and Geographical Picture: The Places, and Facts, more particularly and largely deſcribed, are every Way remarkable. Such as are, the Arrival at *Thrace*; The Myrtles diſtilling Blood, and the Speech of *Polydore* from the Bottom of the Tomb; which is of the *Marvellous* Kind, and than which nothing can be more full of Horrour: The ſhort Hiſtory of *Polydore*, which moves both *Terrour* and *Pity*, and the Funeral Ceremonies conſequent upon it; Their Arrival at *Delos*; The ambiguous Oracle pronounced there; The Errour of *Anchiſes* in expounding it's Senſe; and their Landing at *Crete* in Purſuance of That Errour; The Plague, and Famine there, and the Apparition of their Country-Gods to warn the Hero of their Miſtake. The Adventûre of the *Harpies* is another Inſtance of the *Marvellous* Kind; and what indeed can be more marvellous? The Deſcription of it is excellent; and the whole Paſſage is full of Dread and Wonder. After the Terrour of which, their Arrival at *Actium*, and celebrating Sports, is a very agreeable Relief and Diverſion to the Mind of the Reader. But upon their Landing at *Epirus*, what could be more aſtoniſhing, than for Theſe Exiles to find *Troy* in *Greece*, their own Country in That of their Enemies!

Hic

Hic incredibilis rerum fama occupat aures,
Priamiden Helenum Graias regnare per urbes:

And afterwards more particularly in Thoſe ſweet Lines, which are to me ſome of the moſt elegant, and affecting I ever read!

Procedo, & parvam Trojam, ſimulataque magnis
Pergama, & arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum
Agnoſco, Scææque amplector limina portæ.

And the Account of That ſtrange Event, given by *Andromache*, is amazing, and yet perfectly probable. The Meeting of Her and *Æneas* at the imaginary Tomb of *Hector*, is to the laſt Degree both *Surprizing* and *Pathetical*; of which, more in its proper Place. Then, what a new Turn does the Poet give to our Thoughts, and how artfully does he ſhift the Scene, as it were, by taking this Opportunity to make his Hero deſire the Inſtruction of *Helenus*, who, like *Anius* at *Delos* before, is a Prieſt, and Prophet, as well as a King! And what a Variety of Matter does That Speech contain! How much Geography, and Deſcription, eſpecially Thoſe noble ones of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, and the *Cumæan Sibyl*; How much Hiſtory of the Paſt, and Prediction of the Future; how much wiſe, and religious Advice! After their Departure from hence, I take notice of no Particulars, tho' many are worth Obſervation, till Verſe 554.

Tum procul è fluctu Trinacria cernitur Ætna;
Et gemitum ingentem pelagi, pulſataque ſaxa
Audimus longe, fractaſque ad littora voces, &c.

Than

Than which nothing is more noble, 'till he reſumes the Deſcription of *Ætna*, and more fully proſecutes it in Thoſe wonderful Lines, Verſe 571.

——— *Horrificis juxta Ætna ruinis,*
Interdumq; atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,&c.

The Surprize of their accidentally meeting with *Achæmenides* upon That ſavage Coaſt, his Account of the *Cyclops*, the Appearance of *Polyphemus* himſelf, and the Deſcription of That Monſter, are Circumſtances which exceed any thing yet mentioned. From the Horrour of which we are agreeably relieved by their Eſcape from him, and the ſhort Geographical Chart of their Coaſtings, and many more Countries by which they ſailed, to the End of This incomparable Narrative. Monſieur *Segrais* ſays, This Book alone contains almoſt the Whole *Odyſſée* of *Homer*: By which he undoubtedly means almoſt *as much* Matter as the *Odyſſée*. For it contains but little of *the ſame*. And here I cannot forbear acknowledging, that the *Odyſſée*, with regard to its *Subject* and *Matter*, is to me more delightful than the *Iliad*; tho' certainly not ſo ſprightly and fiery, nor, all Things conſider'd, ſo good a Poem. The Travels, Storms, Grots, Enchantments, and Romantick Adventures of the One, ſtrike me more than the everlaſting Rage, and fighting of the other. In ſhort, This Third Book of the *Æneis* contains ſuch a Variety of Facts, and Places, of Grief and Joy, of Terrour and Admiration, that nothing ever more verify'd That of *Horace* expreſſing the irreſiſtible Magic of Poetry;

——— *Meum qui pectus inaniter angit,*
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magnus, & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

And

And This will farther appear from a closer Research into some more particular Beauties; which will, however, be very much shorten'd by the cursory Remarks which we have already made upon the general ones.

WHEN *Asia*'s State, by Heav'n's severe Decree,
And *Priam*'s guiltless Realm was laid in Dust;
Proud *Ilion* fall'n, and all *Neptunian Troy*
Smoking in Ruins: Warn'd by Oracles
To seek long Exile, and deserted Coasts,
Beneath *Antandros*' Walls, and *Ida*'s Rocks

We

Ver. 1. *When* Asia's *State*, &c.] Here seems at first Sight to be a Repetition of synonymous Expressions, and something of Tautology, contrary to *Virgil*'s manner. But *si propius stes*, if you consider it more closely, it will appear to be otherwise. *Res Asiæ* is general; *Priami gentem* more particular, with the Addition of the emphatical Word *Immeritam*. *Troja* and *Ilium* indeed are synonymous: But such a Variation of Phrase is allowed to the Poets; provided they be diversified with New Ideas, as they are here: *Superbum* is emphatical; *humo fumat* is more than *cecidit*; *omnis* is still more strong, and expressive: *Neptunia* is added; because *Troy* was both built, and demolished, by *Neptune*.

Ver. 5. *Long Exile, and deserted Coasts.*] Some take *diversa* joined with *exilia* to signify the Dispersion of the *Trojans* to several Parts of the World. But That cannot be; because they all went to the same Place. *Diversa* therefore must be *diversa à patria nostra*, i. e. *remota*. *Deserted* Coasts: *i. e.* either formerly deserted by *Dardanus*, whose Posterity are now going to repossess them; according to That of the Oracle afterwards,

——— *Antiquam exquirite matrem:*

Or deserted by their own Inhabitants; as afterwards,

Fama volat, pulsum regnis cessisse paternis
Idomenea ducem, desertaque littora Cretæ,
Hoste vacare domos, sedesque astare relictas,

But

We build our Fleet, and muſter all our Force;
Uncertain which way Fate would call, and where
Fix'd Manſions would be given us. Scarce begun
Was the firſt Summer; When *Anchiſes* gave
Command to hoiſe our Sails, and yield to Fate.
Weeping I leave my Country-Shores, the Ports,
And Fields where *Troy* had ſtood; and exil'd launch
Into the Deep; with all our Crew, my Son,
Our Country-Deities, and mightier Gods.

Sacred to *Mars* there lies a ſpacious Realm,
Till'd by the *Thracians*, and in former Times
Govern'd by ſtern *Lycurgus*; once to *Troy*
(While Fortune was) an hoſpitable Coaſt,
And Their protecting Gods ally'd to Ours.
Here I arrive; and on the winding Shore
Found my firſt Walls, by inauſpicious Fates
Attempting; and the new Inhabitants

From

But then This latter Senſe muſt have been grounded upon their Miſtake of the Oracles, by which they were directed to *Italy*: which was not abandoned by its own Inhabitants.

Ver. 7. *We build our Fleet.*] Notwithſtanding it was in a retired and private Place that they built their Fleet, and under the Covert of Woods and Mountains; the *Grecians* muſt have been ſuppoſed to have diſcovered them, had not the Decrees of Fate, and a peculiar Providence protected them. Ver. 9. Orig. *Et* has the Force of *continuò*. See the Note on Georg. i. 259.

Ver. 12. *Weeping I leave my Country Shores, &c.*]

Littora tam patriæ lacrimans, portuſque relinquo,
Et campos ubi Troja fuit: feror exul in altum,
Cum ſociis, natoque, penatibus, & magnis Diis.

What can be more moving than the two firſt of thoſe Lines; more Majeſtick than the laſt; and more emphatical than all three? I leave the Particulars to the Conſideration of the Reader.

From my own Name *Æneadæ* I call.
To my Celeſtial Parent, and the Gods
Conductors of my Enterprize, I paid
Religious Rites, and offer'd on the Shore
A ſhining Bull to Heav'n's Almighty King.
Near me, by chance, there ſtood a riſing Ground,
And on it's Top a Grove of Cornel-Shrubs,
And Myrtle, horrid with thick pointed Spears.
Thither I went; and ſtriving from the Mold
To pluck the branching Greens, with Boughs to ſhade
The new-built Altars, a portentous Sight,
Dreadful and wond'rous to relate I ſaw.
For from That Plant, which firſt uprooted came,
Torn from the Soil, black Drops of Blood diſtill'd,
And ſtain'd the Ground with Gore; Me Horror chills
Shudd'ring, and Fear congeals my curdling Blood.
Again another Shrub I ſtrive to rend
From Earth, t'explore the ſecret Cauſe: Again
Blood follows from the Bark. Much in my Thoughts
Revolving, I implore the Rural Nymphs,
And *Mars*, who o'er the *Getic* Fields preſides,
The Omen to avert, and grant Succeſs.
But when a third time more intent I ſtrove,
Tugging, with Knees cloſe preſs'd againſt the Sand;
(Shall I proceed, or ſtop?) a diſmal Groan,
Reſounding from the bottom of the Tomb,
Was heard; and to my Ears with Horrour came
Theſe

Ver. 36. *For from that Plant,* &c.] *Nam quæ prima—arbos—huic* &c. for *Huic arbori quæ* &c. There are innumerable Inſtances of This elegant Tranſpoſition, in Proſe, as well as Verſe.

Ver. 40. *Again another,* &c. Orig. *Inſequor* for *pergo*. Ver. 56. Orig. *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis* [facere.] Or, [ad] *quid*. Ver. 61. *Pollutum hoſpitium*; for *terram pollutam* [diro] *hoſpitio*

Theſe Accents. Why, *Æneas*, doſt thou tear
My wretched Corps? Ah! ſpare me; nor pollute
Thy pious Hands with Guilt: *Troy* gave me Birth,
No Foreigner to Thee; Nor does This Blood
Flow from the Roots, and ſenſeleſs Fibres: Fly,
Ah! fly Theſe cruel Coaſts, This greedy Shore.
For I am *Polydore*; an Iron Crop
Of Darts o'erwhelms me here transfix'd, and ſprings
In vegetable Jav'lins. Stun'd with Fear
I ſtood; up roſe my Hair; and to my Mouth
My Speech with Terror cleav'd. This *Polydore*
The moſt unhappy *Priam* had long ſince,
In ſecret, with a pond'rous Maſs of Gold,
Sent, to be nouriſh'd by the *Thracian* King;
When now, diffiding in his Arms, he ſaw
His City by the Foe beleaguer'd round.
The *Thracian* King, when all the *Trojan* Pow'rs
Were cruſh'd, and Heav'n had our diſtreſs'd Affairs
Abandon'd, cloſing with the Victor's Arms,
And *Agamemnon*'s happier Fortune, breaks
All Faith, kills *Polydore*, and to his Wealth
Succeeds by Murder: To what dire Extremes
Wilt not Thou, execrable Thirſt of Gold,
Urge mortal Breaſts? Recover'd of my Fright,
Firſt to my Father, then to all our chief
Selected Lords, the Prodigy I tell;
And aſk their Reſolution; All agree
Unanimous, to leave the barb'rous Coaſts,
Polluted with inhoſpitable Crimes,
And ſpread our ſwelling Canvaſs to the Winds.
Therefore to *Polydore* we firſt perform

His

His Obſequies; A lofty Pile of Earth
Is rais'd; And Altars to the *Manes* built,
Mournful with fun'ral Wreaths, and gloomy Boughs
Of Cypreſs; With their Treſſes ſcatter'd looſe
(Such is th' accuſtom'd Rite) the *Trojan* Dames
Stand round; We offer Jars of tepid Milk,
And frothing Bowls of conſecrated Blood;
Within the Grave compoſe his Soul to Reſt,
Invoke him loud, and take our laſt Farewel.
Then ſoon as we might truſt the Ocean's Face
With ſafety, and the Winds had ſmooth'd it's Waves,
Auſter's ſoft Gales inviting to the Deep;
Our Crew their Veſſels launch, and fill the Shore;
We leave the Port; and Land, and Towns retire.
A ſacred Iſland in mid Sea there lies,
And now inhabited; above the reſt
Lov'd by *Ægæan Neptune*, and the Goddeſs
The Mother of the *Nereids*; which of old
Unfix'd and wand'ring round the Coaſts and Shores,
Pious

Ver. 87. *Stand round*, &c.] It is not *expreſſed* in the Original, whether they *ſtood ſtill*, or *walked*. *Ruæus* (without giving any Reaſon for it) ſupplies it by *eunt*. But, as it appears from *De La Cerda*, and others, their Cuſtom was to *ſtand round*, in That mournful Poſture, like *Mutes* at our modern Funerals. He indeed rather thinks This Paſſage is meant of Statues, built upon Thoſe Occaſions. Though I am not of that Opinion; yet I ſhall not diſpute it with him: My Tranſlation anſwers it either Way.

Ver. 90. *Invoke.*] *Ciemus* [eum] i. e. *invocando, conclamando*. Awake him, as it were. *Supremùm* is adverbial. *Farewel.* They cry'd *vale*.

Ver. 92. *Smooth'd.*] i. e. *ſuffer'd* them *to be ſmooth*. Ver. 86, 87. Orig. *Altera Trojæ Pergama*; i. e. *altera Pergama, ſive alteram Trojam*. Ver. 92. Orig. For the *Tripos, Cortina*, &c. ſee *Ruæus*.

Pious *Apollo* with high *Mycone*,
And *Gya'ros* bound, gave it to be unmov'd
With firm Foundations, and defy the Winds.
Here I arrive; This hoſpitable Coaſt
In it's ſafe Harbour, to relieve our Toils,
Receives us. At our Landing, we adore
Apollo's City: *Anius* meets us here,
At once the King of Men, and Prieſt of Heav'n,
Apollo's Prieſt; with conſecrated Wreaths,
And holy Laurel crown'd. He knows, and owns
His ancient Friend *Anchiſes*: Hands we join
In Amity, and to his Court proceed.
In the God's Temple built with aged Stone
I worſhip: Settled Manſions to us give,
Thymbræan God; Give us, fatigu'd with Toil,
Sure Walls, a Race, a laſting City: Save
This other *Troy*, Theſe Relicks of the *Greeks*,
And mercileſs *Achilles*. Heav'nly Pow'r,
Whom do we follow? Whither ſhape our Courſe?
Where fix our Seat, by thy Command? Indulge
Some Augury, and ſlide into our Breaſts.
I ſcarce had ſpoke; All ſeem'd to tremble round,
The Doors, the Laurel of the God, and all
The Mount: The *Tripos* groan'd, and open flew
The moſt retir'd Apartments. Prone we bend
To Earth; and to our Ears Theſe Accents came.
Ye hardy *Trojans*, The ſame Land which firſt
Gave Birth to your Forefathers, ſhall again
Receive you in it's fertil Boſom; Seek
Your ancient Mother: Here th' *Æneïan* Line,
All Years to come, ſhall rule with Sov'reign Sway,

And

And his Sons Sons, and all their future Race.
Thus *Phœbus:* Strait a mix'd, tumultous Joy
Ariſes: All enquire what Walls were meant,
Which way the God directed us to ſteer
Our wan'dring Courſe, and whither to return.
My Father then revolving in his Mind
Ancient Records, Thus ſpeaks: Ye Nobles, hear,
And learn your Hopes. The Iſle of mighty *Jove*,
Crete, in the Middle of the Ocean lies:
There is th' *Idæan* Mountain, and the firſt
Originals of our Race. The Natives there
Poſſeſs'd an hundred Cities, wealthy Realms:
Hence our great Sire (if I remember right,)
Teucrus firſt landed on the *Phrygian* Coaſts;
And

Ver. 137. *My Father then revolving in his Mind*, &c.] *Ruæus* juſtly obſerves, (and He, I think, is the only Commentator who does ſo) that here is a Miſtake in the Son, as well as in the Father: Or rather, He ſhould have ſaid, a ſtrange *Forgetfulneſs* in the one, as well as *Miſtake* in the other. How happens it that *Æneas* does not remind *Anchiſes* of what was foretold him by *Creüſa*'s Ghoſt, at the Concluſion of the ſecond Book; that he ſhould come to *Heſperia*, and the Banks of *Tyber*, and that there he ſhould receive the Crown of all his Labours? Had the old Gentleman's Memory been thus refreſhed, he muſt have ſet himſelf to reconcile This Oracle with That Prediction; and ſo would have endeavoured to find the Original of *Troy* in *Heſperia*, not in *Crete*. The Hint of This Objection is given me by the Commentator above-mentioned: But he does not give me ſo much as the Hint of an Anſwer. All that can be ſaid is, that their Minds, which were before in a Hurry of Doubt and Perplexity, were ſo puzzled and confounded with This ambiguous Oracle, that they might now be reaſonably ſuppoſed to forget That other Prediction.

And for his Kingdom choſe a Place: As yet
Ilium was not, nor ſtood the *Trojan* Tow'rs;
Th' Inhabitants in lowly Vallies liv'd.
Hence *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods,
Protectreſs: Hence the *Corybantian* Braſs,
And *Ida*'s Grove; Hence Silence was obſerv'd
In ſacred Rites; And Lions harneſs'd drew
Her Sov'reign Chariot. Let us then obey
The Gods' Commands, and follow where they lead;
Appeaſe the Winds, and ſeek the *Gnoſſian* Coaſts.
Nor is the Diſtance great; let *Jove* aſſiſt,
The third Day lands us on the *Cretian* Shores.
He ſaid; and paid the Gods their Honours due;
A Bull to *Neptune*; and a Bull to Thee,
Beauteous *Apollo*; to the ſtormy Pow'r
A ſable Ewe; a white one to the ſmooth
Propitious *Zephyrs*. Fame reporting flies,
That, exil'd from his Realms, the *Grecian* Chief
Idomeneus had left the Coaſts of *Crete*;
And now the Towns, abandon'd by our Foes,
Stood empty. We forſake *Ortygia*'s Ports,
And fly upon the Sea; Then ſail along
By *Naxos*, fam'd for *Bacchanalian* Hills,
Olearos, *Donyſa* ever green,
And ſnowy *Paros*, and the *Cyclades*

Diſ-

Ver. 150. *Protectreſs.*] *Cultrix*; ſo Book I. Ver. 20. *Poſthabita* coluiſſe *Samo*. For the various Readings of This Place, ſee the Editors: The Senſe is the ſame in all of them. Ver. 134. Orig. *Arcemque attollere tectis. Tectis* (ſays *Ruæus*) i. e. [alto] *faſtigio*. I rather take it, *for the Protection of their Houſes*.

Diſpers'd among the Waves, and Seas thick ſown
With various little Iſles. A Noiſe confus'd
Of Sailors riſes; All exhort to ſtand
For *Crete*, and ſeek th' Original of *Troy*.
A Gale, behind our Stern freſh ſpringing, ſpeeds
Our Voyage: On the ancient Coaſts of *Crete*
At length we ſafe arrive. With eager haſte
I lay Foundations of the long'd-for Town,
Call it *Pergamia*, and exhort our Friends,
Pleas'd with their Colony's new Name, to love
Their Homes, and rear a Fortreſs for Defence.
Scarce did our Veſſels, drawn within the Port,
Reſt on dry Land; The Youth to Nuptial Rites
Themſelves apply'd, and till'd the new-found Soil:
Laws I aſſign'd them, and their fix'd Abodes.
When ſuddenly a dire malignant Plague
From Air infected, and the mortal Year
Seizes their Blood, and blaſts the Trees and Corn.
They render their ſweet Souls, or faintly drag
Their Bodies; *Sirius* burns the barren Fields;
The Paſtures wither; and the ſickly Grain
Denies us Food. My Father gives Advice
Again to paſs the Ocean, and return
To *Phœbus*, and *Ortygia*'s ſacred Dome,
T' implore the Favour of the God, to aſk
What End our Toils ſhould find: by his Command
Whence we ſhould ſeek Relief, or whither ſteer.
'Twas Night; and Sleep poſſeſs'd the weary World.

Ver. 181. *For Defence.*] *Arcemque attollere* tectis; i. e. *in tutelam tectorum.*

Ver. 189. *Render.*] *Linquebant* for *reddebant*; as Georg. III. 498. Had I Authority, I would read it ſo; for *linquebant* is odd enough,

Th' Effigies of our *Trojan* Country-Gods,
Whom from amidſt the Fires of ruin'd *Troy*
I reſcu'd, in my Sleep appear'd to ſtand
Before my Eyes; diſcover'd by the Light,
Where the full Moon profuſely pour'd her Beams
Thro' the inſerted Windows: Then they ſpoke,
And with ſuch Words as Theſe reliev'd my Cares.
What *Phœbus* at *Ortygia* would unfold,
Thither ſhould you repair, he here reveals
Unaſk'd; and Us to your Apartment ſends.
We, who accompany from ruin'd *Troy*
You,

Ver. 202, 204. *Diſcover'd by the Light, &c. Thro' the inſerted Windows, &c.*] *De La Cerda* ſeems to contradict himſelf, when he ſays the Hero believed what he ſaw to be real, from that Splendor which always accompanies the Deities; and ſo applies *multo manifeſti lumine* to Theſe Gods themſelves, as if it had been diffuſed from their own Perſons: And yet adds in the next Words, *This Light was from the Moon, &c.* Doubtleſs it was ſo; and from the Moon only: Otherwiſe *Virgil* would ſpeak this very bad Senſe; *They were diſcover'd by their own Light, by the Light of the Moon.* Beſides; tho' what is ſaid of *Venus* in the Second Book,

——— *Pura per noctem in luce refulſit,*

may well be apply'd to *Her*, and the reſt of the *Magni Dii*, the greater Gods and Goddeſſes; yet it is too illuſtrious a Glory and Majeſty for Thoſe inferior Deities, of whom the Poet is now ſpeaking. As to the Difficulties in the Word *inſertas* apply'd to *feneſtras*; *Inſertas* for *Inſcratas*, according to *Servius*, ſeems very harſh: And *per inſertas feneſtras*, for *inſertim per feneſtras*, according to *De La Cerda*, is more forced and unnatural than the other. And therefore I take it with *Turnebus* in its plain litteral Senſe; in which there is no Difficulty at all. For what can be more proper than *feneſtra* inſerta *parieti? Inſerted*, in *Engliſh*, I confeſs, is no very good Word, when thus apply'd. But I am forced to make uſe of it for want of *a better:* Becauſe indeed I know *no other*; no other, at leaſt, that is fit to be *inſerted* in a Verſe: For *put in, fixed in,* or *ſet in,* would be very flat; even if it would expreſs the Senſe: as indeed I know no Word in our Language that does.

You, and your Arms, and paſs the ſwelling Deep
Under your Conduct, we to Heav'n will raiſe
Your future Progeny, and Empire give;
For mighty Nations ſeek you mighty Walls,
Nor e'er decline your Travel's tedious Toil.
Your Manſion muſt be chang'd: The *Delian* God
Aſſign'd you not Theſe Coaſts, the Shores of *Crete*.
There is a Place, by *Greeks Heſperia* call'd,
An ancient Land, renown'd in Arms, and rich
In fertil Glebe: The *Oenotrians* once poſſeſs'd,
And till'd the Soil; The Moderns now, 'tis ſaid,
Have from their Chief the Land *Italia* nam'd.
This is your deſtin'd Seat; Hence *Dardanus*,
Iaſius hence; And from That Prince our Race
Deſcended: Riſe, and to your aged Sire
With Joy relate Theſe certain Tidings; Seek
The Realms of *Coritus*, *Auſonian* Realms;
Great *Jove* denies you the *Dictæan* Fields.
Admoniſh'd thus by Viſion of the Gods,
(Nor was it common Sleep; for plain I ſaw
Their Looks, their Forms, and Fillets of their Hair;
Then all my Limbs a clammy Sweat bedew'd:)
Eager

Ver. 229. *Nor was it* common *Sleep*, &c.] *Nec Sopor illud erat*, &c. The Word *common* is not in the Original; but the *Senſe* of it is. Were not *Sopor* diſtinct from *Somnus*, or ſome Word underſtood to be joined with it; This Verſe would be a Contradiction to what is ſaid before,

——— *Viſi ante oculos aſtare jacentis*
In ſomnis.

Somnus indeed often ſignifies a *Slumber*, or a Middle between ſleeping and waking; but *Sopor* a *perfect* and confirmed *Sleep*. But though Dreams are commonly ſaid to be in *Slumber* rather than in *Sleep*; nay, tho' a Man, when he dreams, is for That very Reaſon ſaid not to be faſt aſleep; and ſo This anſwers

Eager I ſpring from Bed, and lift to Heav'n
My Hands with Pray'r, and on the holy Hearths
Offer pure Gifts. The Sacrifice perform'd;
Anchiſes joyful I acquaint, and all
In order tell. He, recollecting, owns

The

ſwers That Objection concerning the ſeeming Inconſiſtency between Thoſe two Verſes; yet it does not account for a far greater Difficulty in This Paſſage: Becauſe, tho' it makes a ſufficient Diſtinction between *Slumbering* and *Sleeping*, yet it makes none between *Slumbering* and *Waking*; between a *Dream* and a *real Apparition*; and ſo ſtill here ſeems to be a *confuſed Mixture* of *Both*. There is indeed the ſame Difficulty in other Paſſages; particularly in the Seventh Book. *Alecto* comes to *Turnus*, as he lies in his Bed: Her Apparition is real; and He, one would think, is awake; For they hold a Dialogue with one another: And yet afterwards it follows,

Olli ſomnum *ingens rupit pavor* ——————

Fear rouzed him from his Sleep. And ſo here *Æneas* knows and diſtinguiſhes the real Shapes and Habits of the Gods, diſcovered too by the Moon ſhining in at the Window; and yet all this while he is aſleep, at leaſt in a Slumber. What can be the Meaning of This? In both Places We have an Apparition, and no Apparition; a Dream, and no Dream; but a Medly of Imagination and Reality jumbled together; ſo that one would think the *Poet* was not well awake when he wrote it. This is the Difficulty; and the Commentators are ſo far from helping me to an Anſwer, that none of them takes the leaſt Notice of the Objection. As to the Place we are now conſidering; The Solution, I think, muſt be, that it was ſtrictly a Dream; and that among other Things he dreamt he ſaw them by the Light of the Moon thro' the Window. For why could he not dream of That, as well as of any Thing elſe? But it was not a *mere Dream*, meaning an *ordinary*, or a *common one*; but ſomething *Preternatural*, and *Divine ſuperadded* to it: And That is the Senſe of *nec Sopor illuderat:* It was not *Sleep*, but a *Divine Revelation*, that made the Impreſſion. By This therefore he ſays he was not in a *common* Sleep or Dream; not that he was *awake*. For even afterwards he does not ſay he *really* ſaw them, but that he *ſeemed* perfectly to know, and diſtinguiſh them;

—— *Sed coram agnoſcere vultus,*
Velataſque comas, præſentiaque ora videbar:

Signifying

The double Parents, and ambiguous Race,
And his new Errour in the ancient Realms.
Then Thus: My Son, long exercis'd by Fate,
The Fate of *Troy*; To me theſe ſtrange Events
None, but *Caſſandra*, ever did foretel.
Now (I remember well) ſhe oft pronounc'd
Thoſe Kingdoms due to us; and often nam'd
Heſperia, and the Coaſts of *Italy*.
But who would Then have thought the *Trojan* Race
Should ever at *Heſperia*'s Shores arrive?
Or whom could Then by her prophetick Voice

Caſ-

Signifying the *Strength* and *Clearneſs* of the *Impreſſion* made upon him; which argu'd it not to be Human Fancy, but a Divine Revelation. For tho' Apparitions, and even Divine Dreams, are ſometimes diſtinct, yet ſometimes they may fall in with one another; and One may dream of an Apparition, as well as of any Thing elſe; ſo clearly, and ſtrongly too, that the Dream may be equivalent to Reality; and that both as to the Impreſſion itſelf, and the *Conſequences* of it. Nay, it *may be Reality*; i. e. *a real Impulſe* upon the *Mind*, tho' not upon the *Senſes*. Thus in the Firſt Book:

Ipſa ſed in ſomnis inhumati venit Imago
Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris.

And in the ſecond,

In ſomnis ecce ante oculos mœſtiſſimus Hector
Viſus adeſſe mihi, largoſque effundere fletus.

And we know how important were the Conſequences of *Sibœus*'s Warning to *Dido* in the one; and of *Hector*'s to *Æneas* in the other. And true, as well as fabulous, Hiſtory gives us Inſtances of the like Nature. That Paſſage in the Seventh Book indeed, muſt require another Interpretation. The *Apparition* of *Alecto* was certainly *real*; becauſe we have an Account of many of her Tranſactions before, of her going to *Turnus* firſt in the Form of *Calybe*, and afterwards reſuming her own Shape. *He* therefore is not quite *aſleep*; but gives her That careleſs drowſy Anſwer, between Sleeping and Waking. Then ſhe rouzes him with a Vengeance; and ſo *ſomnum ingens rupit pavor* — i. e. He is now *quite awake*, or more *fully awake*; whereas he was half

Caſſandra move? To *Phœbus* let us yield;
And better Meaſures, thus adviſ'd, purſue.
He ſaid; we all with joyful Haſte obey:
We leave a few behind; This Seat forſake;
Unfurl; and with our Veſſels plough the Deep.
Now on the full extended Main, the Land
No more appear'd; but all was Sea, and Sky;
A duſky Cloud hung gather'd o'er my Head,
Bringing on Night, and Storm; Upon the Waves
Lay horrid Darkneſs; Boiſt'rous Winds confound
The rolling Sea, and mighty Billows riſe.
We, ſcatter'd o'er the boundleſs Deep, are toſs'd;
Tempeſts involve the Day; A Night of Rain
Obſcures the Heav'ns: Repeated Light'nings flaſh
From burſting Clouds. We devious from our Courſe
Are driv'n; and wander o'er the darken'd Waves.
In the mid Sea, ev'n *Palinure* declares
Himſelf unable to diſtinguiſh Day

aſleep before; his *ſomnus* implying no more than *Drowſineſs* or *Slumbering*. An ingenious Gentleman has propos'd to me another Way of ſolving all this Difficulty at once: Which is to read, Ver. 151. Orig. *Inſomnis*, in one Word, inſtead of *In ſomnis*, in two. The Hero was *Inſomnis*, reſtleſs, and did not ſleep at all: And ſo all is clear without any more ado. The Conjecture is certainly very pretty: But there are ſo many Places in *Virgil*, in which theſe Viſions are expreſs'd by *In ſomnis*; and the Account I have given does, I think, ſo fully clear the whole Matter, that I chuſe to adhere to the common Reading. It is inconceivable to me that the Poet ſhould five or ſix Times expreſs himſelf by *In ſomnis* upon theſe Occaſions; and once only, upon the very ſame Occaſion, expreſs himſelf by one Word made up of the ſame Letters, to a Senſe directly contrary. For in all thoſe other Places, it *cannot* be read *Inſomnis*, (one Word;) the Senſe, and Grammar not admitting it. Ver. 184. Orig. *Nunc repeto* [illam,] &c.

Ver. 251. *We leave a few behind*, &c.] I underſtand This of Thoſe who where dead by the Peſtilence: For to what Purpoſe any of the Living ſhould be left behind, is not to be imagined. Suppoſe them to have been never ſo uſeleſs, or inſignificant; it would have been bar-

From Night, or know what Courſe we ſhould purſue.
Three Days entire, uncertain of the Sun,
Darkling we rove; as many ſtarleſs Nights:
On the fourth Morn ſcarce riſing Land appears,
And diſtant Mountains op'ning roll the Smoke.
The Sails hang ſlack; our Crew with lab'ring Oars
Daſh the curl'd Foam, and ſweep the briny Waves.
The Iſlands *Strophades* receive me firſt
Sav'd from the Tempeſt; *Strophades* the *Greeks*
Have nam'd them; Iſlands in th' *Ionian* Sea,
Which dire *Celæno*, and her Siſter *Plagues*
The other *Harpies* haunt; excluded Now
From *Phineus'* Court, and forc'd by Fear to leave
Their former Banquets. Monſters more abhorr'd,
And Peſts more execrable, by the Wrath
Of Gods, ne'er iſſu'd from the *Stygian* Lake.
Bodies of Birds with female Faces join'd;
A filthy Flux of Entrails; Hands with Claws
Hooky; and Viſages for ever pale
With Hunger.
When, hither driv'n, we anchor'd in the Port;
Herds of fat Kine we ſaw, and browzing Goats,
Without a Keeper, ſtraying o'er the Fields.
We ruſh among them with our Steel, invite
The Gods, and *Jove* himſelf to ſhare the Prey;

barbarous to leave them in a foreign Country, without any Proviſion made for them: Of which here is no Account.

Ver. 201. Orig. *negat* [ſe poſſe] *diſcernere.*

Ver. 280, 281. —— *By the Wrath of Gods*, &c.] They are themſelves in the Original called *ira Deûm* in the Nominative Caſe: But our Language will not admit of That elegant Boldneſs.

Ver. 290. *To ſhare the Prey.*] *In prædam, partemque*; i. e. *in partem prædæ*: ἓν διὰ δυοῖν. Many Inſtances there are of This Figure in the ancient Writings; and in none more than in the Holy Scriptures.

Then ſpread our Tables on the winding Shore,
And there repos'd on plenteous Banquets feaſt.
When on a ſudden from the Mountains Tops,
With horrible Deſcent, the *Harpies* come,
And ſhake their clatt'ring Wings; They ſnatch the Meat
Rav'nous, and all with tainting Touch defile:
An odious Scream, and noiſom Stench, at once
Offend us. In a long Receſs, beneath
An hollow Rock, fenc'd all around with Trees,
And gloomy Shade, a ſecond time we ſpread
Our Tables, and on Altars lay the Fire.
A ſecond time the Brood with hooky Claws,
And noiſy Pinions, from their Coverts flock,
And from a diff'rent Quarter of the Sky;
And poiſon all our Feaſt. I then command
The Soldiers to betake them to their Arms,
And wage a War with That deteſted Race.
Juſt as commanded, they obey; conceal
Their Swords along the Graſs, and hide their Shields.
Soon as deſcending with a Noiſe they came
Down on the crooked Shores, *Miſenus* gave
The Trumpet's Signal from a lofty Rock;
Our Friends invade them, and new Battle try
With thoſe Sea-birds accurſt: Upon their Plumes,
And Bodies, no Impreſſion they receive,
Invulnerable; but beneath the Stars
Speed their ſwift Flight, and leave the loathſom Print
Of their foul Feet, and the half-eaten Prey.
On a high Cliff alone *Celæno* ſate,

Ver. 304. *From a different, &c.*] *Ex diverſo cœli*; i. e. *ex diverſâ parte.*

Ver. 313. *New Battle try.* | *Prælia tentant— Fœdare* — i. e. *tentant prælia* [& tentant] *fœdare*, i. e. *perdere.* See Note on B. II. 66.

Unlucky Propheteſs; and Thus ſhe ſpoke.
War too, ye Offspring of *Laomedon*,
For ſlaughter'd Cattle, would you offer War?
And drive the harmleſs *Harpies* from their Realms?
Hear then, and in your Minds imprint my Words.
What *Jove* to *Phœbus*, *Phœbus* taught to Me,
The eldeſt Fury, I to You unfold.
For *Italy* you ſail, and court the Winds;
At *Italy* you ſhall arrive, and there
Enter the Port: But never with it's Walls
Your fatal, promis'd City ſhall incloſe;
'Till Famine dire, and Vengeance for our Wrongs
Force you for Food your Diſhes to devour.
This ſaid; with out-ſtretch'd Pinions back ſhe flew
Into the Wood. Our Friends with ſudden Fear
Are ſtruck; Their Courage ſinks, their Blood congeals:
And now no more of Arms; With Pray'rs, and Vows
They ſue for Peace; whate'er Thoſe Forms ſhould prove,
Whether dire Goddeſſes, or Birds obſcene.
But old *Anchiſes*, ſtretching from the Shore
His Hands, invokes the mighty Gods, devoting
Their Honours due: Ye Gods, forbid theſe Threats,
Avert ſuch Ills, and ſave a pious Race.
He then commands to cut the twiſted Cords,
And

Ver. 332. *Force you for Food your Diſhes to devour.*] This ſeeming odd Paſſage is taken from Hiſtory. *Strabo* relates it at large in his Twelfth Book; as he is quoted by *De La Cerda*. The ingenious and pleaſant Uſe which *Virgil* has made of it, by clothing and diverſifying it with Fiction, is much admired by *Scaliger*: And it appears from This Place compared with That in the Seventh Book; where the Myſtery is unravel'd. Ver. 260. Orig. *Nec jam amplius armis* [uti] *ſed precibus — expoſcere —* Ver. 263. *paſſis*, i. e. *expanſis*: 'Tis from *pando*, not from *patior*. Ver. 275. *Apollo*, for *Templum Apollinis*.

And looſe from Shore; the Southern Blaſts extend
Our Sails; We fly upon the foaming Deep;
Which way ſoe'er our Pilot and the Winds
Direct our Courſe. And now amidſt the Sea,
Woody *Zacynthos* to our Sight appears;
Dulichium, *Same*, *Neritos* with Rocks
Lofty: We fly the Cliffs of *Ithaca*,
Laertian Realms; and curſe the native Soil
Of dire *Ulyſſes*. Next the cloudy Tops
Of Mount *Leucate* riſe, and *Phœbus'* Fane
Dreaded by Mariners: We thither turn
Fatigu'd; and to the little Town proceed.
Our Anchors from the Prow are caſt; The Sterns
Stand reſting on the Shore. Beyond our hopes
Arriving here, we ſacrifice to *Jove*;
And with the promis'd Fires his Altars blaze.
We celebrate upon the *Actian* Coaſts
The *Trojan* Games: Our Friends along the Shore
With *Trojan* Wreſtling exerciſe their Limbs
Naked, in ſlipp'ry Oil: They pleas'd reflect
On having paſs'd ſo many *Grecian* Towns,
And ſteer'd the middle Courſe among our Foes.

Mean-

Apollinis. Theſe Tropes are frequent in Poetry.

Ver. 359. *And with the promis'd*, &c.] *Votiſque incendimus aras*. Kindle the *Altars*, for kindle *Fires upon* them. With *Vows*, i. e. with the *Offerings* we had *vow'd* or promis'd. See Ver. 264. Orig. 340. Tranſl. For That Expreſſion *Luſtramurque Jovi*, ſee *Ruæus*.

Ver 360.——*We celebrate upon the* Actian *Coaſts the* Trojan *Games*, &c.] *Nobilitamus* Actium *Promontorium ludis*, &c. ſays *Ruæus*: And it may be true; But I rather take it by way of Hypallage, *celebramus ludos littoribus*, &c. eſpecially ſince the Change is ſo eaſy, and natural. Tho' the litteral Senſe is here ſufficient; yet doubtleſs *Virgil* had a *Proleptical* View to the Sports afterwards inſtituted by *Auguſtus* in Memory of his Victory at *Actium*.

Meanwhile the Sun rolls round the circling Year;
And icy Winter, harſh with Northern Winds,
Roughens the Sea: A Shield of hollow Braſs,
Which mighty *Abas* bore, upon the Poſts
Adverſe I fix; and This Inſcription leave:
Theſe Arms Æneas *from the conqu'ring* Greeks.
I then command our Crew to leave the Port,
And ply their Oars; With emulation fir'd
They daſh the Sea, and ſweep the briny Waves.
We ſoon loſe Sight of high *Phæacia*'s Tow'rs,
And coaſting ſkim along *Epirus*' Shores;
Enter *Chaonia*'s Harbour; and aſcend
Buthrotus, lofty City. There a Fame
Of Things incredible ſurpriz'd our Ears;
That *Trojan Helenus* o'er *Grecian* Towns
Reign'd King, ſucceeding *Pyrrhus*; and poſſeſs'd
His Queen, and Throne: and that *Andromache*
Again was Conſort to a *Trojan* Lord.
Amaz'd I burn with ſtrong Deſire, to greet
My Friend, and certain hear the ſtrange Event.
I leave our Crew, our Navy, and the Port.
It chanc'd that then before the City's Walls,

Cloſe

Ver. 371. *Theſe Arms*, &c.] *Æneas hæc* [fixit] *arma de Danais Victoribus* [relata.] I have retain'd the Ellipſis in my Tranſlation; according to the *Mode of Motto's* and *Inſcriptions*. Ver. 291. Orig. *Abſcondimus*; *hide* them; i. e. *make them hidden from us*, by *loſing Sight of them*. Ver. 292. *Portu* for *Portui*. Ver. 296. *Conjugio* for *Conjuge*. Ver. 297. *Ceſſiſſe* for *datam fuiſſe*.

Ver. 384. *Deſire to*, &c.] *Incenſum* [eſt] *pectus amore compellare*; i. e. *cupiditate compellandi*.

Ver. 387. *It chanc'd that then before the City's Walls,*
Cloſe in a Grove, near fancy'd Simois' *Stream,*
Andromache *the mournful Off'rings paid*, &c.]

The

Cloſe in a Grove, near fancy'd *Symois'* Stream,
Andromache the mournful Off'rings paid,
And ſolemn Sacrifice at *Hector*'s Tomb,
His empty Tomb; which, with two Altars built
On

The Account which *Andromache* afterwards gives of her own, and *Helenus*'s Adventures, of *Perrhus*, *Hermione*, and *Oreſtes*, all compriſed in twelve Lines, appeared ſo conſiderable to Monſieur *Racine*; that a Part of it only has given him the Plan of an excellent Tragedy; which is very well fitted for our Theatre under the Title of *The Diſtreſſed Mother*. But what Scene is there in That, or almoſt any other Tragedy, at once ſo *moving*, and *ſurprizing*, and therefore ſo *truly tragical*, as This wonderful Meeting of *Æneas* and *Andromache*? She is, as it were, a Foreigner in her own Kingdom; and, tho' a Wife, is performing the Office of a Widow. It is at ſome diſtance from the City, in a Wood, near a River, where ſhe is paying the Funeral Ceremonies to the Memory of *Hector* her firſt Huſband. This is an Image of the cooleſt Sadneſs, and the ſudden Turn from This to the Surprize which follows, is to the laſt degree affecting; and will be ſo, as long as Human Nature, and *Virgil*'s Works are in Being. For while her Soul is in This melancholy Situation; ſhe ſees a Prince of her own Country and Family, whom ſhe thought long ſince dead, advancing towards her. Had ſhe even thought he had been living, ſhe could ſcarce have expected to ſee him any where; but leaſt of all There: What then is the Effect of This ſtrange *Rencontre*?

Ut me conſpexit venientem, & Troïa circum
Arma amens vidit, &c.

She doubts whether it be He, or his Ghoſt; ſhe faints, ſhe ſinks, ſhe dies for a time: at laſt half recovering,

Verane te facies? &c.
Nate Dea, viviſne? aut ſi lux alma receſſit,
Hector ubi eſt?——————

This is Nature indeed; This is Paſſion; That *Hector ubi eſt?* eſpecially is incomparably proper, and pathetical.

——— *Dixit, lacrimaſque effudit, & omnem*
Implevit clamore locum ——————

The Hero, almoſt as much amazed as her ſelf, anſwers with the ſame natural Abruptneſs, and Perturbation ——

——— *Vix pauca furenti*
Subjicio, & raris turbatus vocibus hiſco.
Vivo equidem, &c.——————

But

On the green Turf, th' Incentives of her Grief,
She conſecrated; and with Tears invok'd
His *Manes*. Me as ſoon as ſhe beheld

Ad-

But then after *Hectoris Andromache, Pyrrhin' connubia ſervas?* becauſe That was a Queſtion which affected her Honour; ſhe modeſtly caſts her Eyes to the Ground, and replies with a low Voice; not anſwering his Queſtion directly; but breaking out into That paſſionate Exclamation:

O felix una ante alias Priameïa Virgo, &c.
O happy She, That Priameïan Maid, &c.

Meaning *Polyxena*, who was ſacrificed by the *Grecians* at the Tomb of *Achilles*, to appeaſe the Ghoſt of That Hero: And ſo goes on with the Narration above-mentioned; from which Monſieur *Racine* takes his Tragedy. After which, how moving and natural is That Tranſition to *Æneas*, his Affairs, and his Family, in Thoſe ſhort Queſtions;

Sed tibi qui curſum venti, &c.——
Quid Puer Aſcanius? &c.——

And then after Thoſe Words

Talia fundebat lacrimans, longoſque ciebat
Inceſſum fletus ——————

The pompous Entry of *Helenus*, as it were ſtill in a Tragedy, makes a new Scene, and moſt agreeably varies the Repreſentation.

——Cum ſeſe à mœnibus Heros
Priamides multis Helenus comitantibus affert:

He conducts them to the City, and in his Diſcourſe all the way thither

——Multum lacrimas verba inter ſingula fundit.

Mr. *Dryden* calls them *Tears of Joy*; but they have certainly a Mixture of Joy, and Grief; Joy, upon the unexpected Viſit of his deareſt Friends; and Grief, upon the Revival of the Ideas of their Diſtreſs, and the Ruin of his Country. The Parting of Theſe dear Friends is no leſs pathetical, than their Meeting.

Vade, ait, o felix nati pietate; quid ultra
Provehor? & fando ſurgentes demoror Auſtros?
Nec minus Andromache digreſſu mœſta ſupremo, &c.

Accipe

Advancing towards her, and round me ſaw
The *Trojan* Arms; confounded, and amaz'd,
She ſtiffen'd at the Sight, and fainting fell:
After long time, at length ſcarce, fault'ring, ſpoke.
Your true Appearance? Come you, Goddeſs born,
Real, t' inform me? Live you? Or, if dead,
Where's *Hector?* Drown'd in Tears ſhe ſpoke, and fill'd
The Place with Shrieks. To her o'erpower'd, with pain
I ſpeak, and in few Words perplex'd reply.
I live indeed; and thro' all Perils drag
My Being; Doubt it not; for all you ſee
Is real.
You, torn alas! from ſuch a Lord, what Chance
Befalls? Or elſe what fortune more deſerv'd?

And

Accipe & hæc, &c. ———
——— *Cape dona extrema tuorum:*
O mihi ſola mei ſuper Aſtyanactis imago!
Sic oculos, ſic ille manus ———
Hos ego digrediens lacrimis affabar obortis;
Vivite felices, &c. ———
——— *Nos alia ex aliis in fata vocamur;*
Vobis parta quies ———

That Man, ſurely, can have no Idea of Friendſhip, nor of human Nature itſelf, who is not ſenſibly touched with this whole Paſſage; which is to me one of the moſt affecting in all the *Æneis*.

Ver. 395. *Round me.*] In the firſt Edition I had render'd it round *her:* Underſtanding *Troïa circum Arma amens vidit*, of *Æneas*'s Fleet and Army, not of Himſelf: The Words, conſider'd by themſelves, naturally raiſe That Idea; and ſo *De La Cerda* underſtands them. But This cannot be, ſince *Æneas* ſays, Ver. 300. He left his Friends, *&c.* in the Harbour; and ſo is now *alone*.

Ver. 399. *Your true, &c.*] [Tune] *vera facies, verus nuncius, affers te mihi?* This Elipſis again ought to be retain'd in a Tranſlation; becauſe it expreſſes Surprize and Amazement. Ver. 314. *raris turbatus vocibus hiſco*, is extremely elegant and emphatical. Eſpecially That *hiſco:* He is in almoſt

And are You then, *Hector's Andromache*,
Become the Spouſe of *Pyrrhus?* Prone to Earth
She bent her Eyes, and with low Voice reply'd.
O! happy She, That *Priameïan* Maid,
Happy above the reſt! who, doom'd to die
Beneath *Troy's* Walls, before an hoſtile Tomb,
Fell by no Lot to any Victor's Share;
Nor e'er aſcended, as a Captive Queen,
His lordly Bed. I, toſs'd thro' various Seas,
Far from my ruin'd Country, have endur'd
The haughty *Achilléan* Race, and bore
A Son in Servitude to That proud Youth;
Who afterwards, preferring in his Choice
Grecian Hermione, a *Spartan* Bride,
Tranſmitted me a Captive, to the Bed
Of Captive *Helenus*. But him, inflam'd
With Love, and Vengeance for his raviſh'd Bride,
And wild with Guilt, *Oreſtes* unawares
Surpriz'd, and at his Country-Altars ſlew.
By *Pyrrhus'* Death the Kingdoms fell in part
Aſſign'd to *Helenus*; who all the Realms
From *Trojan Chaon's* Name *Chaonia* call'd,
And on Theſe Mountains built the *Trojan* Tow'rs.
But You what Winds, what Fates have hither driv'n?
What God has brought you to our Coaſts unknown?
How fares the young *Aſcanius?* Does he live?

Does

moſt as great Confuſion as She; and can but juſt *hiſcere*, open his Mouth to ſpeak.

Ver. 409. *Hector's Andromache.*] *Ruæus* interprets it, and comments upon it; as if it were, *O Andromache, Servas Connubia Hectoris, Pyrrhine*, i. e. *an Pyrrhi?* And *Pierius* ſays, ſome ancient Manuſcripts have it *Pyrrhi an.* But, no doubt, the far better Senſe is, *Hectoris* [olim Uxor] *Andromache, Pyrrhin'*, &c.

Does he yet live, and breathe this vital Air?
Whom you, when *Troy*——
Does yet the Boy with Grief remember aught
Of his loſt Mother? Does he, fir'd with Deeds
Of manly Virtue, copy out his Sire
Æneas, and his Uncle *Hector*'s Fame?
Weeping ſhe ſpoke; and long Laments in vain
Protracted: When the *Priameïan* Prince,
Helenus, from the Town attended came,
With numerous Retinue. Soon he knows,
And owns his Friends, and joyful to his Walls
Conducts them; interrupting, all the Way,
His Speech with mingled Tears. I go, and view
His little *Troy*, Reſemblance of the Great;
View the dry Banks of new-nam'd *Xanthus*' Stream,
And hug the Lintels of the *Scæan* Gate.
Nor leſs the *Trojans* ſhare the friendly Town:
Them in large ſtately Rooms the King receives;
In the mid Court they feaſt with Bowls of Wine,
With maſſy Plate, and Banquets ſerv'd in Gold.
And now two Days were paſs'd; the Winds invite
Our Canvaſs, and extend the ſwelling Sails;
Thus to the Prophet I addreſs my Pray'r.
Trojan Interpreter of Heav'n, whoſe Skill
The ſacred Oracle of *Phœbus* knows,
His *Tripos*, and his Laurel-Wreath, the Stars,
The Tongues of Birds, and Omens of their Flight;
Inſtruct me: For the Gods propitious all
My Voyage taught; and all their ſacred Shrines
Perſuaded me to ſeek th' *Italian* Coaſts,
And find the Realms reſerv'd for me by Fate.

Only

Only *Celæno*, Harpy dire predicts
Strange Prodigy; and (horrible to tell!)
Denounces vengeful Wrath, and Famine, Plague
Obscene. What Perils must I first escape?
And by what Means surmount such mighty Toils?
Here *Helenus*, performing first the Rite
Accustom'd, sacrificing Oxen slain,
Implores the Favour of the Gods, unbinds
The Fillets of his consecrated Head;
And me sollicitous, in deep Suspence
With holy Awe of Oracles, he leads
Strait to thy Dome, O *Phœbus*; Then the Priest
Divine Thus opens his prophetick Mouth.
O Goddess-born, (For that you stem the Deep
Under the Conduct of the mightier Pow'rs,
Is manifest: So stands the Purpose fix'd
Of *Jove*, and such the Scheme of Fate's Decree:)
Few, among many, Things I will disclose;
That safe you may explore These Foreign Seas,
And in th'*Ausonian* Harbour safe arive:
The Fates permit not *Helenus* to know
The rest; and *Juno*'s Pow'r forbids to speak.
First, from th' *Italian* Ports, which you so near
Imagine, ignorant, a long Extent
Of Ocean, and a Voyage difficult

Divide

Ver. 475, 476. *Suspense with holy Awe, &c.*] *Multo Suspensum numine*; — *Suspensum* (i. e. *dubitantem, timentem*) *ob multam reverentiam Numinis* [fatidici.] Ver. 376. Orig. *Fata sortitur*; *volvitque vices*; *is vertitur ordo*, i. e. *Fata sorte disponit, & currere facit vicissitudines fortunæ*; *ea series rerum volvitur*. Ver. 377. *Hospita*: Either *vicina*; or *quæ te hospitio excipient*; or (which I rather chuse) *peregrina*.

Ver. 489. *Imagine, ignorant, &c. Italiam, quam tu* ——— *Vicinosque* [cujus] ——— *portus*

Ver.

Divide you: Firſt *Trinacrian* Waves muſt bend
Your Oars; *Auſonian* Seas muſt be explor'd,
Th' Infernal Lakes, *Ææan Circe*'s Iſle;
E'er you on Land ſecure can found your Walls.
The Sign I will foretell; Keep you in Mind
What I diſcloſe. When anxious for your Fate
You ſhall beneath the Willows, on the Shore,
Faſt by the ſecret River's gliding Stream,
Find a white Sow, and round her Teats her Young
Of the ſame Colour, lying on the Ground,
Thirty in Number; That ſhall be the Place
To found your City; there your certain Reſt
From Toils. Nor you the future Famine fear,
Nor Diſhes for your Food: The Fates will find
A Way; and *Phœbus*, when invok'd, aſſiſt.
But theſe near Borders of th' *Italian* Coaſts,
Which next to Us by our Sea's Tide is waſh'd,
Avoid: The Cities by the hoſtile *Greeks*
Are all inhabited. The *Locrians* here,
Narician Colony, have built their Walls;
And with an armed Force *Salentum*'s Fields
Lyctian Idomeneus has there poſſeſs'd;
Here *Philoctetes*, *Melibœan* Chief,
Little *Petilia* with a Wall ſecures.

Ver. 383. Orig. *Via invia*, ſtrictly ſpeaking, an *unpaſſable Paſſage*, is a Contradiction. It can mean no more than *perdifficilis*. Ver. 384. *lentandus*, i. e. *curvandus*, *flectendus*; the *Oar* being *lentus*, tough, and ſo made for *bending*, not *breaking*.

Ver. 501. *Thirty in Number.*] *Triginta capitum fœtus*, i. e. *prolem triginta natorum*, for *triginta natos*. Thus *Caput* for *Homo*.

Ver. 514. *Little* Petilia *with a Wall ſecures.*] *Subnixa* for *munita*, or *defenſa*, is, I confeſs, an unuſual Conſtruction: But it is worſe to ſuppoſe the City to be *built upon a Wall*, or *propped*, and *ſupported* by one; as we muſt do, if we take *ſubnixa* in its proper Signification, for *ſuffulta*. Ver. 405. Orig. *Velare*. Imperative Paſſive [quoad] *comas*.

But when your Ships reſt wafted o'er the Main;
And you on Altars rais'd along the Shore
Pay your vow'd Off'rings; with a purple Veil
Cover your Head: leſt any hoſtile Face
Appearing, ſhould diſturb the ſolemn Rites,
The holy Fires, and Honour of the Gods.
This Form in Sacrificing let your Friends
With you obſerve; and let your future Race
Pious in this Religion perſevere.
But when the Wind ſhall to *Sicilia*'s Coaſt
Direct your Courſe, and ſtrait *Pelorus* ſhew
It's narrow Paſſage; by a Circuit wide
Veer to the Left, the Left to Land and Sea;

Ver. 518. *Leſt any hoſtile Face*, &c.] It is not to be ſuppoſed that the Covering of their Faces could *ſecure* them from Danger, if any Enemy ſhould approach: But they were rather to *abide That Danger*, than ſuffer their Devotions to be *diſturbed* by ſuch a *Sight*.

Ver. 525, ——6. *And ſtrait* Pelorus *ſhew It's narrow Paſſage —— Et anguſti rareſcent clauſtra Pelori.* The Senſe muſt be as I have rendered it, according to the Bent of his Voyage, and the Geography of the Places: Tho' one would think the Word *rareſcent* ſhould ſignify the direct contrary; ſo as to imply, not *opening* and *ſhewing itſelf*, but rather *leſſening*, and *gradually vaniſhing* to the Sight. *Rareſcent* therefore does not imply, that the Paſſage appears narrower at their Approach to it, That being impoſſible; but that it then *appears*, tho' *narrow* and *ſlender*; whereas before it did not *appear at all*. Mr. *Dryden*, following my Lord *Lauderdale*, tranſlates it thus;

And proud Pelorus *opes a wider Way.*

Wider than what? No Streight can well be narrower; only upon one's Approach it is found to be *a Paſſage*, whereas at a Diſtance it ſeem'd to be *None*; *Italy* and *Sicily* appearing to be continuous. Why he calls it *proud Pelorus*, I cannot gueſs; unleſs inſtead of *anguſti* he read *auguſti*; which would be a ſingular Word in This Place, and is juſt the Reverſe of *Virgil*'s Meaning. Ver. 416. Orig. *Protinus* generally relates to *Time*; but Here to *Place*. All *of a Piece*. Ver. 419. *Littore diductas*; i. e. *diſtinctas ſuo* quaſque *littore*. Ver. 422. *in abruptum* [ſpatium] i. e. *præcipitium*.

Avoid the Right of Both. Theſe Lands, 'tis ſaid,
(So great the Changes made by Tract of Time)
With Ruin vaſt, and mighty Force convuls'd,
Aſunder broke: When Both were join'd in one
Continuous, intermediate came the Sea
With Rage impetuous; and with ruſhing Waves
Tore all *Heſperia* from *Sicilia*'s Shores,
And by a narrow Frith the Fields and Towns
Divided. *Sylla* guards the Right, the Left
Implacable *Charybdis*; which, with Gulf
Voracious, thrice ſucks in the broken Tides;
Then ſpouts them high, diſgorg'd, into the Air,
Alternate, and with Billows beats the Stars.
But *Scylla*, with dark Caverns round inclos'd,
Uprears her Head, and draws among her Rocks
The Veſſels: Human is her upper Part,
A Virgin's beauteous Face, and beauteous Breaſt;
Her nether Shape a monſtrous *Priſtis*, join'd
To Tails of Dolphins, and the Wombs of Wolves.
'Tis better to ſurvey *Trinacria*'s Bounds,
And coaſt *Pachynus*, and with Voyage wide
To ſteer a winding Courſe; than once to ſee
In her vaſt Cave huge *Scylla*'s hideous Form,
And Rocks rebellowing with cerulean Dogs.

Ver. 546. *To Tails*, &c.] *Delphinum caudas commiſſa*, &c. i. e. *habens—caudas commiſſas* (i. e. *conjunctas*) *utero*, &c.

Ver. 551. *And Rocks rebellowing with* cerulean *Dogs.*] *Cerulean* is no *Engliſh* Word, ſtrictly ſpeaking: But, I think, I am not the firſt by whom it has been uſed. However it be; the Word *Cæruleus* has ſuch a Variety of Significations, and at the ſame time ſuch a delicate Sound, that it ſeems very allowable to introduce it into our Poetry. The Unlearned are to underſtand that it ſometimes ſignifies *Bluiſh*, *Azure*, or *Sky-coloured*, ſometimes *Sea-green*, ſometimes *Grey*, ſometimes

Beſides; If *Helenus* has any Skill,
If any Faith, and if *Apollo* right
Inſpires his Prophet; one Thing, Goddeſs-born
One Thing, above the reſt, I will adviſe,
And oft repeat it: With religious Pray'r
Firſt *Juno*'s Deity adore; to Her
Pay willing Sacrifices, and with Vows
Suppliant o'er-pow'r the mighty Queen of Heav'n;
So, leaving *Sicily*, you ſhall at laſt
In Safety land upon th' *Auſonian* Shore.
When thither brought, you ſhall at *Cumæ*'s Walls
Arrive, and entring ſee the *Avernian* Lake,
The Lake Divine, reſounding in the Woods;
A Propheteſs you ſhall behold, with Rage
Enthuſiaſtick, who beneath a Rock
Diſcloſes Fate; and Characters, and Verſe
Commits to Leaves. Whatever Lines on Leaves
The Virgin writes, ſhe into Order juſt
Ranges, and lays them in her Grot ſecluſe;
They in their Places reſt unmov'd: But when,
The Door turn'd on it's Hinge, a Blaſt of Wind
Diſturbs their Scite; ſhe never is concern'd

times *Dusky*, or *Black*, as Ver. 64 of This Third Book, *Cæruleis mœſtæ vittis*. To Latinize licentiouſly in our Poetry is inſufferable; but to do it ſparingly, and with Caution, adds to the Strength and Beauty of our Language. I do not remember any other Inſtances of This Kind in This Tranſlation, but the Words *Interfus'd*, and *Obtorted*. I think I have Authority for the Firſt, tho' I know not where: And if I have none for the Laſt, yet I hope it may be admitted, for the Reaſon above-mentioned; and moreover becauſe there is, I believe, no genuine *Engliſh* Word which will expreſs it's Meaning. Ver. 440. *Trinacriâ* [in] *fines — mittêre*; i. e. *admittêre*.

To catch them flying in her hollow Rock;
Never recalls them to their former Cells,
And marſhals them no more: The Votaries
Depart untaught, and curſe the *Sibyl*'s Cave.
Here let no Loſs ſuſtain'd by your Delay,
However great, deter you; Tho' your Friends
Impatient murmer, and the proſp'rous Gales
Invite your ſwelling Canvaſs; yet addreſs
The holy Prieſteſs, and with ſuppliant Pray'r
Intreat her to reveal your Fate by Speech,
By vocal Accents. She th' Inhabitants
Of *Italy*, and all your future Wars
Will teach, and how to ſuffer, or eſcape
Your ev'ry Labour; She, ador'd, will ſpeed
Your Voyage. Theſe are all the Things, which Fate
Permits my Voice t'inform you: Go, and raiſe
Great *Troy*, by deathleſs Actions, to the Stars.
Thus when the friendly Prophet had advis'd;
He gives Command to carry to our Ships
Preſents of poliſh'd Iv'ry, pond'rous Gold,
And *Dodonæan* Cauldrons, maſſy Plate,
A Coat of Mail compact with Hooks, and all
With triple Tiſſue wrought; a Helmet's Cone
With nodding Creſt, the Helmet *Pyrrhus* wore:
My Father too with Preſents he adorns,

Ver. 578. *No Loſs*, &c.] *Ne qua moræ fuerint diſpendia tanti*: Let no Inconveniences of Staying be *ſo conſiderable* [in your Judgment, as to hinder you from ſtaying to conſult the Sibyl, &c.] *Non ſint tanti—Quin adeas vatem.* Ver. 456.

Ver. 580. *Impatient*, &c.] *vi curſus*, &c. *vocet.* This is a ſtrange Paſſage. *De La Cerda* takes *Curſus* for *nautæ currere cupientes.* And That's the beſt I can make of it. Ver. 461. Orig. *Quæ—te—moneri. Moneo*, like *doceo*, &c. governs a double Accuſative in the Active, and a ſingle one in the Paſſive. *Moneo te hoc: Ego hoc moneor.*

Adds Steeds, and Pilots ;
Refits our Oars, ſupplies our Crew with Arms.
Mean-while *Anchiſes* bids refit our Ships
With Sails, and not delay the willing Winds.
Him with much Honour Thus the Royal Prieſt
Beſpeaks. *Anchiſes*, favour'd with the Bed
Of *Venus*, Darling of the Gods, and twice
Reſcu'd from ruin'd *Troy* ; Before your Eyes
Behold *Auſonia* ; make it with your Sails :
Yet ſtill your Navy muſt paſs by Thoſe Coaſts ;
Far diſtant is That Part of *Italy*,
Which by *Apollo* is diſclos'd : Go, bleſt
In your Son's Piety ; Why ſpeak I more ?
And with my Words delay the riſing Winds ?
Nor leſs *Andromache*, with ſad Farewel,
Brings to *Aſcanius* Robes all wrought in Gold
With various Colours, and a *Phrygian* Cloak ;
Loads him with rich embroider'd Veſtments, nought
Inferior in her Preſents : Then ſhe ſpeaks.
Thou too, dear Youth, Theſe Labours of my Hands
Receive, which long may teſtify the Love
Of *Hector*'s Wife *Andromache :* Accept
Theſe, the laſt Preſents which thy Friends can give :
O Thou ! the ſole, ſurviving Image left
Of my *Aſtyanax !* Juſt ſo he look'd !
Such were his Geſtures ! ſuch his Eyes, and Hands !

Ver. 608. *Thoſe Coaſts.*] *Hanc* [partem Italiæ.] Ver. 481. Orig. *Provehor :* i. e. *progredior* [Oratione meâ.]

Ver. 616, 617. *Nought Inferiour in her Preſents*, &c.] That muſt be the Meaning of *nec cedit honori*, i. e. (ſay all the Commentators) *non cedit honori* Heleni ; or *Heleno* honore. The Preſents which She gave to *Aſcanius* were as valuable as Thoſe which her Huſband gave to *Anchiſes*. Ver. 489. Orig. *ſuper*. It has the force of *Superſtes*.

And now his Age had bloom'd with equal Years.
These at our last Farewel I thus address,
With rising Tears: Live happy, You, whose Toils
Already are completed: We from Fate
To Fate are summon'd; You have found your Rest:
You have no Ocean's wide Extent to plough,
No *Italy*, still flying, to pursue.
Xanthus in Imag'ry you see, and *Troy*
Which your own Hands have made; with more Success,
I hope, and less obnoxious to the *Greeks*.
If ever *Tyber*, and it's neighb'ring Fields
I see, and Walls allotted us by Fate;
Epirus, and *Hesperia*, kindred Realms,
By the same Founder *Dardanus* ally'd,
Ally'd by Fortune, we in future Times
Will in Affections make one *Troy*; and That
Shall be the Care of all our future Race.

Ver. 637. Epirus, *and* Hesperia, *kindred Realms*, &c.] *De La Cerda* from *Nannius* (to Both whom I refer the Reader) is particular in shewing the Friendship between These Nations in After-times; by which This Prophesy (as they call it) was fulfilled. But sure they forgot *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*, who was no great Friend to the *Romans*. But History is not my Business: What *Æneas* says may be regarded as *his own Resolution*, and as a *Wish* to *Posterity*; and That is sufficient. In the Orig. *Cognataque*; I would leave out the *que*. For tho' it does well enough in conjunction with the *que* which follows it in *populosque*; yet with reference to what goes before, the Sense (which is the same as if the *que* were left out) is a little obscured by it. For the Meaning is, "If ever I shall settle in *Italy*, &c. we will make the two Nations one: Whereas with this *que* it seems at first sight, to run thus: If ever I shall, &c. *and* we shall make, &c.

Ver. 645, 646. *Appointing Guards*, &c.] *Sortiti remos*, i. e. *sorte eligentes eos qui ad remos excubias agerent*. *Remos* for *Remiges*. Ver. 512. Orig. *subibat* for *attigerat*. Ver. 518. *constare* for *certa esse*. Next Ver. *clarum* relates to the *Hearing* not to the *Sight*. Ver. 532. *Legunt* for *colligunt*. The Simple for the Compound. There are innumerable Instances of This: I have mention'd many; tho' 'tis endless to take notice of all.

Cloſe by *Ceraunia*'s neighb'ring Coaſts we ſail;
From whence the neareſt Paſſage o'er the Sea
To *Italy*. Mean-while the Sun declines,
And Ev'ning ſhades the Hills. Appointing Guards
By Lot to watch on Board, along the Shore
Upon the wiſh'd-for Land, we reſt our Limbs,
And dewy Sleep relieves them. Nor as yet
Had Night, roll'd on by Hours, compleated half
It's Courſe; when *Palinurus* from his Bed
Riſes induſtrious; all the Winds explores,
And in his Ear receives the Blaſts; obſerves
The Stars all ſliding in the ſilent Sky,
The rainy *Hyades*, and either *Bear*,
Arcturus, and *Orion* arm'd with Gold.
When all the Face of Heav'n he ſees ſerene;
He gives the ſounding Signal from his Ship;
We ſtrike our Tents, and ſpread the Canvaſs Wings.
And now the Morning redden'd, and the Stars
Retreated; When at Diſtance we beheld
The Hills obſcure, and low *Italian* Plains.
Italia, firſt *Achates* cries aloud;
Italia all our Crew with joyful Shouts
Salute. *Anchiſes* then a Goblet crowns,
Fills it with Wine, and ſtanding on the Deck
Aloft, invokes the Gods.
Ye Gods, Controulers of the Land, the Seas
And Tempeſts; ſpeed our Voyage by the Winds,
And breathe propitious. Strait the wiſh'd-for Gales
Swell freſh: The Harbour opens to our View
Now nearer; and *Minerva*'s Temple high
Upon the Mountain riſes to the Sight.
Our Crew contract their Sails, and make to Shore:

The Harbour Eaſtward bends into an Arch;
The Rocks foam, oppoſite, with daſhing Brine;
Itſelf retires, and with a double Wall
The craggy Cliffs, rais'd high like Tow'rs, let down
Their Arms; And from the Shore the Temple flies.
Four Steeds (our firſt of Omens) here I ſaw
Of Snow-white Colour, grazing on the Fields:
Then old *Anchiſes*; War, O Foreign Land,
Thou doſt denounce: Theſe Steeds are arm'd for War.
But ſince accuſtom'd to the Rein they drew
The Chariot, and concordant Harneſs bore;
There ſtill is Hope of Peace. We ſuppliant pray
To warlike *Pallas*; who receiv'd us firſt
Joyous; and here before the Altars wrap
Our Heads in *Phrygian* Veils: With ſolemn Rites
We then obey th' important Precepts giv'n
By *Helenus*; and, as by him adviſ'd,
To *Grecian Juno* pay the Honours due,
Our Vows religious orderly perform'd;
With quick Diſpatch we ſhift our Sails, and leave
The *Grecian* Manſions, and ſuſpected Fields;
Then next *Tarentum*'s Bay is ſeen, renown'd
(If Fame be true) from *Hercules:* Oppos'd
To That, *Lacinia*'s Temple rears it's Head;
And *Caulon*'s Tow'rs; and *Scylacæum* fear'd
For Shipwrecks. Next, at Diſtance, from the Main,

Ver. 689. *Obey th' important Precepts, &c.*] *Præceptiſque* [parentes, obſecundantes] *Heleni:* Or *vi præceptorum,* or *juxta præcepta.* In the Ver. before; *capita velamur:* i. e. *velamur* quoad *capita.* I have taken notice of This Phraſeology perhaps too often.

Ver. 691. *Pay the Honours &c.*] Orig. *adolemus,* (i. e. *ſacrificantes urimus) honores,* i. e. [thura in] *honorem* [illius.] Ver. 449. Orig. *Obvertimus* turn round; *cornua* the Ends: *velatarum* [i. e. *vela habentium*] *antennarum.* Ver. 560. *Eripite* [hinc vos.] 561. *rudentem:* i. e. *ſtridentem*; becauſe it's Motion makes the Water *rudere,* roar.

Trinacrian Ætna riſes to our View;
The bellowing Sea, and beaten Rocks are heard
From far, and Noiſes breaking on the Shore:
The Shallows boil, and mix the Tide with Sand.
This is *Charybdis*, old *Anchiſes* crys;
Theſe *Helenus* foretold, Theſe dang'rous Rocks.
Veer off, my Friends; together ply your Oars.
Juſt as commanded, they obey: And firſt
The Fore-deck *Palinurus* to the Left
Turns round; Our gen'ral Crew with Oars, and Sails,
Make to the Left: High on a vaulted Wave
We mount to Heav'n; That ſinking, down we fall,
Down to th' infernal Shades; Thrice roar'd the Rocks
Among their hollow Caverns; thrice we ſaw
The daſhing, broken Foam, and ſprinkled Stars.
Mean-while, amidſt our Toils, the Wind, and Sun
Forſake us: And, unknowing of our Courſe,
We drive upon the *Cyclops'* Coaſts: The Port
Fenc'd by it's Situation from the Winds,
And large itſelf: But *Ætna* thunders nigh

Ver. 719. *But Ætna thunders nigh, &c.*] The Cavils of *A. Gellius*, and after him, of *Macrobius*, upon This admirable Deſcription, are known to the Learned. I call them Cavils, for they deſerve no better Name; and *De La Cerda* juſtly gives them a worſe. I ſhall not examine *Pindar*'s Deſcription of Mount *Ætna*, with which This is compared, and from which Thoſe two Criticks pretend it is borrowed. For tho' (as *De La Cerda* has ſhewn) there are Faults enough in That of the Greek Poet; yet it is not my Buſineſs to accuſe *Pindar*, but to vindicate *Virgil*. What Occaſion was there for *Virgil*'s diſtinguiſhing between Day and Night; as *Pindar* does, who ſays, that the Mountain ſmokes by Day, and flames by Night? Thoſe Eruptions happen both by Day and Night; and whenever they do, the Smoke and Flame are mingled. The Flame indeed cannot be *ſo well* ſeen by Day; but it *can be ſeen:* or if it could not, ſtill *there it would be*, which is ſufficient. But by Night however (at which Time *Æneas* ſaw it) the Smoke, they ſay, could not be ſeen; eſpecially

In dreadful Ruins. With a Whirlwind's force
Sometimes it throws to Heav'n a pitchy Cloud, 720

if it were a very dark Night, as he tells us it then was. But did they never ſee a Houſe on fire in a very dark Night? I have; and I have ſeen Smoke as well as Flame; and I apprehended the one to be diſcovered by the other. Theſe Criticiſms of theirs, I am certain, have more Smoke in them than Fire; But let that paſs. Suppoſe *Æneas* and his Friends could not ſee the Smoke; they might eaſily conceive it to be there: For as it is commonly ſaid, there is no Smoke without ſome Fire; ſo there is never *ſuch a Fire* as This without a great deal of Smoke: And it is to be hoped a Man may be allowed to *deſcribe* what he *conceives*, or *imagines*, as well as what he *ſees*. The Gloſs of *A. Gellius*, and *Macrobius*, upon the Words *candens*, is not true in itſelf: Or if it were; would be nothing to the Purpoſe, but only ſhew that they contradict themſelves. See *De La Cerda* upon the Place; tho' I have in effect anſwered that Objection already. But another Expreſſion, *ſidera lambit*, will by no means pleaſe them. Why? The Points, or Tops of Flames actually reſemble the Quivering, or Vibration of the Tongue. And *the Tongue of Fire* is an Expreſſion in the Hebrew Text, *Iſaiah* 5. 24. To ſay that Thoſe Flames reach the *Stars* is no more than a common Hyperbole, always juſtifiable upon great Subjects; but upon This wonderful one ſo apt to ſtrike us with Terrour and Amazement (which always make Objects appear greater than they really are) it is moſt peculiarly, and ſignally beautiful. But they tell us that *Virgil* in ſome Words does not *truly* tranſlate *Pindar*: Who told them he intended to tranſlate him *at all?* I very much queſtion whether he had *Pindar* in his Thoughts, when he made This Deſcription; and he would undoubtedly have made it, though *Pindar* had never been born. But This is one Inſtance, among a hundred more, of the Judgment of thoſe Criticks who *will have it* that *Virgil tranſlates*, or *imitates* Things, which there is no Proof that he ever dreamt of, while he was writing; and who, to ſhew their own Wit and Learning, will *compare* Paſſages with each other, between which there is really *no Compariſon*. The Remark of *Macrobius*, that *Virgil* here labours for the Sound and Rattling of Words, ſo as to neglect Propriety, muſt rather move the Scorn, than the Indignation, of all who are acquainted with the Genius of This Poet; to the Character of which nothing can be more contrary than This Reflection. Every body knows that his moſt diſtinguiſhing Property is *Fulneſs*, and *Exactneſs* of *Senſe*; that he always makes his Words naturally ſpring from his Ideas, never makes his Ideas ſtoop to his

Redden'd with Cinders, and involv'd in Smoke;
And toſſes Balls of Flame, and licks the Stars.
Sometimes with loud Exploſion high it hurls

his Words. His Diction and Verſification indeed are here, and in a thouſand other Places, ſounding, and rattling: But they *ought to be ſo* too; the Nature of the Subjects requiring it. The laſt Words of *Macrobius* upon This Head are very remarkable *. "What he [*Virgil*] ſays of the Rocks being toſſed out of the Mountain, and *preſently* melted, (*Statim liquefieri*) of their groaning, and being whirled into the Air, is neither ſaid by *Pindar*, nor heard of by any body elſe; and is of all Monſters the moſt monſtrous." Conſidering that *Virgil* is allowed to be a far greater Man than *Macrobius*; I think I may with at leaſt as much Modeſty, if not Judgment, name one *Monſter* more, and preſume to ſay that This is the moſt *monſtrous* Criticiſm that ever was heard of. What does he mean by his *ſtatim? Virgil* ſays no ſuch thing: The Stones, if of a metallic Nature, like Ore, may be properly melted; If otherwiſe, they may be calcined (which a Poet may elegantly expreſs by *liquefacta*) as it is well known they actually are. But that This is done *preſently*, is not ſaid; Tho' if it were, it would be true: For in ſuch a Furnace as Mount *Ætna*, any fuſible Subſtance is ſoon melted. But the Truth is, he ſeems to miſtake *Virgil* in another reſpect: He mentions *eructari* firſt, and *ſtatim liquefieri* afterwards; as if the Poet had meant that they are melted, after they are thrown up; which is manifeſtly contrary not only to the Senſe, but to the Grammar of the Expreſſion. That the Stones which are thus toſſed out are *groaning* ones, is likewiſe no where affirmed by *Virgil*: He tells us that *Ætna* diſgorges them *cum gemitu*: which is plainly apply'd to the *Mountain*, not to Thoſe *Stones*. Had This Critick lived ſince the Invention of great Guns; he might with equal Judgment have aſſerted, that to ſay a Cannon diſcharges the Ball with a roaring Noiſe, is to ſay that the Ball itſelf roars. It happened unfortunately for *Macrobius* that he ſhould be ſo very ſevere upon a moſt noble Paſſage, which it is evident he did not underſtand. That This, and what follows, is not ſaid by *Pindar*, is an Objection already anſwered. But I cannot apprehend what Abſurdity, much leſs, what *Monſter* there is, in deſcribing Stones, and Fragments of Rocks, as being toſſed out of Mount *Ætna*, and whirled high into the Air; when all the World knows that it is plain Matter of

* *Saturnal. Lib.* v. *Cap.* 17.

Vaſt Rocks, and Entrails from the Mountain torn;
With roaring Noiſe ſlings molten Stones in Air,
And boils, and bellows, from it's loweſt Caves.
'Tis ſaid, the Bulk of huge *Enceladus*
Blaſted with Light'ning, by This pond'rous Mount
Is cruſh'd; and *Ætna*, o'er him whelm'd, expires
Flame from it's burſt Volcano's: And whene'er
He ſhifts his weary Side, *Trinacria* all
Groans trembling, and with Smoke obſcures the Sky.
Shelter'd in Woods, that Night we bore the ſtrange

of Fact; nay that the Poet might with the ſtricteſt Truth have ſaid much more, even that they are thrown in prodigious Quantities to a vaſt Diſtance. See *Scaliger* Poet. Lib. v. Cap. 4. and *De La Cerda* upon the Paſſage: I have myſelf been the longer upon it, that This may paſs for a *thorough Specimen*, among *many other Inſtances* which might be produced, of the groundleſs Calumnies which have been raiſed againſt the greateſt of Poets by ſome, otherwiſe, great Men; for no Reaſon that I can imagine, but merely for a *Luſus ingenii*. If I have dealt freely with *Macrobius*; pray let it be conſider-

Noctem illam tecti ſilvis immania monſtra
Perferimus, nec quæ ſonitum det cauſa, videmus;
Nam neque erant aſtrorum ignes, &c.——
Poſtera jamque dies primo ſurgebat Eöo, &c.
Cum ſubito e ſilvis macie confecta ſuprema
Ignoti nova forma viri, &c.

For a Company of wandring Exiles to be driven upon an unknown Coaſt, in Dead of Night, without Stars, or Moon, ſheltered in a Wood, hearing

ed that I have been defending *Virgil*.

Ver. 732. —— *He ſhifts his weary ſide, &c.*] For *mutat* I think it muſt be, rather than *motat*; though in many Copies the latter is read. The *turning*, *changing*, or *ſhifting* of his Side is always natural to a Perſon in pain: and here in particular it muſt cauſe a greater Concuſſion, than the bare *Motion* of his Body. What Some alledge, that by ſhifting Sides he muſt find a little Relief, is of no force: For even That is not certain; and if it were, why may not That be ſuppoſed?

Ver. 734. *Shelter'd in Woods that Night, &c.*

the moſt frightful Noiſes that can be imagined, ignorant of the Cauſe, (for tho' they might ſee the *Smoke*, and *Flame*, yet they might not *ſee* the *Mountain*

And monſtrous Prodigies; nor ſaw from whence
Thoſe Noiſes came: For neither did the Stars
Appear, nor Light in all th' Expanſe of Heav'n:
But Clouds o'ercaſt the Sky; and Dead of Night
Confin'd the Moon in Darkneſs. Now the Day
Returning with the Morning-Star aroſe,
And from the Pole *Aurora*'s Dawn diſpel'd
The dewy Shades; when iſſuing from the Woods
A ſtrange unuſual Figure of a Man,
With Looks emaciated, and wretched Garb,
Makes to the Shore, and ſuppliant ſpreads his Hands.
We turn ourſelves, to mark him; Hideous Filth,
A Length of Beard, and Garments tagg'd with Thorns;

But

tain from which they iſſued; or if they did, might not *underſtand* the Cauſe of it, which ſome take to be the Meaning of the Place, tho' I think otherwiſe, becauſe the *Reaſon* aſſigned is the *Darkneſs* of the Night) then at Break of Day, to be encountered with ſuch a ſtrange Appearance of a Man, in That wretched Garb, and Condition, who proves to be, in a different reſpect, both an Enemy, and a Friend; to hear from him That dreadful and amazing Account of the *Cyclops*, the Inhabitants of the Iſland upon which they were caſt; to ſee the Chief of Thoſe Monſters, and be purſued by him even into the Sea, and with difficulty to eſcape from him; to hear the diſmal Yell which he makes, and by which all his Gigantick Brethren are ſummoned to his Aſſiſtance, *&c.* are all Circumſtances which at once aſtoniſh, and pleaſe us to a degree which we cannot expreſs. Let any one put all Theſe Images together; and then aſk himſelf whether ever he read, heard of, or conceived any thing like them. I paſs the more particular Wonders of the Deſcriptions; as That of the Man-eating Monſter, the Revenge of *Ulyſſes*, &c. I leave them to the diſtinct Conſideration of the Reader; and am able to ſay no more of them.

Ver. 739. *Darkneſs.*] *Nimbo* here ſignifies not a *Storm*, but a *Cloud*, or *Darkneſs*. As it often does. Ver. 600. Orig. *Lumen* for *aërem*. Next Ver. *Tollite me Teucri*; [in] *quaſcunque* [vultis] *abducite*, &c. Ver. 602. *Scio*: i. e. *conſcius ſum mihi*. I am *ſenſible*: And that again means, I *confeſs*.

But for the reſt, a *Greek*; and ſent to *Troy*
In *Grecian* Wars. When he at Diſtance ſaw
The *Trojan* Habits, and the *Trojan* Arms;
He ſtop'd a-while, confounded at the Sight;
Then headlong to the Shore, with Tears, and Pray'rs,
Flings himſelf forward: By the Stars, by Heav'n,
You I conjure, and by this vital Air,
Take me, Ye *Trojans*; to whatever Climes
You pleaſe, tranſport me; That will be enough:
One, I confeſs, I am of *Grecian* Race,
And came a Warrior to the Walls of *Troy*.
For which, if ſo That Injury require,
If ſuch my Guilt; diſperſe my mangled Limbs
O'er the wide Ocean: If I die, 'twill prove
Some Conſolation, that I die by Men.
He ſaid; and fix'd, and grov'ling on the Ground
Embrac'd our Knees. We urge him to declare
Who, and from whence he was, and how diſtreſs'd.
My Father's ſelf, *Anchiſes*, in his Thoughts
Little deliberating, gives the Youth
His Hand; and with that preſent Pledge confirms
His wav'ring Mind: At length, reliev'd from Fear,
He thus proceeds. To *Ithaca* my Birth

Ver. 761, 762.——*If I die,* | *'twill prove ſome Conſolation that I die by Men.*]

Si pereo, manibus hominum periiſſe juvabit.

Ruæus (and He is the only one who does ſo) points it Thus:

Si pereo manibus hominum, periiſſe juvabit.

and interprets it accordingly: *If I die by the Hands of Men, I ſhall die with pleaſure.* Which is very *poor* Senſe: if it be *any*. But the other is very ſtrong, and emphatical: "If I *muſt* "die; I deſire to receive my "Death from *Men*, not from "*Monſters*."

Is ow'd, and *Achæmenides* my Name;
Companion of *Ulyſſes'* hapleſs Toils.
Leaving my Father *Adamaſtus*, poor,
(And would to Heav'n That Fortune had remain'd)
I went to *Troy*. Here while my frighted Friends
Forſook the cruel Manſions; me they left,
Unmindful, in the *Cyclops* 'ſpacious Cave.
Dark is th' interior Grot, and vaſt; beſmear'd
With Gore, and ſavage Feaſts: Himſelf with Height
Immeaſurable, ſtalks, and beats the Stars,
(Ye Gods, avert ſo great a Plague from Earth!)
Dire to the Sight, by no Addreſs, or Speech

To

Ver. 774. *And would to Heav'n That Fortune had remain'd.*] This, with *Virgil*'s Leave, is either but indifferent Senſe; or very darkly expreſſed. If *Achæmenides* means his Father's *Poverty*, or his own, or Both; why ſhould he wiſh it had continued? It would not have hindred him from being a Soldier: For it was the very Reaſon of his being ſo; Or elſe the Word *Paupere* is of no ſignificancy. Beſides; He is himſelf actually poor, while he ſpeaks This; and ſo is his Father, for aught appears to the contrary. If he means, I wiſh I had continued in my former *Condition*, ſo as *not* to have been a *Soldier*; it is very obſcure: For *manſiſſetque utinam fortuna* ſeems plainly to be referred to *Paupere*. If I am my ſelf miſtaken; I hope it may be excuſed: For no Commentator ſays any thing to enlighten me.

Ver. 778. *Beſmear'd*] *Dapibuſque cruentis*: ſubaud. *plena, fœdata*, or ſome ſuch Word.

Ver. 782. *Dire to the Sight, by no Addreſs, or Speech To be accoſted.*] For I entirely concur in Opinion with Thoſe Interpreters, who explain

Nec viſu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli,

in This Senſe: Taking *viſu*, and *dictu* (rather Subſtantives, than Supines) in the Dative, not the Ablative, Caſe; *nec facilis viſu*, for *grievous*, or *hateful* to the *ſight*; and *nec affabilis* in a paſſive, not an active Signification. For the latter, *unaffable*, as in our Language, or (as *Ogilby*, in his way, actually tranſlates it) *uncivil*, would be extremely low, and flat, in the Deſcription of ſo frightful a Monſter.

To be accoſted. On raw, human Fleſh,
And clotted Blood, he feeds. I ſaw him, ſtretch'd
In his mid Den, with Graſp prodigious, ſeize
Two of our Number, and their Bodies daſh
Againſt a Rock: The Floor beſpatter'd ſwam
In Brains, and Blood: I ſaw him, as he chew'd
The Gobbets, dropping with black, ropy Gore;
And Limbs, yet living, ſprawl'd between his Teeth.
Not unreveng'd indeed: nor did *Ulyſſes*
Patient endure it; or forget himſelf
In That Diſtreſs. For as He lay, with Neck
Reclin'd, immenſe, extended in his Cave,
Gorg'd with his Banquet, ſtupify'd with Wine,
Belching out gory Morſels in his Sleep,
Commix'd with crude, and indigeſted Draughts:
We, having firſt invok'd the mighty Gods,
And taking each his Poſt allotted, round
Incloſe him all; and with our ſharpen'd Steel
Bore out his broad, deep Eye, which ſingle lay
Then hid beneath his grieſly, frowning Front.

Wide

Ver. 787. *The Floor.*] Orig. *Limina:* The Threſholds. But That muſt be by a *Synecdoche* for the whole Houſe. The *Floor* of which, 'tis plain, muſt receive more of This Blood, than the *Threſholds.*

Ver. 790. *And Limbs yet living ſprawl'd between his Teeth.*] — *Tepidi tremerent ſub dentibus artus* may (and perhaps does) ſignify no more than the *Heaving* of the *Fleſh*, not the *Sprawling* of *whole Limbs:* But I chuſe the latter; becauſe the Idea is ſtronger, and more horrid.

Ver. 800.—*With our ſharpen'd Steel,* &c.] I am aware that *Homer* makes *Ulyſſes* bore out This monſtrous Eye with a *ſharp Stake:* But *Telo acuto* in *Virgil* has a greater Latitude. And a *Sword*, or a *Javelin*, gives us a better Idea, than a *Stake.*

Ver. 801, 802. — *Which ſingle lay Then hid,* &c.] Notwithſtanding what is alledged by

Wide as a *Grecian* Shield, or *Phœbus'* Lamp;
And, pleas'd, revenge the *Manes* of our Friends,
But fly, Ye Miſerable; fly, and cut
Your Cables from the Shore.
For ſuch, and huge, as *Polypheme*, who pens
His fleecy Flocks, and milks them in his Cave,
An hundred *Cyclops* more Theſe winding Coaſts
Inhabit round, and o'er the Mountains rove.
Thrice has the Moon renew'd her blunted Horns;
Since here in Woods, among the deſert Dens
Of Beaſts, I live; and from the Rocks behold
The monſtrous *Cyclops*, trembling at the Sound
Of their big Voices, and their pond'rous Feet.
Berries, and ſtony Sloes the Trees afford,
Wretched Repaſt! and Herbage from the Mould
Pluck'd by the Roots, ſuſtains me. Gazing round,
Your Fleet I ſaw firſt ſteering to the Shore:
To That I ſoon reſolv'd myſelf to join,
Whatever it ſhould prove: It is enough
To have eſcap'd the execrable Race;
Do You by any Death This Life deſtroy.
He ſcarce had ſpoke, when on the Mountain's Top
Himſelf we ſaw, th' enormous *Polypheme*,
Shepherd among his Flocks, with Bulk immenſe
Moving along, and ſeeking the known Shores.
An eyeleſs Monſter, hideous, vaſt, deform!

A

by *Donatus*, and others, that his Eye was hidden by his Hair, and his wrinkled Brow, &c. when at the ſame Time it is compared to a Shield, and to the Sun; I cannot make tolerable Senſe of *latebat*, without referring it to his being *aſleep*; and therefore I have added the Word *Then* to explain it. Ver. 643. Orig. *vulgò*: openly, conſtantly.

A Pine's huge Trunk directs his Hand, and firms
His Steps; His woolly Sheep attend his Walk,
(Thoſe were his ſole Delight) and from his Neck
His Pipe hangs down, the Solace of his Woe.
Soon as he reach'd the Ocean's Waves profound;
He rins'd his empty Socket from the Blood,
Gnaſhing his Teeth with Groans: Then ſtalk'd along
Thro' the mid Ocean; Nor did yet the Waves
Tinge his tall Sides. We trembling ſpeed our Flight
With eager Haſte, receiving him on Board,
At his Requeſt, who had ſo well deſerv'd;
And ſilent cut the Cords, and ſweep the Sea
With ſtruggling Oars. He heard; and to the Sound
Quick turn'd his Steps; But when he found his Hand
Short of it's Reach affected, and no Pow'r

To

Ver. 829. *A Pine's huge Trunk directs his Hand*, &c.] A Man that can ſee, *directs his Staff*: but he that is blind, *is directed by* it: Becauſe by it's Help he feels, and gropes out his Way.

Ver. 832. *His Pipe — the Solace*, &c.] I rather refer *Solamenque mali* to *Fiſtula*, than to *Oves*; notwithſtanding the Word *Sola*, Ver. 660. Orig. His Sheep might be his ONLY *ſtanding Delight*; and yet his Pipe the *Soother* of his Sorrows. This to me is *prettier*.

Ver. 841. *To the Sound.*] *Ad ſonitum vocis.* Is not this a Contradiction to *taciti* Ver. 667. Orig.? I anſwer, No: They made as *little noiſe* as *poſſible*; That's the Meaning of *taciti*: But 'twas *impoſſible* they ſhould make *none*, or not *ſpeak* at all. Then we may ſuppoſe the Giant, by his Loſs of *Sight*, to be *more than ordinarily* quick of *Hearing*.

Ver. 842, 843. — *But when he found his Hand Short of it's Reach affected*, &c.] The *Cambridge* Editor would have it *dextram adjectare*. And I think he is in the Right, if there be any Authority for it in Copies: For *dextram* affectare *poteſtas* is a very dark Expreſſion. *Affectare* is commonly ſuppoſed to imply an *Attempt*, or *Deſire*: But no body can want *Power* to *attempt*, or *deſire* any thing, tho' he may to *execute* it. Beſides; *affectare*, as here joined to *dextram*, is very extraordinary; whether it be apply'd to the

To ford in cloſe Purſuit th' *Ionian* Gulf;
He rais'd a hideous Yell; at which the Sea
Trembled, and all it's Waves: *Italia* quak'd;
And *Ætna* bellow'd thro' it's winding Caves.
Rouz'd by the Noiſe, the whole *Cyclopean* Race
Ruſh from the Woods, and Mountains, to the Port;
And fill the Shore. We ſee th' *Ætnean* Brood
(Dreadful Aſſembly!) ſtand, and ſternly roll
Their Eyes in vain, and rear their tow'ring Heads
To

the Hand of *Polypheme* himſelf, or to Thoſe whom he endeavoured to overtake. The former, becauſe it is a Phraſe utterly unheard of: The latter; (not to mention in This Place the Particularity of the Singular Number for the Plural) becauſe, as I ſaid, he could not want *power* to *deſire*, or *attempt*, as That Word is here ſuppoſed to be taken. Nor is *affectare viam*, or *iter*, by any means a parallel Expreſſion. *De La Cerda* and Others think it is a Term of Art uſed in Fencing, or Wreſtling: And ſo it may, for any thing I know: For I am ſure I no more underſtand it, than I do either of thoſe Sciences: Nor do any of Thoſe Commentators inſtruct me. However it be, it is agreed on all Hands that the *Senſe* muſt be, as I have rendered it; which is, in ſhort, that he could not overtake them: And indeed it is impoſſible to be otherwiſe; notwithſtanding the Difficulty in the *Manner of expreſſing*. And of That *Ruæus*, after all, ſeems to give the moſt tolerable Account; *dextram* (that muſt be *dextras* Trojanorum) *cum affectu & aviditate apprehendere*. Tho' even againſt This there is a plain Objection; which is, that it is a mere arbitrary Interpretation of his own, without Authority from any parallel Inſtance.

Ver. 844. *To ford in cloſe purſuit*, &c.

Nec potis [eſt] *Ionios fluctus æquare ſequendo.*

Some underſtand it that he could not wade ſo *deep*: Others, that he could not *overtake* them, they being now gone *ſo far*, in the *Ionian* Sea. Both are very conſiſtent: But I am rather for the firſt; yet not ſo as to exclude the other; and therefore I have added the Word *cloſe* to *purſuit*, with a View to That Interpretation.

Ver. 845. *He rais'd a hideous Yell, at which the Sea*, &c.

Clamorem immenſum tollit; quo pontus, & omnes
Intremuere undæ, penituſque exterrita tellus
Italiæ, curviſque immugiit Ætna cavernis.

To Heav'n: As when upon a Mountain's Top,
Aërial Oaks, or Cypreſs-Cones ſtand high,
The Thicket of *Diana*, or of *Jove*.
Fear wings our Friends precipitate, to tack
To any Point, and turn our Sails where-e'er
The Wind permits: But contrary th' Advice
Of *Helenus* directs them not to run
'Twixt *Scylla*, and *Charybdis*, either Way
Bord'ring on Death: Conſulting we reſolve
Backwards to bend our Courſe. When *Boreas*, ſent
From ſtrait *Pelorus*, blows: I ſail along
Cloſe by *Pantagia*'s Mouth of living Stone,
Megara's narrow Frith, and *Tapſus* low;
Such Coaſts were ſhewn by *Achæmenides*
Companion of *Ulyſſes*' hapleſs Toils,
Which he before had wander'd, now review'd.
Againſt *Sicania*'s Bay an Iſland lies,
Oppos'd to rough *Plemmyrium*, nam'd of old
Ortygia: Here, 'tis ſaid, *Alpheüs*, Stream
Of *Elis*, underneath the Ocean urg'd

His

This is a moſt noble Hyperbole; and by no Means too bold, as Some will have it. They forget not only the *Prerogative of Poety*, but the *real Nature* of *Fear*; which always ſwells and heightens it's Object.

Ver. 853.——*As when upon a Mountain's Top*, &c.] This is the only Alluſion in the Third Book, that deſerves the Name of a *Simile*; and even This is a very ſhort one.

Ver. 854. *Stand.*] *Conſiterunt* means no more than *ſtant*.

The arbitrary Uſe of the Tenſes has often been remark'd upon. And as to the *Quantity*; 'tis a Miſtake to think that the *e* is made ſhort in Poetry, in This Tenſe, only when *Fear* is to be expreſs'd, as *ſi teruntque comæ*: There are ſeveral other Inſtances of the contrary beſides This, in *Virgil* Himſelf. Ver. 682. Orig. *Rudentes excutere* is an Expreſſion for *tacking about*. Ver. 686. Inſtead of *ni* it ſhould be *ne*. Nè *teneant curſus inter utramque viam*;

His ſecret Way ; now ruſhing thro' thy Mouth,
O *Arethuſa*, in *Sicilia*'s Sea
Loſes his blended Waves. Advis'd, we pray
The mighty Deities, who There preſide :
And thence we paſs along the fertil Soil
Of ſtagnating *Helorus :* Thence the Cliffs
Of high *Pachynus* ſtretch'd into the Main ;
And *Camarina*, made by Fate unmov'd,
Appears at Diſtance ; The *Geloian* Fields,
And ſpacious *Gela* from the River nam'd.
Thence *Agragas* from far it's lofty Walls
Uprears, the Breeder once of gen'rous Steeds.
Thee too, with full extended Sails I leave
Palmy *Selinus* ; and the hidden Rocks
In *Lilybéum*'s ſtony Shallows. Thence
The Port of *Drepanum*, a joyleſs Coaſt,
Receives me. Here alas ! ſo many Storms
Eſcap'd, I loſe the Solace of my Toils,
My Sire *Anchiſes :* Here you leave me, Beſt
Of Fathers, from ſuch Dangers ſav'd in vain.
Nor did Prophetick *Helenus*, amidſt
So great a Number of predicted Woes,
Nor dire *Celæno*, That hard Fate foretel.

This

viam ; ſcilicet *Scyllam atque Charybdim* —— *Lethi diſcrimine parvo* [exiſtente :] i. e. the difference being little, whether they ſhould die on *Scylla*'s, or *Charybdis*'s Side ; therefore they ſhould avoid Both by not going between them. They who *conſtrue* thoſe Words *Lethi diſcrimine parvo*, by *there being little diſtance from Death*, make no *Grammar* of it ; tho' That indeed is, in the *main Subſtance*, the *Senſe* of it. *Servius* renders it by *modico Mortis interſtitio :* But how can the narrow Space between *Scylla* and

This was my laſt of Labours; This the Bound
Of my long Travels. Parting hence I came,
By Providence directing, to your Coaſts.
Thus Prince *Æneas*, while All ſilent ſate,
Alone related the Decrees of Heav'n,
And his own Voyages deſcrib'd: He ſtop'd
At length, and ending here retir'd to Reſt.

and *Charybdis* be call'd an *Interval of Death*; when to keep exactly in the Middle (if one could do it,) is the only Way to *eſcape* Death? For myſelf, I would point it thus; and then 'tis all plain: — *Scyllam, atque Charybdim Inter, utramque viam letbi, diſcrimine parvo:* Between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, both of them Ways of Death, or Paſſages to Death; little *Diſtance*, and *Difference* (for *Diſcrimen* ſignifies Both) being between them.

Ver. 896. *This was my laſt of Labours*, &c.] *Ruæus* refers *Hic labor extremus* to *Anchiſes*, not to *Æneas*: I ſuppoſe for This Reaſon, becauſe the latter met with the Storm deſcribed in the Firſt Book after his Departure from *Drepanum*. And indeed, I am far from being ſure that He is not in the right. But then if That be the Senſe, it is obſcure, and too conciſely expreſſed: And therefore with all the other Expoſitors I rather take it as I have rendered it. This ſtrikes the Mind at firſt, and far more properly winds up his whole Diſcourſe. But I cannot by any means underſtand it as Some do (and *Servius* among others) for either *extremus in Drepano*, which is very low Senſe; or *extremus* for *ſæviſſimus*, which is as bad: But as if he ſhould have ſaid, This is the *Laſt* which I *need tell you*: For the Storm which drove us hither, has in my Hearing been told you already: *Ilioneus* having given her an Account of it in the Firſt Book. It was therefore ſufficient for the Hero himſelf to refer to it in That one Line;

Hinc me digreſſum veſtris Deus appulit oris.

The End of the Third Book.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK the FOURTH.

AS the Art and Triumph of Poetry are in nothing more ſeen, and felt, than in *Moving the Paſſions*; *Virgil* has given One Book of his immortal Poem to That Subject: And if ever Subject were exhauſted, certainly This is. It is therefore chiefly in This View that I propoſe to conſider the Fourth Book of the *Æneis*. And for That Reaſon, before I do ſo, it may not be improper to premiſe,

I.

An Eſſay upon the Nature and Art of Moving the Paſſions *in Tragedy, and Epic Poetry; the* Uſefulneſs *of it; and the Cauſes of the* Pleaſure *ariſing from* Terrour *and* Pity.

REaſon commands the Paſſions; and ſo does Eloquence: But in different Reſpects, and by different Applications. Eloquence does it, by *Stirring* them from without; Reaſon, by *Regulating* them within. The latter indeed has the more *direct*,

rect, and *immediate* Empire *over* them: But the former, at the ſame Time, has an exceeding Influence *upon* them. And tho' when they are directed to an undue Object, or raiſed to an undue Height by the Power of Eloquence; Reaſon may juſtly make an Expoſtulation like That of *Neptune* with regard to *Æolus* in the Firſt Book:

Non illi imperium pelagi, ſævumque tridentem,
Sed mihi ſorte datum, &c.

yet the Power, and even Authority, of *Æolus* in *Neptune*'s Dominions was, we know, very great;

Æole, namque tibi divûm pater, atque hominum rex
Et mulcere dedit fluctus, & tollere vento:

Such is the *Union*, and even *Relation*, between the *Subjects* of Thoſe Potentates. And would the One ſend *Winds* only, not *Storms* (unleſs deſired to do ſo) into the Dominions of the Other; there would be no Cauſe of Jealouſy between them: So far from it, that the God of the Sea would be but a poor Aſſiſter to Mariners, were not Himſelf aſſiſted by the God of the Winds. It is juſt ſo in the Caſe now before us: Though Reaſon endeavours to keep the Paſſions in good Order, and to hinder them from Tumults and Rebellion; yet ſhe not only admits, but deſires the Aſſiſtance of Eloquence, to give them a briſk and lively Motion, and to make them *active* as well as *obedient* Subjects.

As there are two Kinds of Eloquence, the one of Oratory, the other of Poetry; *That* indeed being included in *This*, though it is not ſo on the Reverſe; For Poetry has all the Powers of Oratory, beſides Thoſe which are *proper*, and *peculiar* to

to itſelf: The Province of the One is to move the Affections entirely in order to *Perſuaſion*; the Province of the Other is of a far wider Extent, including *That*, and much *more*. Several Sorts of Poems, eſpecially Tragedy, excite all the Paſſions, but more particularly *Pity*, and *Terrour*, very often without any View to Perſuaſion; which always relates to ſome *Action* to be done, or forborn. If it be enquired, to what good Purpoſe then do they *thus* excite the Paſſions? I anſwer, to *regulate* them; or, as *Ariſtotle* expreſſes it, to *purge* them. But can they be regulated by being rouzed, and cooled by being inflamed? Yes; Why not? A Medicine, intended to purge the Body, muſt ſet the Humours afloat in order to diſcharge them: And nothing is more common than to throw a Patient into one Sort of Fever, to cure him of another. Nay, very often an ill Humour is worked off by a Medicine of the ſame Kind with itſelf: Bitter with Bitter, Acid with Acid; and ſo in other Inſtances. * Terrour and Pity (meaning the *Exceſs* of them, for the Paſſions in themſelves are good, and are only to be rectified, not extirpated) are by Theſe Means corrected; becauſe Things frightful, and pitiable, are rendered familiar to us by Fiction: Thoſe Paſſions ſpend themſelves in a great Meaſure upon *imaginary* Objects; and ſo *They* will be the leſs *intenſe*, and *ungovernable*, and the *Mind* leſs likely to be either *broken*, or too much *ſoftened*, whenever it is forced to encounter *real* ones. In Theſe Senſes therefore a Paſſion, by it's Rapidity, may *cleanſe*, and *clarify*, as well as weaken, and reduce itſelf: As a high Wind, which is Air violently agitated, may diſſipate noxious Vapours in

* *See* Milton's *Preface to* Sampſon Agoniſtes.

in the Air itſelf; which would otherwiſe ſtagnate, and breed Nouriſhment for Fevers and Plagues.

But Theſe Species of Poetry (Tragedy in particular) do not only purge Thoſe Affections, *Terrour*, and *Pity*, by *themſelves*; but likewiſe *all others* by *their Means*; by laying before our Eyes the ill Effects of violent Love, Revenge, Anger, Envy, Ambition, and the like; and ſo warning the Mind to be upon her Guard againſt them. The Affections are excited ſeveral Ways: *Bare Deſcription* will do it in ſome Meaſure; and that even in *Painting*, and much more in *Poetry*. But to give us not only the *outward Image*, but the very *Life*, and *Soul* of them, as they reſide and tumultuate both in the Body and Mind; *Speaking* and *Acting* muſt concur. To This therefore *Tragedy* is, of all the Species of Poetry, the beſt adapted; and in This Reſpect ſuperiour to all others. The neareſt to it is *Epic*: Of which there is not ſuch an Inſtance in the World, as the Fourth Book of the *Æneis*; which (as I have elſewhere obſerved) may be called an Heroick Tragedy.

But is there not Danger, that by This poetical Imaging the Paſſions may be *too violently* agitated, and the Patient over-doſed; ſo as to be rather prejudiced, than benefited by it? So far as it relates to the *Iraſcible* Affections, (if I may be permitted to uſe a Scholaſtical Expreſſion) ſuch as are Anger, Fear, Averſion, Grief, *&c.* there is no Danger. For after all, Fiction is *but* Fiction; and the Reader, or Spectator, however concerned, knows it to be ſo: Or if it be the Repreſentation of a real Fact, it is of one long ſince paſt, and in which he has no immediate Intereſt. The Agitation of his Mind ſoon reſts, and ſubſides: The leaſt Diverſion of Ideas reduces it to it's uſual Temper;

Hi

Hi motus animorum, &c. *Pulveris exigui jactu*, &c. And then come the good Effects above-mentioned upon cool Thought, and Reflection. The Organical Part of the Mind (if I may ſo ſpeak) is only play'd upon, as an Inſtrument; and the Motion ſoon ceaſes, after the Artiſt diſcontinues his Performance. Whereas when ſuch an Incident affects Ourſelves, in our own Intereſts and Concernments; it is, like a deep Wound in the Body, not to be ſoon cured.

If it be ſtill urged, that the *very Image* of *ſome* Paſſions actually excites them to an undue Height; eſpecially the Paſſion of *Love*, upon which moſt modern Tragedies turn; that the Repreſentation of ſuch Things to the Mind works much ſtronger upon it, than a Poetical Remedy which comes after, ſhewing the Deſtructiveneſs of That Paſſion in it's Outrage and Exceſs: Since corrupt human Nature is of itſelf too ſtrongly inclined to ſuch Exceſſes; may it not be juſtly ſaid in This Caſe,

Sponte ſua properat, labor eſt inhibere volantem?

And will not the Repreſentation actually inflame, far more than the Poetical Remedy will damp, and correct? To all This I think it muſt be anſwered; *'Tis according as 'tis* repreſented. Doubtleſs as it is managed in moſt of our Modern Tragedies, it does more hurt than good: Tho' even here it is not ſo proper to ſay the Patient is overdoſed, as that the Remedy is ill prepared, and miſ-apply'd, and Poyſon is work'd up with the Medicine. It is one thing to *deſcribe* and *ſhew* the Paſſion (as *Virgil* does) only by it's *Symptoms*, *concomitant Circumſtances*, *Conſequences*, and *Effects*; and another thing to *deſcribe* and *inflame* it (as *Ovid* does) by

it's *Incentives*, and *Allurements*. Of This the Generality of our *Engliſh* Tragedians are extremely guilty; and even the moſt chaſte, and inoffenſive of them have at leaſt been not ſufficiently cautious in This Reſpect. But upon this Article few have more to anſwer for, than the Writers of modern Romances and Novels. Not ſo the ancient Tragedians; not ſo *Virgil*. He *pleaſes* the Mind indeed, but he does not *corrupt* it: He fills it with agreeable, and delightful, not with poyſonous, or noxious Images; with ſuch as recreate and entertain it, not with ſuch as ſoften or unbend it, much leſs with ſuch as vitiate and debauch it. He deſcribes the Paſſion to the laſt Degree, as it reſides and fluctuates in the Mind; but this is ſo far from inclining us *to* it, that it deters us *from* it. Theſe Deſcriptions indeed are delightful: But That Delight ſprings from no vicious Fountain; it ariſes purely from Imitation, and Elegancy; from the Art of the Poet thus painting human Nature to the Life; and laſtly, from that Principle in the Soul, by which we are affected with a Sort of *melancholy Pleaſure* at the Repreſentation of Objects pitiable, and dreadful. What That Principle is, or what the Source of This Tragical Pleaſure, ſhall be the Subject of our next Enquiry.

Pity is certainly one Species of *Grief*: And can Grief be pleaſant? No; but the *ſame Thing* may be *grievous* in *one Reſpect*, and *pleaſant* in *another*. Nay, *Delight* may *reſult* from *Sadneſs*; and we may be glad for being grieved. Thus it *often is*, and *always ought to be*, when we are ſorry for the *Faults committed by Ourſelves*; and the ſame may be ſaid, when we are ſorry for the Misfortunes endured by Others. In both Inſtances we *reflect* with *Pleaſure* upon our *Uneaſineſs*; tho' it be a Contradiction

diction to ſay, that the Uneaſineſs is *itſelf* pleaſant. But then the Courſe of our Ideas in Theſe Caſes is ſo *ſwift* and *rapid*, that the Mind ſeldom *diſtinguiſhes* the *Succeſſion* of them; and That is the Reaſon of the *pleaſing Pain*, as it is called, in Love, Pity, and penitential Sorrow. That any Pain, ſtrictly ſpeaking, ſhould be pleaſant, is a Contradiction in Terms; and yet, even in common Diſcourſe, and much more in Poetry, it is ſometimes elegantly called ſo, becauſe the Succeſſion of Thoſe Ideas is ſo very ſwift, that the Mind does not diſtinguiſh between them in the *preſent actual Sentiment*, however ſhe may do ſo in her After-Thoughts and Reflections. In Compaſſion then we grieve for the Misfortunes of Others; and yet This Grief cauſes Pleaſure; and that upon two Accounts.

In the firſt Place, it proceeds from hence, that if We ourſelves are proſperous, by contemplating the Sufferings of Others, we more clearly perceive, and more fully enjoy, our own Happineſs. According to That known Obſervation of *Lucretius*:

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius ſpectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quenquam eſt jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipſe malis careas quia cernere ſuave eſt.

If We ourſelves are unfortunate, the Complacency proceeds from hence, that by reflecting upon the Sufferings of Others we more patiently endure Our own. Both turn upon Compariſon; upon which in This World a great Part of our Happineſs, or Miſery depends. *Nemo miſer, niſi comparatus*, is a known Saying; and *Nemo felix, niſi comparatus*, is altogether as true a one. But This, it may be ſaid, does not reach the Point, becauſe Pity relates to

Others, not to Ourſelves. To Both, if you pleaſe; It is *ſeated in* Ourſelves, while *referred to* Others. We have not as yet indeed completed the Explication propoſed. To proceed therefore;

This Complacency ſeems partly to ariſe from another Modification of the Soul. Compaſſion being a *generous Principle* of human Nature, the Mind, after having been affected with Pleaſure for the Reaſon above-mentioned, may by a *reflex Act* increaſe That Pleaſure, by *applauding herſelf* with the Thought of That generous Principle. Nor will it be of any Force to alledge, that Theſe Things are inconſiſtent; the one being founded upon Self-Intereſt, the other upon the direct contrary. For we may talk as long as we will of a noble diſintereſted Spirit; ſtill all our Paſſions, and Actions too, will be found ultimately to reſolve into *Self-Love*: I mean as That implies the *Deſire of our own Happineſs*. And even Thoſe Perſons, who are moſt diſintereſted, differ from Others only in This, that *ſome* Actions and Paſſions of the *former* are referred to themſelves more *remotely*, *all* Thoſe of the *latter* more *immediately*; and the Mind does but flatter herſelf, if ſhe thinks otherwiſe. Not but that there is a *real* and very *material* Difference in the Nature of Things, between a *ſelfiſh* and a *generous* Temper; and that too even upon the Diſtinction juſt now mentioned. Both Reaſon and Religion command us to love Others: And *Self-Love*, as it is a *Vice*, (and a moſt deteſtable one it is) conſiſts not in loving Ourſelves, (for the contrary is both irrational and impoſſible) but in *loving nobody but Ourſelves*, or in loving Ourſelves excluſively of all Others. A generous and a ſelfiſh Temper differ in This, that the one is *expanſe* and *diffuſive*; the other, *narrow* and *contracted*: And therefore the one

one is commonly, and with the greateſt Propriety, called *Greatneſs*, the other, *Littleneſs*, of *Soul*. And This *only* is the true Account of the whole Matter: But an Infinity of Circles may be deſcribed within one another; and yet all have the *ſame Centre*. The Soul then being conſcious to herſelf of the *magnanimous* Diſpoſition above-named, to which narrow and contracted Minds are utterly Strangers, does by a reflex Act, as I ſaid, conceive a *New Pleaſure* added to That which *more immediately* ariſes from her own Intereſt.

But what does all This *Philoſophizing* ſignify? Is it ſo in *Fact?* I think it is in *Me*; and I appeal to Others, whether it be not ſo in *Them*. But it muſt be remembered, that it may *really* be ſo, and yet not be always *attended to*, by reaſon of the ſwift Courſe of our Ideas before obſerved. It is evident, that This is a *rational*, not an *animal* Sentiment, becauſe there is no Appearance of Pity in Brutes. The Concern which they ſeem to expreſs for their *Young*, when they are in Pain, or Danger, is manifeſtly of another Kind; proceeding from That Inſtinct which the Creator has implanted in them for the Conſervation of the Species; becauſe they never ſhew any of This Affection in other Inſtances. If what I have hitherto conjectured (for I do not pretend to Demonſtration) ſhall be thought by ſome to turn too much upon *complex Reflection*, and too little upon the *preſent*, *actual*, *ſimple Sentiment* of the Mind; I deſire them to ſuſpend their Judgments 'till they ſhall have peruſed *all* that I have to offer upon Pity and Terrour in Conjunction.

As to That Pleaſure then, which ariſes from a *dreadful* Object, from the τὸ φοβερὸν, as the *Greeks* call it; did we apprehend ourſelves to be in Dan-

ger *from* it, we could never be pleaſed *with* it. If it be aſked, Why however do we not *fear* it; ſince, tho' we apprehend no Danger, it nevertheleſs appears *dreadful?* I anſwer, *For that very Reaſon.* We conceive a Complacency in being *out of harm's way*, as it is vulgarly expreſſed: from ſeeing That which *looks frightful*, and yet is *not feared* by us. And if That of *Julius Cæſar* in *Shakeſpear*,

> ——— *Rather what is to be fear'd,*
> *Than what I fear* ———

could be apply'd to This; it would be better Senſe than at preſent it happens to be: That is, if by *to be feared* were meant no more than *ſeemingly*, not *really*, frightful. For without any Affront to the Courage of That Hero, *Cæſar* muſt have been mad not to fear what was dreadful; ſince it was as *real*, as it was *dreadful.* We love indeed to ſee not only the Pictures of Lions, and Tygers, but Thoſe furious Animals themſelves, provided we are ſecure from them; for then they are *as to Us* only *in Appearance* terrible, not *in Reality:* But ſhould they be at Liberty, and making towards us; our Curioſity would ſoon be over. But then it muſt be confeſſed, we are in ſome meaſure at the firſt Encounter affected with Fear at Theſe Repreſentations: The Courſe of our Ideas (as I have often ſaid, and which we muſt always carefully remember, becauſe the main Streſs of This Subject turns upon it) being ſo quick; that we are ſtartled before we have Time to recollect our Thoughts, and conſider that This is all imaginary: And when we do ſo, That again cauſes our Pleaſure which ariſes from Variety, and Surprize, from the Mind's turning

turning upon itſelf, and, as it were, ſhifting the Scene within us; and from our finding ourſelves to be ſafe, whom we before apprehended to be in Danger.

It is farther to be remarked upon This Head, that one Sentiment is improperly called *Terrour*, which rather ought to be called *Compaſſion*; when without conceiving *ourſelves* even at the *firſt Shock* to be in any manner of Danger, we *fear* for *Others* rather than *for Ourſelves*, and are only frighted, becauſe They *are* ſo, or have *Reaſon to be* ſo. This is rather *Pity*, than *Terrour*; or, if you pleaſe, a *Terrour founded upon Pity:* But however it be, it is evidently of a *different Sort* from That which we are now conſidering.

In a Word, all *Pleaſure* is not *Mirth*; any more than all *agreeable Taſtes* are *ſweet*. And as Children are delighted chiefly with This Reliſh; ſo inferiour and injudicious Perſons are delighted chiefly with That Paſſion. *Pleaſure* is commonly ſaid to be an *Agreement*, and *Pain* a *Diſagreement*, between the *Faculty* and the *Object*; and it is true in one Senſe, though not as it is by Some apprehended. There is certainly as entire an Agreement between the Tongue, and a Draught of Gall, as between the Former, and a Draught of Wine. But the Tongue, it will be ſaid, is the *Organ*, not the *Faculty:* If then they put it higher, and inſtead of the *Organ* ſay the *Common Senſory*; the Thing is ſtill the ſame. But if by the *Faculty* be meant the *Deſire of Happineſs*; The Obſervation is true, but no great Diſcovery: For it amounts to no more than This, that we are happy, when our Deſire of Happineſs is gratify'd. And This Deſire may in ſome Degree be gratify'd by the ſeveral Applications of which we have been diſcourſing, and for

the Reaſons which I have endeavoured to aſſign: And ſo there may be a Pleaſure ariſing from Horrour, and even from Sadneſs itſelf, as well as from Mirth, and Gayety.

But beſides all This, we muſt ever conſider the exquiſite *Art* and *Genius* of the *Poet*, and the *Elegancy* and *Beauty* of *Poetry*, repreſenting Theſe Things in a *Manner* ſo *agreeable to Nature*, and ſo extremely *delightful in itſelf*; by all which we are affected with Pleaſure; and ſhould be pleaſed, even tho' the *Thing in itſelf* were really *diſagreeable*: Pleaſed, not *becauſe* it were ſo, but *notwithſtanding* it were ſo: And This, by the Agreement of the Deſcriptions to our own natural Ideas; which never fails to be delightful; eſpecially when every Circumſtance is embelliſhed and ſet off with all the Ornaments of Wit, and Eloquence. To which muſt be added another Paſſion, and That is *Admiration*: The Pleaſure of which reſults from *Grandeur*, and *Novelty*; always from the Laſt; but chiefly from *Both* in Conjunction: The *One* being agreeable to the *Greatneſs* of the Soul, the *Other* to it's *Imperfection*. And both Theſe in Tragedy, and Epic Poetry, are always ſeen in whatever is pitiable, or dreadful. Upon Theſe Foundations, Things not only ſad, and terrible *in themſelves*, but even grievous *to Us*, and affecting our own Intereſts, may notwithſtanding be very delightful; provided they be not lately tranſacted, and freſh in our Memories: Becauſe *then* the Pain will be ſo very great, as to overpower, if not extinguiſh, the Pleaſure. But if the Diſtance of Time be conſiderable; the Caſe is juſt as I have ſtated it. Who can without a great Degree of melancholy Pleaſure read the Tranſactions in our own Nation, as related by My Lord *Clarendon*; tho' at the

the ſame Time he is almoſt driven to Madneſs by the infatuate Management of the Royal Party on the one Hand, and the unparallel'd Inſolence of the Rebels on the other; the Conſequences of Both which we at This Day ſo ſeverely ſmart for? And why is This, but becauſe Thoſe Events are ſo *Great*, and *New*, that is, ſo *Amazing* in *themſelves*; and becauſe they are the Subject of one of the beſt *Hiſtories* that ever appeared in any Language? And therefore I can never forgive That Noble Hiſtorian for paſſing over in Silence the particular Circumſtances of the Royal Martyr's infamous Tryal, and moſt deplorable Murder. The Reaſons he alledges give me no Satisfaction. Theſe Facts were enlarged upon *by Others*; ſo were moſt (many at leaſt) of the Particulars upon which he is yet very copious: But who could have enlarged upon them, like *Him?* They would *afflict and grieve the Reader:* So does almoſt every Thing he tells us: But the Reader would have thanked him for being *ſo* grieved, and ſo afflicted.

It may be obſerved from what I have ſaid, that there is This Difference between the Two Paſſions upon which I am diſcourſing. When *Terrour* cauſes Pleaſure, the Object muſt be *always imaginary, or at a Diſtance:* But with *Pity* it is otherwiſe: *That* may cauſe Pleaſure from an Object, either near us, or at a Diſtance; real, or fictitious; tho' *chiefly* from the *laſt*.

From what I have offered upon This *difficult*, and *delicate* Subject, it may likewiſe be obſerved, that I place the Reaſons and Foundations of Tragical Complacency not in *Grief* or *Fear* themſelves, in their *own preciſe Nature*, but in certain *Adjuncts*, or *concomitant Circumſtances*, with which they may be attended. And for This my Account

will perhaps be thought defective by Some, who may imagine that *Grief* itſelf, or *as ſuch*, is ſometimes a *Pleaſure*; as in the Caſe of Perſons overrun with *Melancholy*. If by That Word be meant a *Thoughtful*, or *Contemplative* Diſpoſition; This is quite another Thing; and the Perſon is not *ſad*, but *ſerious*. If they mean Thoſe who are little better than *mad* by the *Diſeaſe* of Melancholy; I confeſs I do not inſtance in That pleaſant Grief, becauſe I am ſatisfy'd there is no ſuch Thing in Nature. They indeed may take Pleaſure in *Moping*, and *Dozing*; they may, as *Some others*, who are *leſs unhappy*, moſt certainly do, delight in *Solitude*, and *Retirement*,

In liſt'ning to the Winds, and beating Rain,

As Mr. *Rowe* moſt elegantly repreſents That Idea. I ſay they *may*; and they *may not* too: For I much queſtion whether they really take Pleaſure in *any Thing*. I am ſure they do not in their *Grief* itſelf: It being as impoſſible that Grief, *as ſuch*, ſhould be pleaſant, as that Pleaſure ſhould be Pain, or Miſery be Happineſs.

How *Virgil* in This Book has moved the Paſſions, and affected us with This Tragical Pleaſure, ſhall in the next Place be particularly conſidered.

II.

Remarks upon the Fourth Book, ſo far as it deſcribes *the* Paſſions in general; *and* moves *Thoſe of* Terrour, *and* Pity *in* particular.

Virgil has, in a Multitude of other Places throughout his Poem, given us ſufficient Specimens of his Skill and Genius in *deſcribing*, and *moving* the

the Paſſions. But here is ſuch a Mixture of the *Pathetical*, the *Terrible*, and the *Marvellous*, as *Virgil* himſelf has no where equaled. He was reſolved to go to the Bottom of the Subject once for all; to ſhew us what the greateſt of Poets was capable of doing, and what the Mind of Man is capable of ſuffering. In order to This, he choſe the Paſſion of *Love*; which indeed is a Complication of *all the reſt*. Any *other* of the Affections, eſpecially *Anger*, when violently agitated, may be called a *Storm*: But This is not only a Storm, but a *Hurricane*: The Wind blows from all Points of the Compaſs at once;

Una Euruſque, Notuſque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus, & vaſtos volvunt ad littora fluctus.

Hope, Fear, Deſire, Joy, Anger, Grief and Deſpair, Pleaſure and Pain, all Theſe Contraries united are but ſo many Modifications of This Paſſion: Nay, *Hate* itſelf is a Symptom of *Love*;

Nulla vis flammæ, tumidique venti
Tanta, nec teli metuenda torti,
Quanta, cum conjux viduata tædis
Ardet, & odit *.

For we ſpeak only of *unſucceſsful* Love, to which alone This Character belongs: There being no Doubt but This Paſſion may glide gently, and ſmoothly, in its own Channel, as well as any other; if it meets with little, or no Oppoſition: If it meets with much, it is of all Tempeſts the moſt outrageous. To expreſs its Fury with the greater Force and Energy, *Virgil* has placed the Seat of it

* Senec. Medea.

it in a *great Mind*, and at the ſame Time a *female one:* Nothing being ſo likely to diſplay it in it's full Rage, as the *Haughtineſs* of the *Queen* on the one Hand, and the *Weakneſs* of the *Woman* on the other. I propoſed elſewhere * to give an entire Analyſis of This Book ſo far as it relates to the Paſſions; but afterwards imagining it might be too tedious for a Lecture, being only interſperſed with other Matters, I broke it off in the Middle. Having now a more proper Opportunity, I ſhall purſue it at large; only begging Leave to tranſlate ſo much as I have already remarked in a different Language.

In the firſt Place This unfortunate Queen gives us to underſtand what *Love* is, while ſhe thus accoſts her Siſter:

Anna Soror, quæ me ſuſpenſam inſomnia terrent!
Quis novus hic noſtris ſucceſſit ſedibus hoſpes!
Quem ſeſe ore ferens! quam forti pectore, & armis! &c.

And a little after,

Anna (fatebor enim) miſeri poſt fata Sichæi, &c.
Solus hic inflexit ſenſus animumque labantem
Impulit, *&c*

The Elegancy of which laſt Words, by the Way, is inexpreſſible. But then *Modeſty* ſtands in the Way of Love; and Thus exerts itſelf:

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiſcat, &c.
Ante, Pudor, *quàm te violo, aut tua jura reſolvo.*
Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit; ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulchro.

While

* Præl. Poet

While *Æneas* is only preparing to leave her, She *complains* indeed very much, *expoſtulates* the intended Injury, expreſſes *Fear*, and *Grief* in *Herſelf*, and endeavours to excite *Pity* in *Him:*

Diſſimulare etiam ſperaſti, &c.
Nec te noſter amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido? &c.

But after his Anſwer, openly declaring the fixed Purpoſe of his Mind; from *Prayers* and *Tears*, ſhe is driven to *Indignation*, to *Rage*, to *Madneſs:*

Talia dicentem jamdudum averſa tuetur,
Huc illuc volvens oculos; totumque pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; & ſic accenſa profatur.
Nec tibi Diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
Perfide; ſed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucaſus, Hyrcanæque admôrunt ubera tigres.

Through all That Speech, the ſeveral Parts of which can never be too much admired, by Exclaiming, Interrogating, Accuſing Gods and Men, and ſtabbing the Hero with Threats and Imprecations, ſhe ſo ſtorms and burns with Fury; that one would think it impoſſible ſhe ſhould ever be appeaſed. She is carry'd off then in a Fainting Fit: And how do we find her, when ſhe Next appears upon the Stage?

Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?
Ire iterum in lacrimas, iterum tentare precando
Cogitur, & ſupplex animos ſubmittere amori.

She then intreats, and conjures her Siſter, and gives her a *ſupplicatory* Meſſage to be carry'd to *Æneas*;

Æneas; than which nothing can be more *ſoft*, and *ſubmiſſive*, or better adapted to move *Compaſſion*.

Hunc ego ſi potui tantum ſperare dolorem,
Et perferre, ſoror, potero; miſeræ hoc tamen unum
Exequere, Anna, mihi; ſolam nam perfidus ille
Te colere, arcanos animi tibi credere ſenſus;
Sola viri molles aditus, & tempora nôras.
I, ſoror, atque hoſtem ſupplex affare ſuperbum.

In her former Speech ſhe had, with the utmoſt Indignation, thrown out Theſe Reproaches;

Nuſquam tuta fides; ejectum littore, ejectum
Accepi, & regni demens in parte locavi;
Amiſſam claſſem, ſocios à morte reduxi.
Heu! furiis incenſa feror, &c.

How unlike to This which follows!

Non ego cum Danaïs Trojanam excindere gentem
Aulide juravi, claſſemve ad Pergama miſi,
Nec patris Anchiſæ cinerem, manesve revelli;
Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in auras?

In the ſame foregoing Speech ſhe had raved in Theſe Expreſſions:

—— *Neque te teneo, neque dicta refello:*
I, ſequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas;
Spero equidem mediis, ſi quid pia numina poſſunt,
Supplicia hauſurum ſcopulis ——

Now ſhe ſpeaks a quite different Language:

Quo

Quo ruit? extremum hoc miſeræ det munus amanti;
Expectet facilemque fugam, ventoſque ferentes:
Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro,
Nec pulchro ut Latio careat, regnumque relinquat;
Tempus inane peto, requiem, ſpatiumque furori,
Dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolere.

M Than which ſix Lines, (eſpecially the two laſt, which are ſome of the beſt in all *Virgil*'s Works) nothing can be more *tender*, and *moving*, as well as *elegant*. That Man muſt be void not only of *Genius*, but of *Humanity*, who is not affected both with *Pity* and *Admiration*, both with *Grief*, and *Pleaſure*, by That *ſweet* and *ſoft Complaining*; which is the Perfection of Art and Nature.

This moſt pathetical Speech failing; her Paſſion is deſcribed by the Poet more at large: And Prodigies are introduced to add to the Horrour. Magical Arts are tried next; and after they are over, ſhe is brought in alone, at Midnight, converſing with herſelf in a Speech, which is wholly of the deliberative Kind:

En! quid ago? rurſuſne procos irriſa priores
Experiar? &c. ———

And after various Methods propoſed, the melancholy Debate is concluded with this diſmal Reſolution:

Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem

And here one would have thought the Speech ſhould have ended: But you are ſurprized with This Turn by way of Apoſtrophe to her Siſter;

Tu

Tu lacrimis evicta meis, tu prima furentem
His, germana, malis oneras, atque objicis hoſti.

And the Whole is finiſhed by That elegantly unconnected Sentence;

Non ſervata fides cineri promiſſa Sichæo.

But then after ſhe finds *Æneas* is actually ſailed; ſhe breaks out into a Speech, which I take to be abſolutely the very beſt that ever was made, to expreſs the Conflict of the Paſſions:

——— *Proh Jupiter! Ibit*
Hic, ait, & noſtris illuſerit advena regnis?

It begins in an abrupt, ſudden Manner, in the Middle of a Verſe, with an *Exclamation*, and a *Queſtion*, in a Breath. One ſtarts, when one reads it. The firſt Thought was naturally how to bring him back; and ſo ſhe talks of Impoſſibilities:

Non arma expedient? totaque ex urbe ſequentur?
Diripientque rates alii navalibus? Ite,
Ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos.

But ſhe returns to her Senſes in the next Words, and for That Reaſon her Anguiſh is ſo much the greater:

Quid loquor? aut ubi ſum? quæ mentem inſania mutat?
Infelix Dido! nunc te fata impia tangunt!
Tum decuit, cum ſceptra dabas ———

Then ſhe falls to reproaching him Ironically;

——— *En?*

——— *En! dextra, fideſque,*
Quem ſecum patrios aiunt portare penates, &c.

But an Irony was too cold: She could not ſtop There; and ſo from That ſhe immediately flies off to Rage and Revenge inexpreſſible.

Non potui abreptum divellere corpus? & undis
Spargere? non ſocios? non ipſum abſumere ferro
Aſcanium? patriiſque epulandum apponere menſis?

And then by raiſing and anſwering a Doubt, and an Objection, ſhe makes her Revenge, and Deſpair more direful:

Verum anceps pugnæ fuerat fortuna; fuiſſet:
Quem metui moritura? faces in caſtra tuliſſem,
Impleſſemque foros flammis, natumque, patremque,
Cum genere, extinxem—memet ſuper ipſa dediſſem.

But the fineſt Turn of all is yet to come: For after all This Rage and Madneſs, and Variety of Paſſion, expreſſed in the moſt rapid Style, with ſhort, quick Sentences, Queſtions, Exclamations, &c. in the very next Words, between which and the foregoing ſhe muſt be imagined to have paufed, and panted, and taken Breath; ſhe cools, and ſettles, falls into the long and ſlow Style, and prays for Plagues upon the Head of her falſe Lover, with ſuch religious Formality, and Solemnity of Horrour, as is enough to chill one's Blood while one reads it.

Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia luſtras,
Tuque, harum interpres curarum, & conſcia Juno,
Nocturniſque, Hecate, triviis ululata per urbes,

Et

Et Diræ ultrices, & Dii morientis Eliſæ;
Accipite hæc, meritumque malis advertite numen,
Et noſtras audite preces———

And ſo goes on curſing, and imprecating, to the End of the Speech; in all which, I think, *Virgil* betrays no great Want of *Fire*, and does not appear to have had ſo *cold an Invention*, as a very great Man imagines. I leave the other Parts of it, which are altogether admirable, to the diſtinct Conſideration of the Reader: And ſhall only obſerve upon it farther, that I much queſtion whether *Virgil* did not leave the laſt Verſe imperfect, at *Imprecor, arma armis*——and whether ſome Editor did not fill it up, with *pugnent ipſique nepotes*; which ſeems to be a very flat and bald Hemiſtich, (more like one of *Ovid*'s, than of *Virgil*'s) eſpecially at the very Concluſion of ſo noble a Speech; and yet more eſpecially ſince it is a Tautology with

Tum vos, ô Tyrii, ſtirpem, & genus omne futurum
Exercete odiis, &c.

Juſt before her Death, all Rage and Violence languiſhes and dies away; and every thing is coolly ſad and mournful.

Hic poſtquam Iliacas veſtes, notumque cubile
Conſpexit, &c.
Dulces exuviæ, &c.
——meque his exolvite curis.
Vixi, & quem dederat curſum fortuna peregi, &c.
Felix! heu! nimium felix, ſi littora tantum
Nunquam Dardaniæ tetigiſſent noſtra carinæ.

Only

Only her Rage, like a dying Taper, juſt reſumes Strength enough to flaſh at laſt, and enable her to ſtrike the fatal Blow;

Dixit; & os impreſſa toro, moriemur inultæ?
Sed moriamur, ait: ſic, ſic juvat ire ſub umbras, &c.

I cannot imagine, by the way, why Mr. *Cowley*, and Others, ſhould make ſuch a Difficulty in the laſt Clauſe, —— *ſic, ſic juvat ire ſub umbras.* The Words are plain and elegant; nor is there the leaſt reaſonable Suſpicion of their being ſpurious; nor any Need of an Interrogation at the firſt *Sic*: The Meaning is clear; Die *even ſo*, even unrevenged, rather than *not at all*; as Mr. *Dryden* juſtly renders it,

On any Terms, 'tis better than to live.

And ſo far is That *Repetition* from being exceptionable, ſo far is the firſt *Sic* from wanting an Interrogation-point, that methinks I ſee her ſtrike *two Strokes* while ſhe pronounces Thoſe Words; and I am confident *Virgil* intended by That Repetition to convey That Image to the Mind. As in another Place,

—— *Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas*
Immolat ——

He does not in either Place intimate, that the Strokes were given *after* the Speech, but *in* it;

Dixerat, atque illam media inter talia ——
Hoc dicens *ferrum adverſo ſub pectore* ——

But

But to return. What I have cited is chiefly in *Speeches* expreſſing the Queen's Paſſion: which the Poet could no way ſo well repreſent as in her own Words. And for This Reaſon it is that Tragedy is fitteſt to expreſs Paſſion; becauſe the Perſons themſelves appear, and ſpeak, and act their own Sentiments. But before I leave This Subject, I will deſire the Reader to obſerve how the Poet *deſcribes* her Frenzy even in the *Narrative* Way. The very Opening of the Book gives us the Nature, and Symptoms of This Diſeaſe, in ſuch Words as no Proſe can equal.

At Regina gravi jamdudum ſaucia cura
Vulnus alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni.

And ſo on to

———*dat cura quietem.*

The Subject is reſumed at *Ver.* 65. after the Ceremonies in the Temple. As Perfection is ſuperiour to Praiſe; no more ſhall be ſaid of This Deſcription to *Ver.* 85.———*infandum ſi fallere poſſet amorem*, farther than to take Notice of That beautiful Tranſition from the religious Solemnity of Prayers and Sacrifices, to

Heu! vatum ignaræ mentes! quid vota furentem,
Quid delubra juvant? eſt mollis flamma medullas
Interea, & tacitum vivit ſub pectore vulnus:

together with the inchanting *Pathos*, and Elegancy of Thoſe Expreſſions; as alſo of That,

Iliacoſque iterum demens audire labores
Expoſcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.

To

To remark upon the reſt, would be to tranſcribe the whole Paſſage; which would be leſſened by any other Commendation.

But the greateſt Curioſity in This *Narrative* Part is to obſerve how the Poet *works up* the Paſſion by *juſt Degrees*, and riſes at every Period: Thoſe *Periods* being like the diſtinct *Scenes*, or rather *Acts* in a Play. The Queen's Love being already deſcribed, ſhe perceives her Lover's Deſign of leaving her;

At Regina dolos (quis fallere poſſit amantem?)
Præſentit ———

Then after ſhe had raved at him, and was carry'd off in a Swoon, and being again come to herſelf ſees them preparing to ſail;

Quis tibi nunc Dido cernenti talia ſenſus?
Quoſve dabas gemitus, cum littora fervere late
Proſpiceres arce ex ſumma, totumque videres
Miſceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus æquor?

None of her pathetical Entreaties prevailing; after

Talibus orabat, taleſque miſerrima fletus
Fertque, refertque ſoror; ſed nullis ille movetur
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit, &c.
Mens immota manet, lacrimæ volvuntur inanes;

It follows Thus;

Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat, tædet cœli convexa tueri.

And then the Prodigies are deſcribed; and her Frenzy exceedingly heightened.

Ergo

Ergo ubi concepit furias evicto dolore,
Decrevitque mori, &c.

Then follows the diſmal Ceremony of the Enchantreſs; and That being ended,

Nox erat; & placidum carpebant feſſa ſoporem
Corpora per terras, &c.

From which celebrated Deſcription of the Night, concluding with

Lenibant curas, & corda oblita laborum,

He gives This ſudden, unexpected Turn;

At non infelix animi Phœniſſa; neque unquam
Solvitur in ſomnos, oculiſve aut pectore noctem
Accipit; ingeminant curæ, rurſuſque reſurgens
Sævit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat Eſtu.

We are now come to the Laſt Scene of This Tragedy: The Nurſe is diſmiſſed; the Queen is left alone; and the Poet proceeds thus:

At trepida, & cœptis immanibus effera Dido,
Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculiſque trementes
Interfuſa genas, & pallida morte futura,
Interiora domûs irrumpit limina, &c.——

In which whole Deſcription it is impoſſible to determine, whether the *Pathetical*, or the *Elegant*, be more remarkable.

I have thus conſidered This admirable *Machine* in the Groſs; and then taken it in Pieces, and deſcanted

ed particularly upon the ſeveral Wheels, and Springs of it by themſelves: I mean upon *many* of them; for it would be endleſs to deſcant upon *all*. Or rather, I have conſidered them like the ſeveral Powers, and Faculties, Actions, and Paſſions of the *Soul*; which are only capable of being *diſtinctly Contemplated*, but cannot be *really Separated*.

III.

Some Objections againſt the Fourth Book examined.

SO much has been ſaid by Monſieur *Segrais*, and from Him by Mr. *Dryden* *, concerning the famous *Anachroniſm* in making *Dido* to be contemporary with *Æneas*; that I ſhall only tranſlate what is urged by the Former. To which indeed nothing need be added; it being ſufficient to ſhew that This wrong Chronology, if it be ſo, (whether it be, or not, I will be no Judge) is ſo far from being a Fault, that it is a very great Beauty in This Poem. "I find, ſays Monſieur *Segrais* †, ſuch a "Diverſity of Opinions upon This Anachroniſm, "and the Matter has been ſo diſputed; that I do "not pretend to go to the Bottom of it. Mr. *l'Abbé* "*de Maroles*, who by his Tranſlation of all the "Poets has amaſſed a World of Learning, has "compoſed a Treatiſe in which he pretends to have "proved that all the Genealogies of ancient Ages "have a Relation to This Opinion of *Virgil*'s. He "moreover alledges, that the Contemporaries of "This Poet were ſo far from making This Ob-"jection; that it paſſed at *Rome* as an Opinion "generally

* *Dedication of the* Æneis, *p.* 222, 223, &c.
† *Pref. p.* 42, 43, &c.

" generally received ; *Ovid* taking notice of it, as " well as *Virgil*. The Reverend *P. l'Abbé* the Je- " ſuit, who was very well verſed in Hiſtory, has " undertaken to prove the contrary. I have been " informed by the learned Mr. *Bochart*, that This " Anachroniſm cannot be conteſted ; but that This " Difficulty cannot be cleared up any otherwiſe " than by the Truths of the Holy Bible ; upon " which alone the Chronology of the *Tyrians* can " be juſtified. And as it is apparent that the Bible " was never read by *Virgil* ; it was upon this that " he would have excuſed him, had Thoſe Faults " been of ſo great Conſequence as Some imagine. " This great Perſon, who by the Confeſſion of " all the Learned, had the deepeſt Inſight into " This obſcure Antiquity, was better qualified than " any Man to give us a clear Account of it. He " had once That Deſign ; but Death prevented " him.—— Not pretending of myſelf, to decide " a Queſtion, which requires ſo much Learning, I " am content to admire with *Taſſo*, (whether *Æ-* " *neas* were contemporary with This Queen, or " not) the admirable Invention of *Virgil*, who was " able to find out in the Hiſtory of This Hero, a " Source of the Hatred between *Rome* and *Car-* " *thage*, even in the very Foundation of their Walls. " I cannot moreover upon This Occaſion diſſem- " ble my Opinion, that of all the Faults which a " Poet can commit, Thoſe which are againſt pro- " found Learning are the leaſt conſiderable : and " eſpecially when the Queſtion turns only upon a " Point of Learning, obſcure, ancient, or embar- " raſſed, as This did ; which related to the Anti- " quity of eleven hundred Years, at a Time when " Books were not ſo eaſily perpetuated as they are " at preſent. For tho' a Poet ought to be learned ;

" yet

" yet we never desire him to be more learned,
" than delightful. That great Judgment, which
" made Rules, has reserved to it self the Empire
" *over* them, and never intended to be enslaved *by*
" them. Besides; If the general Maxim of Poe-
" try be always to prefer That which is *probable*,
" and *pleasing*, to That which is *true*, and *shock-*
" *ing*, why had not *Virgil* the Power to suppose by
" a Poetical Fiction that *Dido* lived in the Time of
" *Æneas*, even tho' he knew the contrary, in or-
" der to find in This Fable the Original of Those
" Wars between *Rome*, and *Carthage*, and the
" Subject of Those beautiful Events which he de-
" scribes? Why shall he be condemned for having
" made a Fiction contrary to the Order of Time;
" if other Poets are sometimes permitted to make
" them, contrary to the Order of Nature? Would
" he have been the less a Poet, tho' he had never
" learned Chronology? There are no Faults pro-
" perly so called, says *Aristotle*, but those which
" are made contrary to the Art which one pro-
" fesses *: insomuch that there are certain affected
" Ignorances, which appear with a good Grace.
" Extremes only are faulty in This Case, as well as
" in all Others. It would not have been allowable
" to contradict a Point of History known to all the
" World: For Example, to make *Scipio* and *Han-*
" *nibal* Contemporaries with *Alexander*, and to re-
" present them as intimate Friends. But in This
" profound Antiquity, which one must study as
" profoundly, in order to strike out the least Light
" from it, a great Poet *may*, and *should*, speak of
" things

* *This tho', with* Aristotle's *Leave, requires some Explanation, to make it Truth, or good Sense.*

" things, not as he can diſcover them to have
" really been, but as they are capable of embeliſh-
" ing his Subject. It is for This, that he is even
" adviſed to chuſe a Subject diſtant from his own
" Age, rather than too near it. The Beauty of
" Theſe Boldneſſes raiſes Poetry above Learning
" itſelf; For it is more eaſy to *learn* how things
" have *actually paſſed*, than by *Invention* to *make*
" them *agreeable*. A Man may ſtudy as long as
" he will; he will never make a good Poem, if
" he has not a Genius to feign and invent. Pro-
" vided his Inventions pleaſe, (as they always do,
" when they are natural, and the Event anſwers,
" as in This Fiction of *Virgil*'s) the Work will al-
" ways ſucceed. For queſtionleſs if we ſhould aſk
" Thoſe who are moſt forward to decry This Paſ-
" ſage, whether they would have had him follow
" the Hiſtory; Their Thoughts muſt be very ill
" turned, to chuſe rather that he ſhould have de-
" prived his *Æneis* of This rich Ornament, than
" have contradicted an Hiſtory involved in the
" Darkneſs of ſo many barbarous Ages. The moſt
" Critical will allow, that there is more *Judgment*
" in *committing this Fault*, if it be one, than there
" would have been in *not committing* it. This is
" the Opinion of *Scaliger*; and of Mr. *Bochart*, as
" will be ſeen in a learned Diſſertation upon This
" Argument, which he did me the Honour to ad-
" dreſs to me. If a Poet muſt be ſubject to the
" exact Truth; he carries the Matter much far-
" ther than This Anachroniſm: and I believe it
" would be difficult to prove that *Æneas* was ever
" in *Italy*, againſt Thoſe ſtrong Authorities which
" he produces to the contrary. But he himſelf
" anſwers, and concludes, as I do, that This Re-
" ſearch of Truth is by no means the Buſineſs of

" a

" a Poet. The very Foundation of the *Æneis* may " be no more than a Fable; and He is of That " Opinion for three ſtrong Reaſons. The Firſt is " grounded upon the Explication of ſome Paſſages " in *Homer*, and upon the Teſtimonies of ancient " Hiſtory: which relate that *Æneas* died before " the Walls of *Troy*, and that he left Children " which reigned there for many Ages. The Se- " cond is taken from the Religion of the *Trojans*, " and the Gods which *Æneas* muſt have brought " into *Italy*, of which he finds not the leaſt Traces " in the Antiquities of *Rome*. The Third is taken " from the *Phrygian* or *Trojan* Language; which " he would likewiſe have brought with him, and " of which ſome Words muſt have continued in " the Latin Tongue, as well as of the Languages " of other Nations, with which the *Romans* had " any Intercourſe or Correſpondence. But tho' he " eſtabliſhes his Opinion upon very good Argu- " ments; he ſhews nevertheleſs that This great " Poet was in the right in founding his *Æneis* upon " a contrary Opinion, ſince it was univerſally re- " ceived at *Rome*. For This purpoſe, he ſhews that " it was received, more than two hundred Years " before, by all the Poets, Hiſtorians, Orators, and " Criticks: That even ſeveral *Greek* Authors were " of the ſame Sentiments: Not to mention *Julius* " *Cæſar*, and *Auguſtus* his adopted Son; Who deep- " ly intereſted themſelves in authorizing This Chi- " mæra; to make it believed that the Family of " the *Cæſars* was deſcended from *Æneas*, and by " conſequence from *Venus* and *Jupiter*; which ren- " dered them the more Conſiderable among the " People, who fed themſelves with the Flattery of " Theſe vain Imaginations. He proves that the " Conſent of the Senate and People confirmed

" This Belief; and that all the *Romans* preſumed
" themſelves to be deſcended from the *Trojans*. —
" In a Word, he concludes, as I have done upon
" the Subject of This Anachroniſm, that tho' *Vir-*
" *gil* had fully known the Falſity of This Opinion,
" he ought not to have oppoſed it; ſince the State
" and the Emperour loved This Errour, and were
" intereſted to ſupport it: And it is not the Buſi-
" neſs of Poets to teach exact Truth. He diſcuſſes
" This Queſtion with ſo much Learning, and ſo
" at large, that I will ſay no more of it. This
" Reflection is ſo far from Deſtroying the Beauty
" of Poetry, and its Inventions, that it Diſcovers
" them to the greater Advantage. Their Charms
" are ſo powerful, that they darken the cleareſt
" Light, and weaken the ſtrongeſt Knowledge.
" Theſe Fables, theſe Lyes, theſe Impoſtures, be-
" come the Admiration and Entertainment of the
" whole World, and in Proceſs of Time the ge-
" neral Opinion of the People. We are ſo preju-
" diced in their Favour, that we hate Thoſe who
" are willing to maintain the contrary. Yet it is
" only the Imagination of a Man that does all This;
" but doubtleſs it is not without ſome Reaſon that
" ſuch a one has been ſuppoſed to have been even
" acted by a Sort of Divine Spirit. If one com-
" pares the Effects of the fineſt Hiſtory with Thoſe
" of the fineſt Poetry, what are Thoſe beautiful
" Truths which Hiſtory has ever made ſo publick,
" as Poetry has made it's Fictions? How many
" Perſons are there who have read *Virgil* and
" *Homer*, and even learned the greateſt Part of
" their Works by Heart, in Compariſon of Thoſe
" (tho' many) who have read the beſt *Greek*, or
" *Latin* Hiſtorians?

Thus

Thus far Monſieur *Segrais*; and Mr. *Dryden* is not only of the ſame Opinion, but delivers it in almoſt the ſame Words.

As to the *Behaviour* of *Æneas* upon This Occaſion (which is a more dreadful Objection than the Former) his *Parting* from the Queen, and his pretended *Inſenſibility* at their Parting; the Subſtance of what has been ſaid by both Thoſe great Men, and ſomething more, ſhall be laid before the Reader.

Whatever Obligations the Hero had to the Queen in Point of Gratitude, and whatever Attachments in Point of Love, he had *prior*, and *ſuperiour* ones to the Gods, and his Country. But why then did he ſuffer himſelf to be engaged in This Amour, Contract, or Marriage (for I ſcarce know by what Name to call it) when he could not but foreſee that the Conſequences of it muſt, one way or other, be very dangerous, if not fatal? I ſay, I *ſcarce* know by what Name to call it: For 'tis a ſtrange perplexed Buſineſs, a Sort of Wedding, and no Wedding, as the Poet has managed it. Which I do not mention as a *Fault*, but as a *Beauty*. That it was by Deſign, is beyond all Diſpute: For that *Virgil* could fall into ſuch a *ſeeming* Inconſiſtency by a *Miſtake*, cannot be conceived. I ſaid a *ſeeming* Inconſiſtency; for after all, it is no more, it being pretty plain, to a cloſe Obſerver, by what Name This Adventure is to be called. But then the Poet has ſo puzzled us with ambiguous Expreſſions, backwards, and forwards, that all Indecency is covered by That Amuſement. And This is ſuch an Inſtance of artful Refinement as is hardly to be equalled. I was of this Opinion, long before I knew any thing of Monſieur *Segrais*'s Tranſlation, and am confirmed in it by what he ſays in his Remark upon the

166th Verſe of the Original, *Speluncam Didoſ*, &c. "If ever *Virgil* (ſays he) ſhewed his Addreſs in "making things underſtood, only by *glancing*, and "*lightly touching* upon them, it is doubtleſs in "This Paſſage, at which it was ſo eaſy to make a "falſe Step. All the Commentators praiſe his Mo-"deſty and his Delicacy: And in Truth one can "never too much admire the Art which he has "found out, to *ſay, and not to ſay* a thing which "might ſhock good Manners, and give a Handle "to Raillery. It looks as if in this Place he affec-"ted on Purpoſe to be obſcure; he who is ſo clear "every where elſe. He ſo well perplexes This Af-"fair, that every body may explain it as he pleaſes. "He even uſes the Word *ululârunt* in Latin, to "ſignify the Aſtoniſhment of the Nymphs; and "in That Language This Term is equivocal either "to Grief, or Joy: The reſt makes an Alluſion to "the Ceremonies which the Ancients obſerved in "their Marriages, as all the Commentators have "explained it." This in the main is very juſtly obſerved: Only I do not agree with him about the Word *ululârunt*, not remembering to have ſeen it ever apply'd to Joy. But then This affected Obſcurity and Ambiguity is chiefly at This Place, at the *Cave*, to amuſe the Reader, with *pronuba Juno*, &c. and to divert him from any indecent Reflection. I ſay it is *chiefly here*, and for *That Reaſon*: For tho' in other Places it is called a *Marriage*, not only by the Queen her ſelf (which is nothing ſtrange)

Per connubia noſtra, per inceptos Hymenæos, &c.

but by *Juno*, the Goddeſs of Marriage, who undertakes the Management of it,

Connubio

Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriamque dicabo;

yet it is plain the Poet thought otherwiſe:

Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam.

For tho' there are all the Nuptial Ceremonies, to amuſe us, yet they are all performed by the Goddeſs, by the Earth, the Sky, and the Nymphs, not by any Mortals: And *Æneas* himſelf declares he never intended a Marriage,

——*Nec conjugis unquam*
Prætendi tædas, aut hæc in fœdera veni.

And therefore after all, *it was a Fault in him*, tho' he was *driven* to it by the Goddeſſes, *Juno*, and *Venus*. But tho' as to their *own Conduct* in This Affair, they may be ſuppoſed by the Poet to have had a diſpenſing Power, and tho' their Impulſe may in a great Meaſure *excuſe* him, yet it does not *juſtify* him. It was a Fault therefore in *Him*, but not in the *Poet*: For why muſt the One be ſuppoſed faultleſs by the Other? This was a Blemiſh in *Æneas*'s Character; which *Virgil* very well knew; but thought it not improper to put This Blot in his Eſcutcheon: To ſhew us, that tho' he was a Hero, *i. e.* a tranſcendently great, and good Man; yet he was ſtill *but a Man*. The Reaſons which induced him to inſert This Epiſode have been already taken Notice of: Mr. *Dryden* mentions another, which was to flatter *Auguſtus* upon his Divorce from *Scribonia*. But we know That Emperour not only left his own Wife, but took another Man's: And if the Caſes had been parallel (as they

are very far from it) I dare ſay *Virgil* was a Man of too much Vertue to flatter his Maſter in his Vices. For if his Divorcing *Scribonia*, and taking *another* Wife, was, as Mr. *Dryden* affirms, no more than a Matter of Gallantry among the *Romans*, yet to take *another Man*'s Wife (for ſuch was *Livia*, and big with Child too at the ſame Time) was, in Conjunction with the other, a moſt ſcandalous Action, even in Their Opinion. Sure I am, Mr. *Dryden* upon This Occaſion, pretending in his own Proſe to give us the Senſe of what *Virgil* ſays in Verſe, puts a moſt ſcandalous Speech into the Mouth of *Æneas*, ſtuffed with Jeſts, Inſulting, and Ribaldry, of which there is not the leaſt Hint in the Original, but the direct Contrary. *Cotton*'s Burleſque is full as ſerious, and more modeſt.

This *Love-Affair* therefore was certainly a Fault in the *Hero*, tho' not in the *Poet*. But as to his *Inſenſibility* at Parting, the other Branch of the Accuſation, it is notoriouſly *falſe in Fact*.

——obnixus curam ſub corde premebat.
——magno perſentit pectore curas.
At pius Æneas, quanquam lenire dolentem
Solando cupit, & dictis avertere curas:
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore--

He does not whine indeed like our Romance-Heroes, whoſe only Vertue conſiſts in Love, and Fighting: But he is repreſented as being diſtreſſed for the Conſequence of This unhappy Affair; deeply affected with Love, and Pity; yet reſolved to prefer his Duty to his Paſſion, and not to repair one Fault by committing another.

Juſſa tamen divûm exequitur——

The

The Behaviour is as it ſhould be, and no reaſonable Objection can be urged againſt it.

Others alledge againſt This Book, that the Epiſode of *Dido* and *Æneas* is too long, and that, while it continues, the Action ſtands ſtill. Admitting it did, it would be no Fault; as I have already ſhewn in my Preface. But beſides, The very *Interruptions* and *Hindrances* of an Action, if they be, as This is, related, and conſidered *as ſuch*, are in a wide Senſe, commonly, and properly enough, called *Parts* of it: Tho' (as I ſaid in my Preface, concerning *Homer*'s Iliad) it may not be very congruous to call ſuch an Interruption the *main Action it ſelf*. Or if they *may not* be *called* (as, *ſtrictly ſpeaking*, they certainly *are not*) *Parts* of the Action, they are *important Incidents immediately relating to the Action*, and as *nearly affecting* it, as if they were *Parts* of it, and That is ſufficient. To reſume the Compariſon mentioned in my Preface: Suppoſe a General making a Campaign ſhould, even for a conſiderable Time, be diverted from the Operations of it by ſome extraordinary Incident, nay by one of the very ſame Kind with This of which we are now ſpeaking, and afterwards purſue, and finally execute his original Deſign: This Incident would not only make a proper, and even neceſſary Part of his *Hiſtory*, but his Behaviour upon it would, in Conjunction with his other Proceedings, be called a Part of the *Campaign*. The Deſign of *Venus*, as it is related in the Firſt Book, in kindling Love between *Dido* and *Æneas*, was to prevent any Miſchief which might happen to the latter, by the ſuppoſed Falſhood and Treachery of the former. And here in This Fourth Book, 'tis a Caſt of *Juno*'s Policy, ſince ſhe could not prevent That Love, to

divert the Hero from *Italy* by this new Treaty of Alliance, and Marriage.

Olli (ſenſit enim ſimulata mente locutam,
Quo regnum Italiæ Libycas averteret oras)
Sic contra eſt ingreſſa Venus———

Venus conſents to it, being better ſkilled in Love-Intrigues than *Juno*, and well knowing, from the Prediction of *Jupiter* in the Firſt Book, that it would not have the Effect which *Juno* intended;

———Non averſata petenti
Annuit, atque dolis riſit Cytherea repertis.

Therefore, what paſſes between Theſe two Goddeſſes, as alſo the Speeches of *Jupiter* to *Mercury*, of the latter to *Æneas*, and His again to *Dido*, are all *directly pointed* at the *main Action*: and the Preparations of the Hero for his Departure, and his Actual Embarkation, are, in the ſtricteſt Senſe, *Parts* of it. So that in many Paſſages of This Book the Action is in *full View*; and in ſome it is *actually in Motion*. If in others it ſhould be allowed to ſtand ſtill, there is no harm done, for the Reaſons alledged in my Preface. This Objection therefore is ſo far from being of any Force, that no Deſign could have been more artificially contrived, no Epiſode more neatly and finely interwoven.

BUT with conſuming Care the reſtleſs Queen
Already bleeding, nouriſhes a Wound
Deep in her Veins, and waſtes with hidden Fire.
Much to her Thoughts the Heroe's brave Exploits

Recur,

Recur, and much the Glories of his Race;
Fix'd in her Soul his Looks, and Words remain;
And ſoft Repoſe is baniſh'd from her Breaſt.
Now had returning Morn illum'd the World
With *Phœbus'* Lamp, and from the Pole diſpell'd
The dewy Shades; when, ſick with fond Deſire,
Her Confident, her Siſter, ſhe beſpeaks.
What Dreams, my deareſt *Anna*, diſcompoſe
My Reſt? What wond'rous Stranger at our Court
Is here arriv'd! how God-like he appears!
In Mein how graceful! and how brave in Arms!
For me, I think, (nor groundleſs are Thoſe Thoughts)
His Lineage is Divine. Unmanly Fear
Argues degen'rate Souls: What Fates, alas!
Have him purſu'd! What Battles did he tell!
Were not my Soul immoveably reſolv'd
Never to link myſelf in Nuptial Bonds,
Since my firſt Love deluded me by Death;

Did

Ver. 8. *Illum'd.*] *Luſtrabat* for *illuſtrabat*. I think I have ſomewhere ſeen the Word *illume*, an Abbreviation of *illumine* (which is common in Poetry) as That again is of *illuminate*. Whether I have, or not; 'tis no great Matter. I think ſuch a Licenſe now and then (for it ſhould be very rarely indeed) is a *Grace* in a *long* Work of Poetry.

Ver. 11. *Her Confident, her Siſter*, &c.] For That muſt be the Meaning of *Unanimem*. So *Servius* hints; So *De La Cerda* more fully explains it; So M. *Segrais* expreſsly tranſlates it. Not *unanimous*, as the Word is commonly uſed: For ſhe could not in That *Particular* be of her Siſter's Opinion; Becauſe ſhe had not as yet heard what it was.

Ver. 12. *What Dreams, my deareſt* Anna, *&c.*] Admirable is the *Art*, and *Nature* of This Speech, in the Mouth of a *Woman*; expreſſing both her Love, and her Modeſty; arguing againſt what ſhe paſſionately deſires; and wanting to be *adviſed* to do That which ſhe already half (if not quite) *reſolves* to do, whether ſhe be adviſed, or no.

Did I not ſicken at the Sound of Wedlock:
To This one Frailty I perhaps could yield.
My Siſter (for to Thee I will diſcloſe
My inmoſt Thoughts) ſince poor *Sichæus* fell,
And with his Blood, ſpilt by a Brother's Hand,
Sprinkled our Houſhold-Gods: This only Man
Has warp'd my Inclinations, and unfix'd
My ſtagg'ring Reſolution: I perceive
The Signs and Tokens of my former Flame.
But may the yawning Earth devour me quick;
Or *Jove* with Thunder ſtrike me to the Shades,
Pale Shades of *Erebus*, and Night profound;
E'er, Modeſty, I break thro' thy Reſtraints,
Or violate thy Laws: He, who at firſt
Made me his own, bore all my Love away:
Let him poſſeſs it to himſelf entire,
And keep it in his Grave. Thus having ſaid,
She fill'd her Boſom with o'erflowing Tears.
Anna replies: O dearer than This Light
To me; will You alone waſte all your Youth

In

Ver. 31. *The Signs and Tokens*, &c.] The Word *Veſtigia* moſt ſtrictly and properly ſignifies *Footſteps*, *Traces*, &c. But ſometimes it is uſed for *Signs*, or *Tokens* in general. If we here chuſe the firſt Senſe, it muſt be (as *Ruæus* well obſerves) that the Remains of her Love to her former Huſband ought to deter her from loving *Æneas*. But I prefer the laſt, which (as he likewiſe juſtly remarks) is *better*, tho' not ſo *obvious*: I remember how I was *formerly* affected, and perceive the *ſame Symptoms* in a *ſecond* Love.

Ver. 42. — *Will You alone waſte all your Youth.*] *Sola* (as many Commentators explain it) may here very well ſignify *lonely*, or *ſolitary*. But I rather take it otherwiſe: Will You be the *only* Perſon, &c. For though in Strictneſs ſhe was not ſo, yet *hers* was contrary to the *general* Prac-

tice

In pining Grief? Nor know the dear Delights
Of Children, and the ſweet Rewards of Love?
Think you That Care diſturbs departed Ghoſts,
Or bury'd Aſhes? What, tho' heretofore
No ſoft Addreſſes your ſad Soul could move,
Not here in *Libya*, nor before, at *Tyre*?
What tho' *Iärbas* was with Scorn repuls'd,
And other Leaders, born on *Africk* Coaſts
Fertil in Triumphs; Ev'n a pleaſing Love
Will you reſiſt? Nor think what Countries round
Incloſe you? Here *Getulian* Towns, a Race
Invincible in War; the fierce, untam'd
Numidians, and th' inhoſpitable Sands
Of *Syrtis*: There, a Region wild, and waſte
By parching Heat; then raging far, and wide
Th' unciviliz'd *Barcæans*: Not to name
The War from *Tyre* impending, and the Threats
Of our fierce Brother?
Sure 'twas indulgent Heav'n's peculiar Care,
And *Juno*'s Providence, that hither brought
The *Trojan* Fleet. How fam'd a City This
Will you behold! How flouriſhing a Realm
By ſuch Connubials! By the *Trojan* Arms
United to our own, to what a Height
Of Greatneſs will the *Punic* Glory riſe!
Only do you with Prayer propitiate Heav'n,
Indulge your Hoſpitality, and frame

New

tice: And even in common Diſcourſe the Word *only* is often ſo uſed, to *heighten*, and *aggravate*, by way of *Hyperbole*. "Will you be the *only* "Perſon in the World, &c.?" *All your Youth* — *Perpetua* here ſignifies *tota*; as it does in many other Places.

New Reaſons for their Stay; tempeſtuous Winds,
Orion's ſtormy Influence on the Main,
Their ſhatter'd Veſſels, and th' inclement Sky.
By ſuch Advice ſhe fan'd the Fire of Love
Within her Siſter's Soul; with Hope confirm'd
Her wav'ring Mind, and broke thro' all Reſerves.
Firſt to the Temple they repair, and ſeek
Heav'n's Favour at the Altars: On them laid
Selected Victims, with accuſtom'd Rites,
To *Ceres* Law-giver, and *Phœbus* bleed,
And Father *Bacchus*; but above the reſt
To *Juno*, who preſides o'er Nuptial Beds.
The beauteous Queen herſelf a Goblet holds
In her Right-hand, and for Libation pours
The Wine betwixt the Snow-white Heifer's Horns,
Or round the ſmoaking Altars ſlowly walks
Before the Statues of the Gods; with Gifts
Renews the Day; and on the open'd Breaſts

Of

Ver. 70. ——— *Tempeſtuous Winds*, &c.] *Dum pelago deſævit hyems. Deſævire* is uſed in quite contrary Significations: Sometimes for *raging*, ſometimes for *ceaſing* or *leaving off* to rage. Many take it here in the latter Senſe; and then *dum* muſt ſtand for *donec*, until. But then it ſhould have been *deſæ-vierit* not *deſævit*: And beſides, it ill agrees with the next Verſe;

Quaſſataque rates, & non tractabile cœlum.

Yet *De La Cerda* affirms that it is *always* uſed in This latter Senſe: But then (ſays *Ruæus*) let him conſtrue This: *Æn.* x. Ver. 569.

Sic toto Æneas deſævit *in æquore victor,*
Ut ſemel intepuit mucro———

Ver. 86, 87. *With Gifts renews the Day.*] That is, *renews*, or *repeats* her Gifts (the Sacrifices) *all the Day long*. That Expreſſion *Inſtauratque diem donis* is very elegant in Latin;

Of Victims eagerly intent, conſults
Their breathing Entrails. Wretched Ignorance
Of Augurs! What alas! do Vows, or Shrines
Avail, to heal her Frenzy? A ſoft Flame
Feeds on her Vitals; and a living Wound
Silent, unſeen, bleeds inward in her Breaſt.
Th' unhappy *Dido* burns, and reſtleſs roves
O'er all the City; Like a wounded Deer,
Whom heedleſs of her Fate, in *Cretian* Woods,
The Swain at Diſtance with his Shafts purſu'd;
And in her Body left the miſſive Steel,
Unknowing: She thro' the *Dictæan* Groves,
And Thickets flying ſtrays; the mortal Dart
Sticks in her Side. Sometimes the *Trojan* Prince
She takes alone, and leads him round the Walls;
With Oſtentation ſhews him, as they walk,
Her riſing City, and *Sidonean* Wealth;
Begins to ſpeak, and in the Middle ſtops
Her

Latin; and I think a litteral Tranſlation of it has no ill Effect in Engliſh. If we can properly transfuſe a *Poetical Idiom* from one Language to another; it is ſo much the better: Sometimes we can, and ſometimes we cannot. I ſay an *Idiom* in *Poetry*, not in *Language*: For ſuch is This; and there are many more ſuch: I have remark'd upon ſome; and may perhaps upon others.

Ver. 95.——*Like a wounded Deer*, &c.] True it is, there is a Simile in *Homer* quoted by *Macrobius Saturnal.* Lib. v. cap. 6. (from whence he will have This of *Virgil* to be taken) of a Deer wounded by a Dart: But it anſwers to This in no other Circumſtance. This in *Virgil* is ſo eaſy, obvious, and natural; that one would think any body might have hit upon it: And yet ſo elegant; that no body can too much admire it. The Particularity of Circumſtances is beautiful—*Incautam--Liquitque volatile ferrum Neſcius — Illa fuga*, &c. — anſwering to *totaque vagatur Urbe furens* — But above all, That

——*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

Her fault'ring Tongue. At Ev'ning ſhe renews
Her Banquets; fondly begs again to hear
The *Trojan* Wars: Again, while He relates,
She liſtens fix'd, and hangs upon the Sound.
Then after all are to their Reſt retir'd:
When in her Turn the Moon obſcure withdraws
Her Light, and ſetting Stars perſuade to Sleep:
Lonely ſhe pines within the empty Court,
Lies on the Couch which juſt before ſhe left;
Him abſent, abſent ſtill ſhe hears, and ſees.
Sometimes, his Father's Image all her Soul
Poſſeſſing, young *Aſcanius* on her Lap
She long detains; if poſſible, to cheat
With That Amuſement her unbounded Love.
Th' unfiniſh'd Tow'rs no longer riſe; The Youth,
Undiſciplin'd in Arms, no longer form
Ports, and ſtrong Fortreſſes of War: The Works
Neglected ſtand: The Threat'nings of the Walls,
And tall Machines, no more invade the Sky;
But, ſticking in mid Way, come ſhort of Heav'n.

Whom

Ver. 111. *When in her Turn the Moon, &c.*] *Lumenque obſcura viciſſim Luna premit.* Some explain it Thus: *Luna premit*, i. e. reprimit *lumen* Solis. But then it would be almoſt the ſame with *labente die* before-mentioned; at leaſt This Time would not be far diſtant from That: Which is contrary not only to the Tenour of the Deſcription, but to the expreſs Words next following, *Juadentque cadentia ſidera ſomnos.* Beſides; the Moon does not repreſs the Light of the Sun: But on the contrary, the Sun, by withdrawing his Light, gives her Leave to ſhine. I underſtand it therefore of the Moon *withdrawing her own Light*; which ſalves all. Ver. 82. Orig. *relictis*: either by *Herſelf*, or by *Æneas*.

Ver. 124, 125. *And tall Machines, &c. But Sticking, &c.*] By *Machina* ſome underſtand an Engine *uſed in Building*. But I take it, with the moſt and beſt Expoſitors, for

Whom when the Wife of *Jove* perceives involv'd
In ſuch a Peſt of Paſſion, nor by Fame
Itſelf reſtrain'd; To *Venus* Thus ſhe ſpeaks.
Prodigious Trophies you inded have gain'd,
You, and your Boy; vaſt Praiſe, a deathleſs Name:
If by the Fraud of Two Celeſtial Pow'rs
One Woman be ſubdu'd. And well I know
Our riſing *Carthage* you ſuſpect, and fear.
But where at laſt will This Contention end?
Why rather make we not eternal Peace,
And binding Nuptials? What your Soul deſir'd
You have effected: *Dido* fondly burns;
And Love's ſoft Frenzy revels in her Veins.
Then let This People by our joint Command
Be rul'd; Let *Dido* ſerve a *Phrygian* Lord,
And

for a *Military* one, and as a farther Explanation of *minæ murorum*. Had I any Authority for it, inſtead of *æquata* I would read *æquanda*: For That is plainly the Senſe; Otherwiſe it would be a Contradiction to *Non cœptæ aſſurgunt*, &c. and *opera imperfecta*. I have rendered it accordingly; and have been forced to *paraphraſe* it, to make the Deſcription end full, and ſtrong in our Language.

Ver. 129. *Prodigious Trophies you indeed have gain'd*, &c.] This is the fineſt Irony, and Antitheſis, in the World:

Egregiam vero laudem, & ſpolia ampla refertis,
Tuque puerque tuus, magnum & memorabile nomen;
Una dolo divûm ſi fœmina victa duorum eſt.

Ver. 96. Orig. *fallit* for *latet*.

Ver. 140.——*Let* Dido *ſerve a* Phrygian *Lord*, &c.] I ſee no Reaſon for the Interpretation of *Ruæus*; Let *Us*, (*Juno* including *her ſelf* as well as *Dido*) *ſerve* &c. That ſeems to carry the Matter too far: *Phrygia ſervire Marito* is malicious, and ſpiteful enough, in the Senſe which I have rendered. *Phrygian* (as he truly obſerves) is uſed with Contempt; and *ſervire* is as bitter a Word as could have been thought of. Ver. 110. Orig. *ſi* for *an*, *utrùm*.

And give in Dow'r her *Tyrians* to your Hand.
To whom Thus *Venus* (for ſhe well perceiv'd
The Fraud of *Juno*, lab'ring to transfer
Th' *Italian* Kingdom to the *Libyan* Coaſts)
Reply'd. Who ill-advis'd would e'er reject
Such fair Demands, and rather chuſe with you
Still to contend? Did Fortune but approve,
And ſecond your Deſign: But I, unſkill'd
In Fate's Decrees, am doubtful whether *Jove*
Permit the Colonies of *Tyre* and *Troy*
To join their Kingdoms, and unite in One.
You are his Conſort, and have Privilege
To ſound his Thoughts; I follow, as you lead.
To whom Imperial *Juno* Thus reply'd;
Mine be That Care: At preſent (mark my Words)
How what th' immediate Streſs of Things requires
May be effected, I'll in brief unfold.
Soon as To-morrow's Sun his riſing Beams
Extends; *Æneas*, and th' unhappy Queen
Deſign to hunt among the *Libyan* Woods.
On Theſe, when all are on their Sport intent,
And with their Toils the Thickets round incloſe,
I from above will pour a Storm with Hail
Commix'd, and roll loud Thunder o'er the Sky.
Th' Attendants ſhall be ſcatter'd, and conceal'd
In Darkneſs: *Dido* and the *Trojan* Chief

To

Ver. 161, 162. *When all are on their Sport intent, And with their Toils, &c.*] *Dum trepidant alæ, ſaltuſque indagine cingunt.* The Word *trepidant* here, as well as in many other Places, expreſſes not *Fear*, but *Eagerneſs*: *Alæ* is uſed for the *Bodies*, or *Bands* of Horſemen, as *Wings* in War: By *Indagine* may be underſtood the *Hounds*: or the *Nets*, and *Toils*; or *Both*.

To the ſame Grot ſhall come; I'll there attend,
And, if your Thoughts approve it, join her firm
In Nuptial Bonds, and conſecrate her His:
Here *Hymen* ſhall be preſent. Not averſe
From this Propoſal, *Venus* gives Conſent,
Sees thro' her Project, and in Secret ſmiles.
Mean-while *Aurora* riſing, leaves the Sea:
Forth iſſue from the Gates the choſen Youth,
With Nets, and Toils, broad-pointed hunting Spears,
Maſſylian Horſemen, and quick-ſcented Hounds.
Before her Gates the *Punic* Nobles wait
The Queen, delaying in her rich Alcove;
Her Steed, adorn'd with Purple, and with Gold,
Stands pawing, fierce, and champs the foaming Bit.
At length, attended with a num'rous Guard,
She comes Majeſtick: Her *Sidonean* Veſt
Border'd with crimſon Fringe; her Quiver, Gold;
Her Treſſes in a golden Knot confin'd;
A golden Buckle claſps her purple Robe.
Join'd to the reſt the *Trojan* Youth advance,
And glad *Iülus*: But, above them all,
Beauteous,

Ver. 166.—— Dido *and the* Trojan *Chief.*] It is truly obſerved that here, and afterwards at the *Cave*, the Poet with great Addreſs applies not to *Æneas* either *pius*, or *pater*, or any thing Equivalent; but *Dux Trojanus.*

Ver. 168. *If your Thoughts approve it.*] *Tua ſi mihi certa voluntas*, i. e. *Si tua voluntas convenit meæ, & ſtat fixa.* I take all That to be included in *mihi certa.* Ver. 131. Orig. *Retia rara——ferro* [adſunt] *Maſſylique ruunt*, &c.

Ver. 177. *Before her Gates the* Punic *Nobles wait*, &c.] This Deſcription of the *Attendants*, the *Steed*, and the *Dreſs* of the Queen, from *Reginam thalamo cunctantem*, &c. to *ſubnectit fibula veſtem*, is moſt grand, and beautiful.

Ver. 183. *Crimſon.*] Orig. *picto*: it is not ſaid with what Colour; ſo we are at Liberty to take any *rich* one. *Chlamydem circumdata*: i. e. [quoad] *chlamydem*; or *habens chlamydem circumdatam.*

Beauteous, and Eminent, *Æneas* comes;
And, adding his Retinue, fills the Train.
As when *Apollo* leaves his Winter-Seat
Lycia, and *Xanthus*' Stream; and in it's Turn
Viſits his Native *Delos*, to reſtore
The Feſtivals: And round his Altars croud,
With mingled Noiſe, the *Cretians*, *Dryopes*,
And painted *Agathyrſi*: He on Top
Of *Cynthus* walks, and crowns his flowing Hair
With a ſoft Wreath of Greens, forms it with Art,
And winds it up in Gold: His ſounding Shafts
Hang at his Shoulders. No leſs graceful mov'd
Æneas; In his Face ſuch Beauty ſhone.
When to the Hills, and pathleſs Haunts of Beaſts
They come; driv'n downwards from the Tops of Rocks
The wild Goats run: In other Parts the Deer
Scour o'er the ſpacious Champain, flying join
Their Troops in Clouds of Duſt, and leave the Hills.
But young *Aſcanius*, thro' the winding Vales,
Rejoices in his mettled Steed; now Theſe,
Now Thoſe out-rides; among th' ignoble Herd
Of Beaſts, deſires to ſee a foaming Boar,
Or tawny Lion from the Hills deſcend.
Mean-while the muſtring Clouds with grumbling Sound
Diſturb the Sky: A Storm with mingled Hail
Enſues;

Ver. 190. *As when* Apollo, *&c.*] I have before remarked upon This Simile: and now only obſerve the lovely Elegancy of

Mollique fluentum
Fronde premit crinem, fingens, atque implicat auro:
Tela ſonant humeris, &c.

which is ſufficiently praiſed by being repeated,

Enſues; The *Tyrians*, and the *Trojan* Youth,
And *Venus'* Grandſon, flying o'er the Fields
Seek various Shelter: Down the Mountains ruſh
The Torrents. *Dido*, and the *Trojan* Chief,
To the ſame Grot together come: And firſt
Earth, and contracting *Juno* gave the Sign;
Flaſhes of ruddy Light'ning glar'd: The Sky
Was conſcious of th' Alliance; and the Nymphs
Shriek'd on the Mountain's Top. That Day was firſt
The Cauſe of Death and Woes: For *Dido* now
Neither by Decency, nor Fame is mov'd;
Nor longer ſtudies to conceal her Love,
But ſkreens the Guilt with Wedlock's ſpecious Name.
Forthwith loud Fame thro' *Libyan* Cities goes,
Fame, a pernicious Peſt, than whom more ſwift
Is

Ver. 226. *Forthwith loud Fame, &c.*] The Length of This Deſcription of Fame is diſpleaſing to ſome Criticks. "I confeſs (ſays * Mr. *Dryden*) that Similitudes and Deſcriptions, when drawn into an unreaſonable Length, muſt needs nauſeate the Reader. Once I remember, and but once, *Virgil* makes a Similitude of fourteen Lines; and his Deſcription of Fame is about the ſame Number. He is blamed for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he lived to have reviewed his Work." I do not underſtand why Similitudes and Deſcriptions are coupled together upon this Occaſion: Certainly a greater Length may be allowed to the laſt, than to the firſt. I wiſh too Mr. *Dryden* had told us, what Similitude in *Virgil* conſiſts of fourteen Lines: For I confeſs I know not. This Deſcription ſtrictly ſpeaking, conſiſts but of Twelve: For the firſt Verſe

Extemplo Libyæ magnas it Fama per urbes

is not a Part of the Deſcription; which begins at *Fama malum*, and ends at *Nuncia veri*. And Three of Thoſe Fifteen Lines are

* *Dedication to the Æneis.*

Is none; She flying grows, and gathers Strength
By Motion: Small at firſt thro' Fear; in Time
She rears herſelf in Air, walks on the Ground
And hides her tow'ring Head among the Clouds.
Her, the laſt Siſter to *Enceladus*,
And *Cæus*, as 'tis ſaid, the Parent Earth,
Provok'd by Anger of the Gods, brought forth,
Swift in her Feet, and never-weary'd Wings.
A Monſter hideous, vaſt! As many Plumes
As in her Body ſtick, ſo many Eyes
For ever waking (wond'rous to relate!)
There grow beneath; as many babbling Tongues;
As many liſt'ning Ears. By Night ſhe flies,
Noiſy, thro' Shades obſcure, 'twixt Earth and Heav'n;
Nor are her Eyes by pleaſing Slumber clos'd:
Watchful, and ſpying round, by Day, ſhe ſits
On ſome high Palace-Top, or lofty Tow'r,
And mighty Towns alarms; no leſs intent
On ſpreading Falſhood, than reporting Truth.

She

are no Part of the Deſcription; but a fabulous Account of the Birth of this Monſter. This Deſcription of Fame (ſays Monſieur *Segrais*) ought to be conſidered as one of the greateſt Ornaments of the *Æneis*. And then he gives a Reaſon to juſtify the Length of it: But I ſhall not give it the Reader, either in his own Original, or in a Tranſlation; becauſe I do not love to tranſcribe what I do not underſtand. Whoever has the Curioſity to ſee it, may find it in his Fifth Remark upon the Fourth Book, and perhaps may comprehend it better than I do; who, tho' I very well underſtand his Words, am utterly Ignorant of his Meaning. However it be, I think no more need be ſaid to This Objection, than that as there is no Rule, either from Authority, or Reaſon, for any determined Length in Deſcriptions; there is no Judgment to be made of it, but only from their being, or not being, tedious to the Readers. This here is not ſo to me; and every body elſe will ſpeak as he finds it.

She then with various Rumour fills the Croud,
Pleas'd with her Taſk, and mingles Truth with Lies.
Relates that one *Æneas*, ſprung from *Troy*,
Was come; To whom fair *Dido* could deſcend
To wed herſelf: Now all the Winter's Length
They indulge between them in luxurious Love,
Regardleſs of their Kingdoms, and enſlav'd
By brutal Appetite. With Talk like This
The ſhameleſs Goddeſs fills the Mouths of Men.
To King *Iarbas* ſtraît ſhe bends her Courſe,
Inflames his Soul, and aggravates his Rage.
He, born of *Ammon*, and a raviſh'd Nymph
Of *Garamantic* Race, to mighty *Jove*
An hundred ſpacious Temples, in his Realms
Of wide Extent, an hundred Altars built;
And conſecrated to the Gods the Hearths
Of everlaſting Fire; the Ground with Blood
Of ſlaughter'd Victims ſmoaking; and the Doors
With various-colour'd flowry Wreaths adorn'd.
He, wild with Rage, and at the ſtabbing News
Incens'd, among the Statues of the Gods,
Before the Altars, with uplifted Hands,
To *Jove* Thus ſupplicant his Suit addreſs'd.
Almighty *Jove*, to whom the *Mooriſh* Race,
Feaſting on broider'd Beds, pour richeſt Wine;
Seeſt thou theſe Things? Or groundleſs are our Fears
Of

Ver. 251. *The Winter's.*] *Fovere hyemem*, &c. for *fovere ſe* per totam *hyemem*. *Quam longa* [eſt] for *totam*.

Ver. 262, 263.—*The Hearths of everlaſting Fire*, &c.] *Servius* int prets *Excubias divûm æternas* ſet in Appoſition to *vigilem ignem*, and ſignifying the ſame Thing. Others take it not for the *Fire itſelf*; but for thoſe who were appointed to *watch*, and *guard* it: Like the *Veſtal* Virgins at *Rome*. Ver. 207. Orig. *Lenæum honorem*; i. e. *vinum optimum*.

Of Thunder? Do thy Light'nings from the Clouds
Scare us in vain, and idle Murmurs roll?
A Woman here, who wand'ring in our Coasts,
A little City built on purchas'd Ground,
To whom on our Conditions we allow'd
A Tract of Tillage-Land, has scorn'd my Love,
And Lord *Æneas* to her Throne receiv'd.
And now That other *Paris*, with his soft
Half-female Train, his *Lydian* Bonnet bound
Beneath his Chin, his Hair perfum'd with Oils,
Enjoys the Prize; while we with Gifts supply
Your Temples, and maintain an empty Name.
Him, as he thus before his Altars pray'd,
Th' Almighty heard; and turn'd his awful Eyes
To *Carthage* Turrets, and the princely Pair

Of

Ver. 273. *Do thy Lightnings from the Clouds*, &c.] Cœcique *in nubibus ignes*. That is (say *Servius* and Others) not such as we cannot see (for the Contrary is manifest) but the *Cause* of which we *know not*: Meaning (I suppose) that *Iarbas* in his Indignation would say, we are not sure they come from *Jupiter*, as it is commonly imagined.

Ver. 278. *A Tract of Tillage-Land.*] So I rather take *Iittus arandum*: Tho' Others, not improbably, think it signifies Ground to *build upon*; according to That in the Fifth Book

Urbem designat aratro.

Ver. 281.—*His* Lydian *Bonnet bound*, &c.] For so the Word *Mitra* was anciently used, and that in an effeminate Sense. So in the ninth Book—*habent redimicula mitræ. Subnexus*, &c. i. e. *subnexus*, or *subligatus mitrâ circa mentum*, &c. or *habens mentum subnexum*: Those who read *subnixus* make no Sense of it.

Ver. 283. *While we with Gifts supply*, &c.] In the Original it is *Quippe*, Ironically; for *Scilicet*: Or perhaps more strictly, for *Because*; which is more sarcastical: We are *therefore* Unfortunate, *because* we are Religious.

Ver. 285. *Before his Altars*, &c.] Orig. *arasque tenentem*. For the Custom of *holding* the Altars, see the Antiquarians.

Of Lovers, heedleſs of their better Fame.
Then *Mercury* he thus inſtructs: Diſpatch,
My Son, invite the Winds, on Pinions glide;
And to the *Trojan* Chief, who loiters now
At *Carthage*, and forgets the Realms by Fate
Allotted to him, Theſe my Words convey,
And wing my Meſſage thro' the fleeting Air.
Tell him, his beauteous Mother did not promiſe
A Son like him; whom not for This ſhe twice
Reſcu'd from *Grecian* Jav'lins: But a Prince,
Who *Italy* ſhould rule, a Nation big
With Empires, fierce, and terrible in War;
Should by his Deeds aſſert th' illuſtrious Blood
Of *Teucer*, and to all the World give Laws.
If by the Fame of ſo ſublime a Fate
He is not fir'd; and will no Toil endure
For his own Glory: Does the Father's Love
Envy *Aſcanius Rome*'s Imperial Tow'rs?
What does he purpoſe? with what Proſpect ſtay
Among that hoſtile People? nor regard
The rich *Lavinian* Fields, and future Race
Deſtin'd to rule *Auſonia?* Bid him ſail;
This is the Sum: be This my dread Command.
He ſaid; The Son, preparing to obey
His mighty Father's Will, firſt to his Feet

Faſt

Ver. 290.—*Invite the Winds.*] Wings, and Sails, are extended to receive the Wind, and therefore are Poetically ſaid to *invite* it unto them. Thus afterwards in this Book,

——*vocat jam carbaſus Auſtros.*

Ver. 225. Orig. *Expectat* for *cunctatur*. Ver. 228. *Vindicat*, for *vindicavit*; i. e. *eripuit*. The Word is very often us'd in that Senſe. Ver. 237. *Hic* noſtri *nuntias*, for *à nobis*.

Faſt binds the golden Sandals, which on Wings
Bear him aloft, as o'er the Seas, or Earth
He flies, and round him whirls the rapid Air.
Then takes his Wand: With this pale Ghoſts he calls
From Hell; ſends others to Thoſe dreary Realms;
Gives, or breaks Sleep; and Eyes unſeals from Death.
Aided by This, he drives the Winds, and cuts
Th' oppoſing turbid Miſts; and now diſcerns,
In his ſwift Flight, the Top, and lofty Sides
Of rocky *Atlas*, who ſuſtains the Sky.
Atlas, whoſe piny Head with low'ring Clouds
Is wrap'd, and beaten with the Winds, and Rain:
Snow hides his Shoulders; from his hoary Chin
Streams roll, and ſtiffen'd hangs his icy Beard.
Here firſt *Cyllenius*, pois'd on even Wings,
Alighted; Thence with all his Body's Force
Flings himſelf headlong from the ſteepy Height
Down to the Ocean: Like the Bird that flies,

Ver. 318.——*Eyes unſeals from Death.*] *Servius* gives it a quite different Conſtruction; *reſignat*, i. e. *claudit*, contrary to the Senſe of all other Expoſitors, to the *Roman* Cuſtom of opening the Eyes of the Dead upon the Funeral Piles, and to the plain Meaning of the Word. *Reſignat ex* or *à morte*.

Ver. 319. *Aided.*] *Fretus*, for *adjutus*: We *rely*, or *depend* upon That which *helps* us. The Wand *aſſiſted* him in flying.

Ver. 323. Atlas, *whoſe piny Head with low'ring Clouds*, &c.] Were there no other Poetry in the World; This alone would ſhew it's Force, and Energy. What Image can be more affecting! And it is the more ſo to me; becauſe I think the Idea of *Atlas* ſupporting the Sky is, in itſelf, one of the moſt Senſeleſs and Ridiculous of all the monſtrous Fictions of the Heathen Superſtition. And yet *Virgil* has ſo deſcribed This Man-Mountain, that we exceedingly admire what before we condemned. I ſhall add no more to what I have ſaid of it in my Preface.

Ver. 330. *Like the Bird*, &c.] A *Cormorant*, *Sea-Mew*, *Mour-Hen*, or ſome ſuch Bird, that preys upon Fiſh; Therefore *Piſcoſos ſcopulos*. *Homer* (from whoſe 5th Odyſſée This is taken) calls it the λάρος, the *Sea-Mew*, or *Gull*.

Low, ſkimming o'er the Surface, near the Sea,
Around the Shores, around the fiſhy Rocks:
So *Mercury* in Air, 'twixt Earth and Heav'n,
Shooting from his maternal Grandſire, flew,
And cut the Winds, and *Libya*'s ſandy Shore.
Soon as he There with wingy Feet arriv'd;
He ſaw *Æneas* buſily employ'd
In building Forts and Streets: A Sword he wore
Studded with Jaſpar; and a Gown, that flam'd
With *Tyrian* Crimſon, from his Shoulders hung;
A Preſent which the Royal *Dido* gave,
And wrought the vary'd Silk with Threads of Gold.
Strait he invades him: Thou art then engag'd
To build, and beautify fair *Carthage* Tow'rs,
Uxorious Man! ah! thoughtleſs! unconcern'd
For thy own Kingdom, and thy own Affairs.
The Sov'reign of the Sky, whoſe awful Nod
Shakes Earth, and Heav'n, has ſent me from above,
From bright *Olympus:* His Commands I bring,
And waft his Meſſage thro' the fleeting Air.
What doſt thou purpoſe? with what Proſpect waſte Thy

Ver. 334. *His Maternal Grandſire.*] For *Atlas* was *Mercury*'s Grandfather by his Mother *Maia*'s Side.

Ver. 335. *And cut the Winds,* &c.] *Volabat,* and *ſecabat* in the Original, Ver. 255, 256. make a ſcurvy Rhime, which I wiſh had been alter'd; as well as two or three more in the *Æneis.* And here I cannot but take Notice, that in all This Tranſlation I never met with above half a Dozen accidental Rhimes to diſturb me. Which is to me an Argument againſt That way of Writing; ſince Thoſe Jinglings do not naturally fall in, but muſt be hunted after.

Ver. 336. *Soon as he there—arriv'd.*] I have not rendered *Magalia*; which is not material. Tho' the City was building, yet there might be near it ſome *Magalia* Cottages (ſee *Æn.* 1. 425.) ſtill ſtanding, as before.

Thy Time, unactive, on theſe *Libyan* Coaſts?
If by the Fame of ſo ſublime a Fate
Thou art not mov'd, and wilt no Toil endure
For thy own Glory; yet at leaſt regard
Thy Heir *Aſcanius*, and his riſing Hopes;
To whom th' *Italian* and the *Roman* Realms
Are due from Fate. When *Hermes* Thus had ſpoke;
In his mid Speech abrupt he far withdrew
From mortal Sight, and vaniſh'd into Air.

Confounded, and amazed *Æneas* ſtood:
Up roſe his Hair erect; and to his Mouth
His Speech with Horrour cleav'd. He longs to go,
And leave That pleaſing Kingdom, Thunder-ſtruck
At ſuch a Meſſage, and the God's Command.
What ſhould he do? With what ſoft Words attempt
To ſooth th' impatient Queen? How introduce
The firſt Diſcourſe? His wav'ring Mind divides
A thouſand Ways; now This, now That reſolves;
And turns on ev'ry Side it's ſhifting Thoughts.
At length This Reſolution he approves:
Mneſtheus he calls, *Sergeſtus*, and the brave
Cloanthus; bids them privately prepare
The Fleet, and draw their Forces to the Shore;
Provide all fit Materials; and conceal
The Cauſe of ſuch an unexpected Change:
Tells them, that while th' indulgent Queen remain'd
Unapprehenſive, ignorant, nor fear'd
That Loves ſo well confirm'd could be diſſolv'd;
He would explore th' Approaches to her Soul,

Watch

Ver. 358. *Spoke.*] *Tali ore*; for *voce*. There is a pretty Elegancy in That, Ver. 289. Orig. *Claſſem aptent*, &c. *ſupple* [jubet] Ver. 290. *Arma* means all *Stores*.

Watch all the ſofteſt Seaſons of Addreſs,
And think on proper Meaſures. Theſe Commands
With joyful Haſte they eagerly obey,
And execute his Orders. But the Queen
(Who can delude a Lover?) ſoon perceiv'd
The Fraud, and firſt his future Motions ſaw,
Fearing ev'n Safety: The ſame impious Peſt,
Fame, gave her the Alarm; the Fleet was rigg'd,
And all prepar'd to ſail. Diſtracted, wild,
She rages; and, incens'd, o'er all the Town
Roves, like a Bacchanal; when at the Name
Of *Bacchus*, his triennial Orgies ſwell
Her Breaſt with Madneſs; and *Cythæron*'s Top
Invites her, ecchoing with nocturnal Sounds.
At length *Æneas* thus ſhe firſt beſpeaks.
And couldſt thou hope, perfidious, to conceal
So black a Crime? and ſilent leave my Coaſts?
Cannot my Love, nor thy once plighted Faith,
Nor *Dido*'s cruel, and untimely Death
(For Death inevitable muſt enſue)
Detain thee? Ev'n to Winter's ſcowling Sky
Your Navy you expoſe, and haſte to ſtem
The Deep amidſt tempeſtuous Northern Winds.
Ah cruel! What, if Kingdoms not thy own
Thou didſt not ſeek, and ſtill old *Troy* remain'd;
Should *Troy* itſelf be ſought o'er ſtormy Seas?
Me doſt thou fly? By theſe diſtilling Tears,
By thy Right-hand (ſince Nought elſe I've reſerv'd
To wretched Me) by our connubial Rites,
And Hymenéal Loves but yet begun;
If ever I have aught of thee deſerv'd,

Or any Thing of mine was e'er to thee
Delightful; pity my declining State;
And oh! if yet there's any Room for Pray'r,
Be yet intreated, yet thy Purpoſe change.
The *Libyan* Nations, for Thy Sake incens'd,
And fierce *Numidian* Tyrants are my Foes;
My *Tyrians* too offended: For Thy Sake
My Honour is exſtinguiſh'd, loſt; and That
By which alone I ſoar'd above the World,
My once unſully'd Fame; To whom by thee
Dying am I abandon'd, cruel Gueſt?
Since That's the only Name which now remains,
Inſtead of Huſband. Wherefore ſhould I ſtay
'Till my unnat'ral Brother lay my Walls
In Ruin? Or *Iärbas* to his Realms
Tranſport me Captive? Had I but from Thee
Some Pledge before thy Flight; did any young
Little *Æneas* play about my Hall,
Expreſſing thee in Looks; I ſhould not ſeem
Entirely loſt, forſaken, and betray'd.

She

Ver. 421. *My once unſully'd Fame*] *Fama prior: My* former *Reputation*, which was good, and is now changed for bad. This may ſeem to need no Comment; and yet, I know not how it happens, That *prior* in This Place is a little odd to my Apprehenſion.

Ver. 424. *Wherefore ſhould I ſtay?*] In this *Place*; or in This *Life*: It may be Either. *Quid moror? An.* &c? Strictly to the Orig. "What do I (i. e. "can I) ſtay for, or expect? "That *Pygmalion* ſhould, &c?

Ver. 428, 429. *Did any young little Æneas, &c.*] This Argument, if not immodeſt, may be thought indecent, and improper. And it is ſo, according to our Manners: But we muſt conſider the Difference of Cuſtoms and Converſation in different Ages and Countries.

She said; He, aw'd by *Jove*'s severe Command,
Fix'd held his Eyes, and smother'd in his Breast
The struggling Pain; At length in brief reply'd.
Your Favours, great, and numerous, conferr'd
On me, fair Queen, you justly may recount,
Nor shall I once deny; nor e'er forget
Elisa, while I'm mindful of myself;
While Life inspires this Frame. In brief I'll speak,
Full to the Cause: 'Twas never my Design
(Misrepresent me not) to leave your Coasts
With Secrecy; nor did I ever think
Of Nuptial Rites, or such a Contract meant.
Me did the Fates permit to lead my Life
By

Ver. 440. *Full to the Cause.*] Pro re *pauca loquar.* According to *it*, or *as it requires:* Tho' some refer *pro* to *pauca* Thus; I shall say but *little, considering* the *Greatness* of the Cause.

Ver. 444, &c. *Me did the Fates permit,* &c.] It is from These Verses chiefly that some Criticks draw their Arguments of Insensibility, and downright Ingratitude in the Hero. He positively tells the Queen (say they) that the Gods indeed command him to *Italy*; but if he could follow his own Inclination, he would return to his own Country, *&c.* — So that This quite destroys the Force of what is urged in his Excuse from the Commands of Heaven; *his own Inclination* being to leave her. But they misunderstand the Sense of the Place, and the Signification and the very Tenses of the Verbs; which are as easy, as plain Grammar can make them. He does not say; he *would now* build *Troy*, but that he *would have* built it: 'tis *posuissem* not *ponerem:* 'Tis *colerem*, indeed, and *manerent*; but both Those Words suppose the City to be *already built*; and do not imply that if it were now so, he would *now return to it*; but that he would *never have left it.* For This Remark I am in the main obliged to Monsieur *Segrais:* Only he would have *colerem* for *coluissem*, &c. and brings parallel Places to prove That Licence of putting one Tense for another: Of which without Question there are Multitudes of Instances; But here is no Occasion for it; The Sense being far better, if the Words be taken in their plain grammatical Construction.

By my own Conduct, and compoſe my Cares
To my own Wiſh; I had regarded firſt
My Native Walls, and *Ilium*'s dear Remains:
Priam's high Palace had again been rear'd,
And for my vanquiſh'd Country I had built
New-riſing *Troy*. But now *Apollo*'s Shrines,
Now *Lycian* Oracles direct my Courſe
To *Italy*, our lov'd, our promis'd Realm.
If You, a *Tyrian* Princeſs, are detain'd
By *Carthage*-Tow'rs, and pleaſe yourſelf to ſee
A *Lybian* City riſing; who can grudge
The *Trojans* Liberty to fix their Seat
In *Latium*? Let us too have Leave to ſeek

A

Ver. 450. *New-riſing* Troy.] All the Expoſitors, except *Ruæus*, make *recidiva* the ſame as *redivíva*; and he makes it juſt the contrary, *iterum caduca*. See him upon the Place; and alſo upon Ver. 322. of the Seventh Book. The Senſe is good either way: But I follow the Stream of Interpreters.

Ver. 453, &c. *If you a* Tyrian *Princeſs*, &c.] With the humbleſt Deference to *Virgil*, This ſeems but poor Arguing, and indifferent Senſe. The Queen does not complain of him (and it would have been very idle if ſhe had) for *ſettling in a foreign Country*, (for That he muſt have done, if he had ſtaid with *Her*) nor for his having had a Deſign upon *Italy* in particular, *before* his Amour at *Carthage*. But what ſhe blames him for is his deſerting her *Now*, *after* he had ſo *deeply engaged himſelf*; upon which, according to her Doctrine, he ought to have *altered his Reſolution*. To what Purpoſe therefore does *Æneas* ſet himſelf to prove, as it were in form, what no body denies, that it was in itſelf very lawful for him to ſeek a foreign Country in general, and *Italy* in particular? The Truth is, I am no great Admirer of This Speech in the Main. Though *Æneas* does not appear inſenſible; yet a little more Tenderneſs might not have miſbecame him. Ver. 357. Orig. *Caput*. The Word *Caput* often ſignifies the *whole Perſon*. So juſt before Ver. 354. *capitiſque injuria chari*. Where, by the way, *ſubaudi* the Repetition of the Word *admonet* mention'd juſt before. The Injury I do him puts me in Mind that I ought to go, and makes him ſeem to chide me, &c.

Ver. 457. *Let us too have leave*, &c.] It may be either *fas ſit*, or *fas eſt*.

A foreign Land. As oft as Night obſcures
The World with dewy Shades, and fiery Stars
Riſe in the Sky; my Father's troubled Ghoſt
Admoniſhes, and frights me in my Dreams.
My dear *Aſcanius* chides me for my Stay;
Whom of th' *Heſperian* Kingdom I defraud,
And fatal deſtin'd Fields. Nay, juſt ev'n now
Th' Ambaſſadour of Heav'n from mighty *Jove*
Diſpatch'd, (I call to Witneſs both thoſe Pow'rs)
Brought me his Mandates thro' the fleeting Air:
I ſaw the God in open Light of Day
Ent'ring your Walls; and in theſe Ears receiv'd
His Voice. Diſquiet not with vain Complaints
Yourſelf, and me: 'Tis with Regret I ſeek
Th' *Italian* Coaſts.

Thus while he ſpoke, ſhe ſilently intent
Ey'd him averſe, and roll'd her glaring Balls
Around; from Head to Foot ſurvey'd him o'er,
Speechleſs a-while; and Thus in Rage reply'd.

Nor art thou of a Goddeſs-Mother born;
Nor is thy Birth from *Dardanus* deriv'd,
Perfidious Wretch: But *Caucaſus*, with Rocks
Horrid, diſclos'd thee from it's flinty Sides,
And fierce *Hyrcanian* Tygers gave thee Suck.

For

Ver. 472. *'Th'* Italian *Coaſts.*] If *Virgil* deſignedly left any Verſe imperfect, (as I believe he did not) certainly it was This *Italiam non ſponte ſequor.* Becauſe it ſeems to expreſs the poſitive abrupt Manner in which he ends his Speech, and turns from her.

Ver. 476. *Speechleſs.*] *Luminibus taceitis.* See the Note on Book i. 830. This is another great Inſtance of what I have there obſerved.

For why ſhould I diſſemble? Or what worſe
Can I expect? Did he once give a Groan
To ſee me weep? Did he once bend his Eyes?
Or ſhed one Tear in Pity to my Love?
To which of his Barbarities ſhall I give
The Pref'rence? Now no more the Queen of Gods,
Nor *Jove* beholds theſe Things with equal Eyes.
True Faith is no where to be found: Him toſs'd
On Shore, of all Things indigent, I here
Receiv'd; and made him Partner of my Throne.
(Fool that I was!) repair'd his ſhatter'd Fleet,
And

Ver. 482. *For why ſhould I diſſemble*, &c.] Had I any Authority for it, I would read it, *Nam quid* diſſimulem, *aut quæ me ad majora* reſervem? For That muſt be the Meaning; and all agree it is ſo. *Ad Majora*, i. e. *ad graviores injurias* ab illo *inferendas*: Not *ad majores preces* à me *effundendas*; as *De La Cerda* ſtrangely interprets it.

Ver. 483. *Did he once*, &c.] Moſt elegant and pathetical is This Tranſition from the *ſecond* Perſon to the *third*. It implies two Things. 1*ſt*, Her *Averſion*: She will not ſpeak *to* him; but of *him*. 2*dly*, An *Appeal*, as it were, to the *Standers by*: Which the *Impotence* of *Rage* and *Diſtreſs* is always apt to make. *Num fletu* ingemuit *noſtro*, &c? Obſerve too the Antitheſis. Did *He* ſo much as *groan*, while I *wept*?

Ver. 486, 487. *To which of his Barbarities*, &c.] *Quæ quibus anteferam? Servius*, and others interpret it; *Where ſhall I begin? What ſhall I ſpeak of firſt?* But *Ruæus*, and one of the *Variorum* Annotators take it, as I have render'd it. I like That beſt; becauſe I do not ſee how *anteferre* can ſignify to *ſpeak of firſt*.

Ver. 489. *True Faith*, &c.] *Nuſquam* tuta *fides*. For *tuta* to mean *vera* or *certa* is a little harſh. Some underſtand it Thus; 'Tis not *ſafe* to *truſt* any body.

Ver. 490. *On Shore.*] Some point it; *ejectum, littore egentem*: Others; *ejectum littore, egentem*. I chuſe the latter, tho' Both are very good. Ejectum [è navi] *littore*, for *in littus*. Perhaps after all, He means *ejectum* [è patriâ:] and then *littore* muſt relate to *egentem*.

Ver. 492. *Repair'd*, &c.] *Claſſem* [pene] *amiſſam* [refeci.] Theſe

And hoſpitably ſav'd his Friends from Death.
Furies diſtract me! Now *Apollo*'s Shrines,
Now *Lycian* Oracles have warn'd him hence:
Th' Ambaſſadour of Heav'n, from mighty *Jove*
Diſpatch'd, brings dreadful Mandates thro' the Air.
Belike, the Gods are wond'rouſly concern'd
For his Affairs: That Care diſturbs their Reſt.
I nor detain thee, nor refel thy Words.
Away for *Latium*, by the Winds; go, ſeek
Thy Kingdom o'er the Waves: For me, I hope,
If the juſt Gods have Pow'r, thou wilt receive
Thy due Reward among the Rocks; and there
Call oft on *Dido*: Wrapt in duſky Flames,
I'll follow thee; and, ſoon as icy Death
Has freed my Soul from Fleſh, in ev'ry Place
My Ghoſt ſhall haunt thee: Villain, thou ſhalt feel
My Vengeance: I ſhall hear it, and That Fame
Shall reach my Ears among the Shades below.
This ſaid, ſhe, in the Middle of her Speech,
Breaks off abrupt, and ſick'ning flies the Light;

With

Theſe Words are underſtood: And yet all is very plain; *Claſſem* ſeeming to be govern'd of *reduxi*; tho' it really is Not.

Ver. 506. *I'll follow thee.*] In the Original it is *Abſent I'll follow thee.* But our Language will not admit of That Word in That Senſe; which is the ſame, as *Dead. Abſens*, i. e. *Mortua.* In farther Purſuance of This Explication, we explain the next Verſe but two,

Audiam, & hæc manes veniet mihi fama ſub imos:
——I ſhall hear it; and That Fame
Shall reach my Ears among the Shades below.

This to an *Engliſh* Reader may appear very ſtrange. Her Ghoſt was to perſecute him, and her Ghoſt would rejoice to hear it in the other World. It is to be noted therefore that the Heathen

With loathing turns her Eyes from his; and leaves
Him wav'ring, and a thouſand things to ſay
Irreſolute, in Fear. Her Maids ſupport
Her Body, as ſhe ſinks into their Arms,
And lay her fainting on the Royal Bed.
But good *Æneas*, tho' he much deſir'd
By comforting to eaſe her Grief, and ſooth
The Tempeſt of her Paſſions; groaning deep,
And ſtagger'd in his Mind by mighty Love:
Yet executes the dread Commands of Heav'n,
And to his Fleet repairs. Then all at once
The *Trojans* urge their Toil, and from the Dock
Draw their tall Ships: The new-pitch'd Gallies float;
Unfaſhion'd Timber from the Woods they bring,
And leafy Oars, thro' Eagerneſs and Haſte;
Studious of Flight.
Them crouding thro' the Streets you might behold,
And

Heathen Superſtition made a Diſtinction between the *Umbra*, the *Manes*, and the *Spiritus* of the Perſon: according to That aſcribed to *Ovid*,

——*Tumulum circumvolat umbra,*
Orcus habet manes, ſpiritus aſtra petit.

Ver. 513. *With Loathing turns her Eyes from his.*] For That, I am perſuaded, is the Meaning of *ſeque ex oculis* [illius] *avertit, & aufert*; not that ſhe *ran away*, as all the Expoſitors interpret it. She *turn'd her Head from him, and hid her Face*, with Deteſtation of him, with Shame, and Confuſion. *Linquens* indeed means her *going away*; probably at leaſt: For even that *may* relate to her *fainting*.

Ver. 514, 515. *To ſay irreſolute.*] In the Orig. 'tis not only *parantem multa dicere*, but *cunctantem* [i. e. hæſitantem] *multa dicere*. I have uſed the ſame *Regimen* of the *Infinitive* in Engliſh, as apply'd to *irreſolute*. Theſe Expreſſions in *our* Poetry I take to be not only allowable, but elegant. There are many ſuch in our beſt Authors. *Irreſolute to do*, &c. i. e. *not reſolute to do*, &c. but doubting, and heſitating about it.

And ruſhing from the Town. As when the Ants
Mindful of Winter, waſte a Heap of Corn
To ſtore their Granaries. Along the Fields
Goes a black Troop; and in a narrow Path
Their Booty they convey: With all their Strength
Some on their Shoulders puſh the cumbrous Grains;
Others bring up the Rear, and chide Delay:
The Path all ſmokes, and hot the Work proceeds.
Then, *Dido*, what were then thy Thoughts? What Groans,
At ſuch a Proſpect, heav'd thy throbbing Breaſt?
When from a Turret's Top thou didſt behold
The Hurry of the Shore, and all the Sea
Confus'd with mingled Noiſes? Cruel Love!
To what Extremes does not thy Tyrant Pow'r
Urge mortal Breaſts? Again diſſolv'd in Tears,
Spight of her Rage, and Pride, again ſhe tries
Suppliant Intreaties, and ſubmiſſive bows
Her haughty Soul to Love: That, e'er ſhe dy'd,
No Meaſures unattempted might be left.
My deareſt *Anna*, from all Parts, thou ſeeſt,

Ruſhing

Ver. 530. *As when the Ants*, &c.] *De La Cerda* is in ſuch a Rapture upon This Simile; that he challenges all *Greece*, and *Homer* it's Prince, all the *Iliad*, and all the *Odyſſée*, to equal it. I confeſs, I am not of his Opinion: I think it is better as a *Deſcription*, than as a *Simile*: The Expreſſions are very elegant: But the Idea is none of the moſt *delightful* in it *ſelf*, nor the moſt *applicable* in the *Compariſon*.

Ver. 544. — *Again diſſolv'd in Tears.*] *Ire iterum in lacrimas.* We *feel* That elegant Expreſſion in the *Latin*; but it is impoſſible to render it in *Engliſh*.

Ver. 548. *Unattempted.*] Orig. *Ne quid inexpertum fruſtra*, &c. i. e. *fruſtra* [licet expertum.] There muſt be ſome ſuch Thing to make out the Senſe.

Ver. 549. *My deareſt* Anna, &c.] I wonder M. *Segrais* ſhould ſay (as he does) that This,

Ruſhing they croud the Shore; their Sails unfurl'd
Invite the Breezes, and with joyful Haſte
The ſhouting Mariners have crown'd their Ships.
Could I have e'er expected ſuch a Blow
Of cruel Fate as This; my Soul could then
Have born it: Yet This only Favour grant
Thy wretched Siſter: for That faithleſs Man
To Thee alone uncommon Rev'rence paid,
Truſted his Secrets with Thee; Thou alone
Didſt know the ſoft Approaches to his Soul,
And all the proper Seaſons of Addreſs.
Go, Siſter; and This Meſſage ſuppliant bear
To the proud Foe. I never did conſpire,
At *Aulis*, with the *Greeks*, to overturn
The *Trojan* State, nor ſent a Fleet to *Troy*;
Nor e'er diſturb'd his bury'd Father's Duſt.
Why does he ſtop his unrelenting Ears
To my Intreaties? Whither does he fly
So haſty? This laſt Favour let him grant
To his unhappy Lover, let him wait
An eaſy Voyage, and permitting Winds.
I now no more petition him to yield
The Rights of Nuptials, which he has betray'd;

Nor

This, and That in the Sixth Book, *O pater anne aliquas*, &c. (for That he muſt mean) are the only Paſſages which he has obſerved in which Speeches are inſerted without the introductory Tags of *ſic ait, ſic fatur*, &c. When there are many more ſuch Inſtances. As Book i. 735. in the Original. Book ii. 322, 577, 657, 675, 707. With many more, which I need not mention; and which I have always imitated in my Tranſlation. This is one Reaſon why there do not ſeem to be ſo many Speeches in *Virgil*, as there really are. See *Preface*.

Ver. 557. *To Thee alone*, &c.] That is, excepting *her ſelf*.

Nor urge him to relinquiſh his gay Hopes
Of *Italy*, and Empire: All I beg
Is but a ſoothing Interval, ſome Reſt,
And Reſpite to my Paſſion; till my Fate
Shall to Misfortune reconcile my Soul,
Subdu'd by Grief, and teach me how to mourn.
Pity thy Siſter; This laſt Boon I crave:
This let him grant; I'll then diſmiſs him free,
And crown his Satisfaction with my Death.
Thus ſhe her Suit expreſs'd; Such mournful Pray'rs
Her weeping Siſter carries, and repeats:
He by no Tears is mov'd; untractable,
And deaf to all Intreaties; Fate forbids;
And *Jove*, o'er-ruling, ſtops his pitying Ears.
As when rough *Alpine* Winds, with ſtruggling Guſts,

This

Ver. 581. *And crown his Satisfaction with my Death.*

Quam mihi cum dederit, cumulatum *morte* remittam.

Among the many Readings of This Verſe, ſome with very meagre Senſe, and others with none at all; I have choſen That of *Ruæus*; which not only makes it good Senſe, but very pathetical. The *Cambridge* Editor is of another Opinion; but gives no Reaſon to ſupport it.

Ver. 587. *As when rough* Alpine *Winds*, &c.] Few Similes, if any at all, even in *Virgil* himſelf, are more noble and beautiful than This. It gives us a perfect Image of the great and deep Impreſſions which are made upon the Hero, and yet of his Stedfaſtneſs in not being ſubdued by them. The Ideas are entirely correſpondent, and the Expreſſions altogether admirable.

——*It ſtridor*, &c.——
——*Aſſiduis hinc atque hinc vocibus Heros*
Tunditur ——

which laſt Word is the moſt Elegant and Expreſſive, that could poſſibly have been thought of;

Ipſa

This Way, and that, contend t' o'erturn an Oak
Stubborn with aged Timber; Roaring loud
The Branches bend; The ſtiff Trunk bows; The Leaves
Thick falling ſtrew the Ground: Itſelf faſt clings
Fix'd in the Rocks; and high as it uprears
It's tow'ring Head in Air, ſo deep it's Root
Shoots downwards to the Centre. With ſuch Force,
And ceaſeleſs Noiſe, the Hero on all Sides
Is batter'd; and within his manly Breaſt
Confines the Pain he feels: His Mind perſiſts
Unmov'd; and Tears roll down his Cheeks in vain.

Then,

Ipſa hæret ſcopulis———
Mens immota manet———
Conſternunt terram concuſſo ſtipite frondes:
———Lacrimæ volvuntur inanes.

This laſt Cauſe is by ſome Expoſitors and Tranſlators apply'd to the Tears of the *Queen, and her Siſter*, not of the *Hero*; which is but plain Senſe at beſt, and a Tautology beſides: Whereas the other is to the laſt Degree noble, and pathetical. Some Commentators will have it, That this Simile too is taken from *Homer*. That Poet indeed has two Compariſons from the Wind blowing upon a Tree; One in the Sixth, the other in the Twelfth Book of the *Iliad*; but neither of them like This in any other reſpect. There would certainly have been ſuch Things in Nature as Winds, and Trees, and the blowing of Thoſe Winds upon Thoſe Trees; tho' *Homer* and *Virgil* had never been born.

Ver. 591. *Thick falling ſtrew the Ground.*]

———& altè
Conſternunt terram concuſſo ſtipite frondes.

Altè, for *diu*, or *jugiter cadentes* (as Some will have it) is a Senſe unheard of. *Ruæus* refers it to the Trunk of the Tree; *Stipite* profunde *concuſſo*: But then the placing of the Words is harſh. *Altè conſternunt terram* (ſays *De La Cerda*) i. e. *copioſe implent terram*. This is certainly the Senſe: *Alte*; They lie *high*, or *deep*; For the Thing is in Effect the ſame. Others read it *altæ* in the Adjective agreeing with *Frondes*.

Then, terrify'd with Fate, th' unhappy Queen
Implores to die; and ſickens to behold
The bright Convex of Heav'n. To make her urge
Her Enterprize, and leave the hated Light;
When pious Gifts ſhe on the Altars laid
Smoking with Incenſe, (horrid to relate!)
She ſaw the Liquors ſacred to the Gods
Turn black; and as the holy Wine was pour'd,

It

Ver. 605. *She ſaw the Liquors, &c.*] If it be poſſible to determine which Paſſage in the *Æneis* is the very beſt of all, ſurely it is This. The τὸ θαυμαζὸν, and the τὸ φοβερὸν, the *Dreadful*, and the *Wonderful*, joined with the *Pathetical*, reign thro' the Whole to a Degree unutterable. After the Account of the Wine turned into Blood, it follows

Hoc viſum nulli, non ipſi affata ſorori.

That *Secreſy* is ſuch an Image of cool Horrour, as can be no Secret to any one that has the leaſt Notion of Human Nature. But after the Mention of the Chapel conſecrated to *Sichæus*, with what Terrour are we ſtruck at the diſmal Sound as well as Senſe of

Hinc exaudiri voces, & verba vocantis
Viſa viri, &c.

Nothing can be more frightful; but what follows is more elegant:

Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
Sæpe queri, & longas in fletum ducere voces.

I know I have cited Theſe Verſes in my Preface, and in my *Præl. Poet.* yet cannot forbear repeating them here; becauſe I take them to be the beſt extant, if That can be ſaid of any two Verſes whatſoever.

Multaque præterea vatum prædicta priorum
Terribili monitu horrificant

carries dread enough:

——Agit ipſe furentem
In ſomnis ferus Æneas——

is ſtill higher: But

—Sem-

It chang'd to putrid Blood. This dire Portent
From All, ev'n from her Siſter, ſhe conceals.
Beſides, within her Court a Marble Dome
There ſtood, devoted to her former Lord;
Which with uncommon Honour ſhe rever'd,
With ſnowy Fleeces, and freſh Garlands crown'd.
Hence Groans are heard, and her dead Huſband's Voice
Seeming to call aloud; when gloomy Night
Obſcures the World: And, on her Palace-top,
The lonely Owl with oft-repeated Scream
Complains, and ſpins into a diſmal Length
Her baleful Shrieks. Nor leſs the Warnings, giv'n
By ancient Augurs, fright her reſtleſs Mind
With terrrible Predictions. In her Dreams
Cruel *Æneas* perſecutes her Soul
To Madneſs. Still abandon'd to herſelf,
Cheerleſs, without a Guide, ſhe ſeems to go
A long, a tedious Journey, and to ſeek
Her *Tyrian* Subjects on deſerted Coaſts.
So raving *Pentheus* Troops of Furies ſees,
Two Suns, and double *Thebes*: So mad with Guilt
Oreſtes,

———*Semperque relinqui*
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam, *& Tyrios deſerta quærere terra*,

———*Ultriceſque ſedent in limine Diræ!*

is (as I have elſewhere * remarked) an Image altogether admirable. And the more ſo, becauſe it is an Image purely in Idea, not of any corporeal or ſenſible Phantaſm. We feel it, and can no way explain it, but by ſaying we do ſo. Then what could better cloſe Theſe Deſcriptions, than Thoſe Similes of *Pentheus*, and *Oreſtes*, expreſſing the Madneſs of Deſpair, and the Concluſion of the Whole with That deep and dreadful Impreſſion.

* *Præl. Poet.*

Oreſtes, agitated on the Stage,
Flies from his Mother's Ghoſt, with Torches arm'd,
And black infernal Snakes; revengeful Fiends
Sit in the Doors, and intercept his Flight.
Therefore when all the Furies in her Breaſt
She had conceiv'd, o'ercome with wild Deſpair,
And reſolute to die; the Time, and Means
She with herſelf contrives: and Thus accoſts
Her mourning Siſter; (her Deſign conceals,
And ſmooths her Viſage with diſſembled Hope.)
Rejoice with me, my Siſter; I have found
A ſure Expedient, which will either bring
My Lover back, or free me from my Love.
Near Ocean's Limits, and the ſetting Sun,
On *Æthiopia*'s Bounds there is a Place,
Where mighty *Atlas* on his Shoulders turns

The

Ver. 635. *She with herſelf contrives.*] *Exigit*, i. e. *Meditatur, exacte diſquirit, definit, ad certum redigit.* I have obſerved before, that the Word *Exigo* is uſed in a great Variety of Significations.

Ver. 641. *Near Ocean's Limits, and the ſetting Sun*, &c.] That no Circumſtance of Horrour might be wanting to introduce the Fate of This unhappy Princeſs; To *Prodigies* ſucceeds *Magick*. The diſmal Solemnity and infernal Religion of which exceedingly heightens the Terrour in the Cataſtrophe of This Tragedy. And That doubtleſs was the only Reaſon which moved the Poet to inſert it: But then he takes care to keep That Reaſon concealed, by amuſing his Readers with Another. By a Pretence of endeavouring to bring back *Æneas*, or to cure her own Love, the Queen impoſes upon her Siſter; and by the ſame Pretence the Poet impoſes upon his Reader. The Deſcription of the Magick Ceremony, and Funeral Preparation is of a Piece with the reſt; that is, in full Perfection, and never enough to be commended.

Ver. 643. *On his Shoulders turns.*] *Torquet*, i. e. ſay many Expoſitors, *fulcit, regit*; But how That can be, I cannot imagine. Tho' *Servius*

The rolling Axis ſtudded o'er with Stars.
Hence a *Maſſylian* Prieſteſs came, who kept
The Temple of th' *Heſperides*, with Food
Supply'd the Guardian Dragon, in his Meals
Honey infus'd, and drowſy Poppy's Juice,
And in the Tree preſerv'd the ſacred Boughs.
She undertakes with Charms to diſengage
Whome'er ſhe pleaſes, others to involve
In reſtleſs Cares; to make ſwift Streams ſtand ſtill,
And backwards turns the Stars. From Hell ſhe calls
Nocturnal Ghoſts; The Ground, you'll ſee, will groan,
Beneath her Feet, and Oaks from Hills deſcend.
Be all the Gods my Witneſſes, and Thou,

My

Servius himſelf mentions no more than *ſuſtinet, portat.* But I agree with Thoſe who explain it by *ſphærica vertigine volvit*; according to That of *Ennius* more plainly

Qui cœlum verſat *ſtellis fulgentibus aptum:*

From which This of *Virgil* is taken. *Atlas* may be ſuppoſed by ſome Motion of his Body to turn the Sphere: Or imagine him to be a *mere* Mountain, and without Motion; yet ſince the Sphere turns, or rolls *upon him*, he may by a Poetical Transferring of Ideas be ſaid to *turn*, or *roll* it. See the Note on Ver. 830. Book i.

Ver. 645. *Hence a* Maſſilian *Prieſteſs came.*] Orig. *A* Maſſilian *Prieſteſs* [who came] *from hence was ſhewn to me. Hinc* [quæ venit] *mihi Maſſylæ gentis monſtrata ſacerdos.* Next Ver. [Quæ fuit]. *Heſperidum templi cuſtos, epulaſque,* &c.

Ver. 648. — *Drowſy Poppy's Juice.*] If the Dragon was to be *wakeful* (as all *Guards* ought to be, and This *Heſperian* one is accordingly ſtiled *vigil*, and *pervigil* by the Poets) it ſeems ſtrange that *Poppies* ſhould be any Part of his Diet. *Servius* anſwers, that they might have a different Effect upon *Him* from what they have upon *Men. Ruæus* gives two Reaſons, which I will not tranſcribe; becauſe I like neither of them. I rather anſwer with *De La Cerda*; Poppies might be given him to take off *ſomething* of his *Fierceneſs*, but not in ſuch a *Quantity* as to incline him to *Sleep.*

Ver. 655. Oaks *from Hills deſcend.*] In the Original it is *Ornos, Wild-Aſhes.* This Licenſe is allowed to all Tranſlators in Verſe; and needs no Apology.

My dearest Sister, with Regret I fly
For Aid to Magick Arts. Do thou erect
A Pile with Secrecy in th' inner Court,
Beneath the Cope of Heav'n; and on it place
The *Trojan* Arms, which in the Chamber fix'd
That Traytor left, his Cloaths, the genial Bed
On which I was undone: T' abolish all
The Villain's Relicks, is our form'd Design;
And such Direction the sage Priestess gives.

This said, she silent stood, and o'er her Face
A dying Paleness spread: Yet *Anna*'s Thoughts
Never suspected that her Sister meant
Her Fun'ral, on Pretext of sacred Rites;
Could not conceive so frantick a Despair,
And fear'd no worse than when *Sichæus* dy'd;
Therefore obeys her Orders.

But in th' interiour Court, and open Air,
A lofty Pile with Pitch-Trees and cleft Oak
Is built: The Queen with Garlands hangs it round,
And

Ver. 657.——*With Regret I fly*, &c.] Me *invitam accingier ad magicas artes.*

Ver. 669. *On Pretext.*] *Prætexere funera sacris.* Either *Prætexere*, for *tegere, celare*: Or for *obtendere*; and then 'tis by Hypallage, for *sacra funeribus.* Ver. 502. *Nec graviora timet quàm* [quæ contigerant] *Morte Sichæi*: i. e. *Mortuo Sichæo.* She thought it would be a *mere* Funeral Ceremony, (for some other Person, not for the Queen herself) Now, as it was Then. She thought too (we may imagine) that the *Magical Intention* of burying *Æneas* in Effigie, as it were, was to cure the Queen's Love, *&c.* Next Line, *Ergo jussa parat* [facessere.]

Ver. 675. *Is built: The Queen* &c.] Orig. *The Pile being built* [i. e. by *Anna*] *the Queen*, &c. It is afterwards said that She [the Queen] laid *Æneas*'s Raiment, and Sword, *&c.* upon it; whereas she had commanded *Anna* to do it, and 'tis said before that she obey'd her Orders. Should This be made an Objection,

And crowns it with a fun'ral Wreath: Above,
The Hero's Raiment, and the Sword he left,
And his Effigy on the Bed ſhe lays,
Not ign'rant of the future. Altars ſtand
Around; and, with her Treſſes ſcatter'd looſe,
The Prieſteſs thunders o'er three hundred Gods,
Erebus, *Chaos*, three ſhap'd *Hecate*,
Virgin *Diana*'s triple Form. The Place
With fancy'd Waters of *Avernus*'s Fount
She ſprinkles. Herbs are brought by Moon-light mow'd
With brazen Scythes, big, ſwol'n with milky Juice
Of noxious Poiſon; and the fleſhy Knot
Torn from the Forehead of a new-foal'd Colt,
To rob the Mother's Love.
Herſelf with one Foot bare, and Robes unbound,
Before the Altars, with a ſeaſon'd Cake,
And pious Hands, reſolv'd on Death, invokes
To witneſs all the Gods, and ev'ry Star

Con-

jection, it would be a very ſlender Criticiſm indeed. She bade her Sifter do it; who accordingly brought the Things thither, in order to place them, as ſhe was bid. But the Queen coming before the Other had done it, thought fit to do it herſelf.

Ver. 675.——*With Garlands hangs it round.*] *Intenditque* [i. e. *cingit*] *locum ſertis*

Ver. 684. *Fancy'd.*] Orig. *Simulatos*, i. e. by *Dido*, and the Prieſteſs: *Fancy'd*, i. e. by *Anna*, and the reſt: For it was all a *Pretence* to *deceive* them. Ver. 513. Orig. *quæruntur* for *conquiruntur*.

Ver. 689. *To rob the Mother's Love.*] *Et matri prærepſus amor.* This cannot be tranſlated litterally. *Amor* for what ſhe loved: It ſeems ſhe would eat it, if it were not immediately ſnatched from her, after the Birth of the Foal. The *fleſhy Knot*, or an Excreſcence of Fleſh upon the Forehead of it, is not *named* in the Original; but, according to all Annotators, That is the Thing *intended*.

Ver. 692, 693. — *Invokes to Witneſs*, &c.] *Tum ſi quod non æquo*

Conſcious of Fate, and whate'er Pow'r regards
And vindicates the Cauſe of injur'd Love.
'Twas Night, and weary Mortals o'er the World,
Lay with ſweet Sleep refreſh'd: The ruffled Woods,
And roaring Seas no more are heard: The Stars
Roll ſliding in the Middle of their Courſe.
The Fields all huſh'd; the Beaſts, and painted Birds,
Which haunt the liquid Ponds, and thorny Brakes,
In ſilent Night, reliev'd with ſoft Repoſe,
Forget their Cares, and loſe the Toils of Day.

Not

æquo fœdere amantes Curæ numen habet, juſtumque, memorque, precatur. To be reſolved Thus: *Si quod numen juſtum, memorque* [i. e. vindex] *curæ habet* [curat] *amantes non æquo fœdere,* [*non* æquali affectu, non pari fide junctos] *precatur* [illud.] If I ſometimes invade the Province of *Ruæus* in his Interpretation, and of *Minellius* in his Notes; 'Tis purely *in uſum Tyronum:* Thoſe who know no Latin *cannot* read it; and Thoſe who know much, *need* not. Let it be here obſerved, however, that I have explained very many Words, and Paſſages, which neither *Ruæus,* nor *Minellius,* nor any body elſe, has explain'd.

Ver. 696. *'Twas Night; and weary Mortals,* &c.] This Deſcription is ſo celebrated, that we need not enlarge upon it's particular Beauties. It will rather be proper to take Notice of an Objection, or two, which Some have urged againſt it. How comes Sleep to be attributed to inanimate Things, ſuch as Trees, Fields, and Seas? The Anſwer commonly given by Annotators, is *Continens pro re contenta.* But that is a dark Account of the Matter: For beſides that (as I ſhall ſhew) there is a much more ſatisfactory Solution; the Birds and Beaſts are mentioned immediately afterwards:

——*Pecudes, pictæque volucres,* &c.

Monſieur *Segrais* therefore juſtly diſapproves of This Anſwer, tho' without telling us why; but, I think, puts a much worſe in the Room of it. The Reaſon, ſays he, of This Exaggeration, is to ſhew the Rage of *Dido*'s Love; every thing in the World being aſleep except her ſelf. But the Queſtion returns; is That Exaggeration natural? For if it be not allowable in it ſelf, it is faulty, whatever uſe the Author had to make of it. But the Objection

Not ſo the wretched *Dido*; No ſweet Sleep
Lulls her a Moment: In her Eyes, or Soul,
Nor for a Moment ſhe receives the Night:
Her Pangs redouble; Love with boiling Foam
Rages afreſh, and with a various Tide
Of warring Paſſions fluctuates in her Breaſt.
Such Thoughts as Theſe ſhe with herſelf revolves.

What Objection is frivolous upon another Account. Not only Poetical *Licence*, but Poetical *Imaging* is very inconſiderable: if a Poet may not uſe ſuch a Metaphor, as is here ſuppoſed. I ſay *ſuppoſed*; for in reality, after all, here is no ſuch thing: The Words are

——Silvæque, & ſæva quierant
Æquora; cum medio volvuntur ſidera lapſu,
Cum tacet omnis ager, &c.

And I hope *Reſt* and *Silence* may be attributed to Woods, Fields, and Seas; if *Sleep* may not. *De La Cerda* indeed tells us *quies humanos ſomnos indicat*: It does ſometimes, but not always, as he ſuppoſes; imagining it to be a Metaphor in This place, for which I ſee no manner of Reaſon: Tho' if it were ſo, it would be not only juſtifiable, but elegant. Admitting all This, ſays another Set of Objectors; how come the *Woods* and the *Seas* to be ſo very *ſilent* by *Night*? They are more noiſy by Night than by Day; the Silence of other Things contributing to it. Yes, if they are noiſy *at all*; but cannot Woods and Seas be *quiet* and at *reſt*, as well as *Animals*? And are they not actually ſo, if there be *no Wind ſtirring*? This therefore is not a Deſcription of the *Night in general* (as 'tis commonly thought) any more than of a *ſtormy* one in particular, but of a *ſtill, quiet Night*; as it was moſt proper to ſuppoſe This to be; becauſe ſuch an Antitheſis of Ideas heightens the Horrour, and the Pathos of the Queen's outrageous Paſſion; every thing being at reſt, but her ſelf. For *Virgil* has taken care to make That Oppoſition which Monſieur *Segrais* ſpeaks of, for the Reaſon which he alledges: And aſſuredly there never was any thing more pathetical than That ſudden Tranſition, which gives ſuch a ſurprizing, and affecting Turn to our Thoughts, from

——Corda oblita laborum

To

At non infelix animi Phœniſſa——

What ſhall I do? Derided ſhall I try
Again my former Lovers? And with Pray'rs
Suppliant ſollicite the *Numidian* Lords,
Whoſe proffer'd Vows ſo oft I have diſdain'd?
Or ſhall I go, attend the *Trojan* Fleet;
And be obedient to their worſt Commands!

Becauſe

And therefore Mr. *Lee* took *Virgil* right, when in his admirable Tragedy of *Theodoſius*, (for admirable it is in the main, notwithſtanding a conſiderable Quantity of Bombaſtick Rant, and Nonſenſe; according to *Lee*'s Cuſtom, which he can't live without, even in his beſt Plays) he put the following Deſcription into the Mouth of *Varanes*; a Deſcription not of *Night in general*, but of the *particular unuſual Silence of That*, in which he was ſpeaking,

'Tis Night; dead Night: And weary Nature lies
So faſt, as if ſhe never were to riſe.
No Breath of Wind now whiſpers thro' the Trees;
No Noiſe at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas.
Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon:
Nor wakeful Dogs bark at the ſilent Moon;
Nor bay the Ghoſts, which glide with Horrour by
To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie.
The Ravens perch, and no Preſages give,
Nor to the Windows of the Dying cleave.
The Owls forget to ſcream; No midnight Sound
Calls drowſey Echo from the hollow Ground.

Only I think he was overſeen in one Expreſſion — *Nor Murmur in the Seas*: The calmeſt Nights cannot ſilence the Falls of Waters, nor the Murmuring of Tides: ſo far otherwiſe, that they are heard the louder, for That very Reaſon. But then they are at reſt, as much as they are *capable* of *being*: And the Noiſe they make is *more drowſey*, than *Silence* itſelf. According to That of Mr. *Lee* in another Place *,

And lulling Murmurs roll'd from neighb'ring Seas.

And of Mr. *Dryden* †,

——— *The Waves more faintly roar,*
And roll themſelves aſleep upon the Shore.

Which Verſes, by the Way, tho' boldly expreſſed, are in my Opinion very good; at leaſt preferable to his famous Deſcription in the *Conqueſt of Mexico*.

* *Princeſs of* Cleve. † Rival Ladies.

Becauſe I have aſſiſted them, and find
My Favours with ſuch Gratitude repay'd?
Or grant I would; Who of That haughty Crew
Would ſuffer me, or in their ſtately Ships
Receive me ſcorn'd? Not yet, alas! convinc'd,
Poor, undone Wretch, not yet doſt thou perceive
Perjur'd *Laomedon*'s perfidious Race?
What? Shall I then accompany, alone,
The ſhouting Mariners? Or round inclos'd
With all my *Tyrians?* Thoſe whom ſcarce I drew

From

All things are huſh'd, as Nature's ſelf lay dead;
The Mountains ſeem to nod their drowſey head:
The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,
And ſleeping Flow'rs beneath the Night-dew ſweat.

This childiſh Fuſtian Mr. *Rymer* * very formally compares with This Deſcription of *Virgil*'s, which we are now conſidering: Which is juſt as if one ſhould make a grave Diſſertation upon the Compariſon between a Guinea and a Farthing. Nay, He prefers This of *Dryden*'s; and has the Preſumption to mend *Virgil*'s, by changing *volvuntur ſidera lapſu* into *librantur ſidera curſu:* Becauſe the latter forſooth has the ſofter Sound. It had need be better in Sound, becauſe I am ſure 'tis worſe in Senſe: Nay 'tis well if *librantur* be any Senſe at all. But beſides; it unluckily happens that the *Sound* is altered for the worſe, as well as the *Senſe*. *Volvuntur* is no rough, or rattling Word, nor any thing like it; but it may be ſtrong, or weak, according as it is pronounced: Both the Vowels, and Conſonants are ſoft; much ſofter to my Ears than *librantur:* in which the *b* and *r* put together are harſh enough. I am ſure *lapſu* is both in Sound, and Senſe, as ſmooth and ſleepy a Word as could have been thought of; at leaſt much more ſo, than *Curſu*. But I have ſaid ſo much of Sleeping, that I doubt my Reader will ſleep over it.

Ver. 717. *Becauſe I have aſſiſted them,* &c.] ——— *Quiane*

* *If he be (as he is ſaid to be) the Tranſlator of* Rapin's *Reflections upon* Ariſtotle's *Treatiſe of Poeſie. See Pref. to That Tranſlation,* p. 22, 23, &c.

From *Sidon*, ſhall I drag to Sea again,
And bid them ſpread their Canvaſs to the Winds?
No; Die, as thou deſerv'ſt; and with the Steel
Cure all thy Pains. Thou, Siſter, by my Tears
O'ercome, to ſooth my frantick Love, didſt firſt
Expoſe me to the Foe; and load my Soul
With all This Anguiſh. Could I not have liv'd
Free, like the Savages, without a Crime,
Free from the Nuptial Bed? and ne'er have known
Such Plagues as Theſe are? Broken is the Faith
I vow'd to dead *Sichæus*. Such Complaints
She burſt, with Sobbing, from her tortur'd Breaſt.
Æneas, in his lofty Ship, reſolv'd
Upon his Voyage, and prepar'd to ſail,
Securely ſlept. To Him the Form Divine
Returning, juſt the ſame in Mein, and Look,
Appear'd in Dream, and Thus again advis'd:
Reſembling *Mercury* in ev'ry Part,
His Voice, Complexion, and his yellow Hair,
And well-proportion'd beauteous Limbs of Youth.
Canſt thou in This Conjuncture, Goddeſs-born,
Indulge thy Sleep? Nor think what Dangers round
Incloſe thee, thoughtleſs Man? Nor doſt thou hear
The *Zephyrs* breathe propitious on the Main?
She

auxilio juvat ante levatos, &c. Spoken Ironically, and with Indignation: *An quia juvat* me [i. e. *prodeſt mihi*] illos à *me ante levatos* fuiſſe *auxilio?*

Ver. 734. *Free, like the Savages*, &c.] *Degere more feræ.* This Idea is ſaid to be harſh; But I ſee no Reaſon for it; eſpecially conſidering that the Queen, while ſhe ſays ſo, is really little better than *fera*, mad, if not wild.

Ver. 749. *Incloſe thee.*] *Nec quæ circumſtent te* deinde *pericula*—That *deinde*, [i. e. *mox, brevi, poſthác*] muſt, I think, ſuppoſe *invaſura*, or ſome ſuch Word underſtood. To account for it, *Servius* imagines *circumſtent* to be for *circumſtaturæ ſint.*

She reſolute on Death, revolves her Plots,
And Miſchiefs dire; and with a various Tide
Of warring Paſſions fluctuates in her Breaſt.
Will you not fly with eager Haſte, while yet
'Tis in your Pow'r to fly? You ſtrait will ſee
With Ships the Ocean crouded, hoſtile Brands
Glare on the Billows; and the Shore in Flames,
In Hurry, and Confuſion; if the Morn
O'ertake you ling'ring on the *Tyrian* Coaſts.
Riſe, break Delay: A Woman is a Thing
Still various, and uncertain. Thus he ſpoke,
And mingled with the duſky Shades of Night.
Æneas, at the ſudden Viſion ſtruck
With Horrour and Surprize, ſprings from the Bed,
And rouzes up his Mates: Wake, wake, my Friends,
Sit to your Oars, with Haſte unfurl your Sails.
The God again has urg'd us, ſent from Heav'n,
To ſpeed our Flight, and cut the twiſted Cords.
Thee, Holy Pow'r, whoe'er Thou art, with Joy
We follow; and again thy dread Commands
Obey: Be Thou aſſiſtant at our Need,
And guide the Stars propitious in the Sky.
He ſaid; and from the Scabbard ſwiftly draws
His flaſhing Sword, and with the Steel unſheath'd

Di-

Ver. 760. — *A Woman is a Thing*, &c.] This is certainly, as Mr. *Dryden* ſays, a moſt ſevere Satyr upon the Female Sex. But I do not think, with him, that *Animal* is to be underſtood to make it Grammar. Every body knows, that where *Res* is underſtood, the Adjective is turned into the Neuter Gender; which makes the Sarcaſm more bitter. 'Tis not ſo much as *Animal*; 'tis only a *Thing*, as Mr. *Dryden* has truly tranſlated it: And therefore I the more wonder at his Remark upon it. Ver. 581. Orig. *Rapiuntque feruntque* [omnia ſibi obvia.] 'Tis a known Phraſe expreſſive of *Haſte*, and *Hurry*.

Divides the Cables: With like Ardour fir'd
All haſte; They ruſh, they leave the Land; With Ships
The Sea is cover'd o'er: With all their Strength
They daſh the Foam, and ſweep the briny Waves.
Aurora, from *Tithonus'* ſaffron Bed
Now riſing, ſprinkled o'er the World with Light;
Soon as the Queen perceiv'd the dawning Day,
And from a Tow'r beheld the Navy move
With even Sails, the empty Ports, and Shores
Abandon'd: With repeated Blows ſhe beats
Her beauteous Breaſt, and rends her yellow Hair:
Shall he then go? The Fugitive? O *Jove!*
She cry'd, and make my Kingdoms thus his Sport?
Will they not ruſh to Arms? From all the Town
Purſue? While others from the Docks ſwift plunge
My Ships into the Sea? Go, fly; bring Fire;
Quick,

Ver. 776. — *They leave the Land* ——] *Littora deſeruere.* It was not by a Poetic Licence, merely to fill up his Verſe, that *Virgil* here uſed a Verb in the *preter* Tenſe joined with ſo many in the *preſent*: There is a wonderful Elegancy in it expreſſing their *Haſte*, and *Swiftneſs*. They *are gone*, while we are talking. *Left the Shore* in *Engliſh* would not here be ſuffered: Or, if it were, it would not expreſs the ſame Thing: So great is the Difference in the peculiar Turns of Languages.

Ver. 779. Aurora *from* Tithonus' *Saffron Bed*, &c.] "We "may obſerve (ſays the Au- "thor of *Virgil's* Life before "Mr. *Dryden's* Tranſlation) it "is an Art peculiar to *Virgil* "to intimate the Event by "ſome preceding Accident. He "hardly ever deſcribes the Ri- "ſing of the Sun, but with "ſome Circumſtance which "fore-ſignifies the Fortune of "the Day. For Inſtance; "when *Æneas* leaves *Africa* "and Queen *Dido*, he thus de- "ſcribes the fatal Morning;

Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.

"and for This Remark we "ſtand indebted to the curious "Pencil of *Pollio*." I confeſs This Beauty is too curious for my dull Apprehenſion: For how a *Woman's* riſing from her *Huſband*, as *uſual*, and leaving him in Bed, gives any Hint of a

Quick ſpread your Canvaſs, ſtrongly ply your Oars.
What was't I ſaid? Where am I? What Diſtraction
Has turn'd my Brain? Unhappy *Dido!* Now
Thy cruel Fate ſtabs home. Then was the Time
To act, when you reſign'd your Sceptre. This,
This is his Faith, and Honour, who, they ſay,
Carries about his wand'ring Country-Gods,
Where'er he goes; and on his Shoulders bore
His aged Father. Could I not have torn
His mangled Limbs; and ſtrew'd them on the Sea?
Have murder'd his Aſſociates? ſtabb'd his Son?
And ſerv'd him up at Table to the Sire?
But grant that doubtful is th' Event of War;
Whom ſhould I fear, when I reſolv'd to die?
I ſhould have ſcatter'd Firebrands thro' his Fleet,
His Hatches fill'd with Flames, extirpated
The Son, the Father, all the curſed Race;
And fall'n myſelf upon the ſlaughter'd Heaps.

Thou

Man's finally abandoning, and deſerting his Miſtreſs, I do not underſtand. Beſides; This very Verſe is twice or thrice us'd by *Virgil* upon other occaſions.

Ver. 794. *Thy cruel Fate ſtabs home.*] *Nunc te* fata *impia tangunt.* Some read *facta*; underſtanding it of her own Guilt: As before,

Non ſervata fides cineri promiſſa Sichæo.

And indeed to This Reading, and Interpretation I rather incline; but becauſe the other is good Senſe, I tranſlate according to the generality of Copies.

Ver. 794, 795.——*Then was the Time To act*, &c.] *Tum decuit, cum ſceptra dabas.* An elliptical, or imperfect Sentence. *Tum decuit* [Te bello eum proſequi] *cum ſceptra dabas* [illi.] You ſhould *then* have acted in this manner, when you reſigned your Power to him; or at leaſt (for it may imply no more, tho' the other is ſtronger) made him a Sharer in it: Or, you ſhould have done the former, inſtead of the latter. *Now* it is too late. *En dextra fideſque* [illius] *quem*, &c. *Dextra:* becauſe the *Right-hand* was given as a Pledge of Faith.

Thou Son, who in thy fiery Courſe ſurvey'ſt
The Works of Men; Thou *Juno*, of Theſe Cares
Conſcious Interpreter; Thou *Hecate*,
Whoſe Name is howl'd at Midnight thro' the Streets;
You, Ye avenging Furies, and Ye Gods
Of dying, loſt *Eliſa*: To my Words
Attend; inflict on Crimes the Vengeance due,
And hear my Pray'rs. If Fate's unmov'd Decree,
And mighty *Jove*'s reſiſtleſs Will, ordain
That This perfidious Traytor muſt arrive
Safe in the Port, and reach the deſtin'd Land;
Yet, plagu'd with War by a bold Nation rais'd,
Baniſh'd his Country, raviſh'd from the Embrace
Of lov'd *Iülus*, let him beg for Aid,
And ſee the barb'rous Murder of his Friends:
At laſt, on hard Conditions forc'd to ſue
For Peace, his Kingdom let him ne'er enjoy.
Nor wiſh'd for Light; but fall before his Time,
And lie unbury'd on the common Sand.
This I implore; and with my Blood pour forth
This dying Pray'r. Then you, my *Tyrians*, vex
With Hate immortal all their future Race;
And pay That grateful Off'ring to my Ghoſt:
Between Theſe Nations let no League, or Truce
Be

Ver. 815 — *Inflict on Crimes the Vengeance due.*] *Meritumque malis advertite numen.* Apply your *avenging Power* [Numen] to puniſh theſe *Criminals*, as *they deſerve.*

Ver. 816. —— *If Fate's unmov'd Decree, &c.*] *Hic terminus*, i. e. [*Definitio, Decretum Fatorum*] *hæret*, i. e. *immobilis figitur.* A Metaphor from *Land-marks.* Thus we ſay in Engliſh, *Fixed* and *Determined*; ſpeaking of a *Decree*, or *Reſolution.*

Be made: Thou, ſome Avenger, from my Duſt
Ariſe, to proſecute with Fire and Sword
The *Trojan* Exiles: Now, in After-times,
Whenever Strength ſufficient ſhall be giv'n;
Let Shores to Shores be adverſe, Seas to Seas,
And Arms to Arms: Let late Poſterity
With ſtern Defiance wage eternal War.
She ſaid; And ev'ry way her wav'ring Thoughts
Divided, and contriv'd with ſwift Diſpatch
To break off Light deteſted. Then in brief,
Barce, *Sichæus'* Nurſe, ſhe Thus beſpeaks;
(For in the Grave her own was laid at *Tyre*:)
Dear Nurſe, my Siſter *Anna* hither ſend;
Bid her with Water from the living Stream
Her Body ſprinkle o'er, and with her bring
The Victims, and the Sacrifice ordain'd
For Expiation: And do you yourſelf
Your Temples with a holy Fillet bind;
I mean to finiſh the Religious Rites
To *Pluto*, which already I've prepar'd,
To end my Cares, and fire the *Trojan* Pile.
She ſaid; The other, with th' officious Haſte
Of Age, her Orders ſtudiouſly obeys.
But at her dire Deſign the deſp'rate Queen
Trembling, and rolling round her ſanguine Eyes,
(Her quiv'ring Cheeks with intermingled Spots
All fleck'd, and pale at near-approaching Death)
With frantick Pace into the inner Court
Ruſhes, and furious eagerly aſcends
The lofty Pile, unſheaths the *Trojan* Sword,

A Preſent not deſign'd for ſuch a Uſe.
There, when the *Trojan* Robes, and conſcious Bed
She ſaw; ſhe paus'd a while in Thought, and gave
A Space to Tears: Her Body then ſhe flings
Upon the Bed, and ſpeaks her dying Words.
Ye dear Remains, while Heav'n and Fate were kind;
Receive This Soul, and free me from Theſe Cares,
I've liv'd, and finiſh'd the allotted Courſe
Which Fortune gave me: Now my Royal Ghoſt
Muſt go enlarg'd down to the nether World.

I've

Ver. 863. *A Preſent not deſign'd*, &c.] The Word *Preſent* in Engliſh anſwers to *Munus* in Latin; and the Senſe in both is equally ambiguous. I cannot think with *De La Cerda*, and Others, that *Virgil* ſuppoſes it *given* by *Æneas* to *Dido*; a Sword being a very improper Preſent from a Knight to a Lady, from a Lover to his Miſtreſs: But rather, with *Ruæus*, that it was formerly a Gift to *Æneas* himſelf from Somebody elſe, and caſually left behind him in the Chamber: Which laſt Clauſe is much favoured by what the Queen ſays before,

—— *Thalamo quæ fixa reliquit.* Ver. 495.

This Account I think the more tolerable of the Two; tho' the firſt Clauſe of it is ſtrained, and makes a great Addition to the Senſe without any Authority from the Words: And the laſt is far from being certain, as *Ruæus* ſuppoſes. For why muſt *reliquit* neceſſarily imply a *caſual* leaving it behind? Could it not be *left*, and *given* too? That other indeed is the eaſieſt and moſt obvious Senſe; and we ſhould never think of any but That, were it not for This unlucky *Munus* in Th s Place. The *former* of theſe Explications agrees beſt to the *Word*, and the *latter* to the *Senſe*.

Ver. 868. *Ye dear Remains, while Heav'n*, &c.] *Dulces exuviæ dum fata*, &c. *i. e.* Ye Remains, which were dear to me, while, &c.

Ver. 872. *Muſt go enlarg'd*, &c.] Either becauſe they ſuppoſed the Soul to expand itſelf, upon its Releaſe from the Body; Or becauſe the Fear of Thoſe who ſee Apparitions makes them appear larger than they really are. Thus Book II. 773.

Nota major imago.

I've built a ſtately City, ſeen my Walls,
Puniſh'd my barb'rous Brother, and reveng'd
My murder'd Huſband. Happy had I been,
Ah! more than happy; had the *Trojan* Fleet
Ne'er touch'd my Coaſts. Thus having ſpoke, ſhe preſs'd
Her Face upon the Bed: And ſhall I then
Die unreveng'd? Yes; Thus to die, ev'n Thus,
Is better than to live. May from the Sea
The cruel *Trojan* view This Fun'ral Blaze,
And with him bear the Omens of my Death.
Thus while ſhe ſpoke; th' Attendants ſaw her fall,
The Sword all frothing, and her Hands beſmear'd
With Blood: Loud Cries aſcend the vaulted Roof;
Fame thro' th' aſtoniſh'd City wildly flies;
With ſhrill Laments, with Groans, and female Shrieks
The Houſes ring; And Tumult rends the Sky.
As if all *Carthage*, by th' invading Foe,
Or ancient *Tyre* were fall'n; and raging Flames
O'er Tops of Houſes, and of Temples roll'd.
Half dead, amaz'd, and trembling with Affright,
Her Siſter heard; ſhe tears her Viſage, beats
Her Breaſt, and ruſhing thro' the Midſt calls loud
Upon the dying Queen. Was it for this,
My Siſter? Did you then with ſtudy'd Fraud
Deceive me? And for This did I prepare
The Pile? Theſe Altars? and the holy Fires?
What ſhall I firſt complain of, thus forlorn?

Did

Ver. 897. *For This did I prepare the Pile*, &c.] Litterally; *Did the Pile*, &c. *prepare This for me?* Which would not ſound well in Engliſh. Ver. 680. Orig. *Struxi* [rogum]

Did you diſdain to let your Siſter die,
And ſhare Fate with you? Me you ſhould have call'd
To the ſame Death; We ſhould have periſh'd Both
In the ſame Hour, and by the ſame Deſpair.
I too This Pile erected; and invok'd
Our Country-Gods: Ah! wherefore? That I might
Be abſent, Cruel! at your Hour of Death?
Me Siſter, and Yourſelf you have deſtroy'd;
Your City, our *Sidonian* Lords; and all
The State. Bring Water from the limpid Stream;
I'll bathe her Wounds, and catch her ſtragling Breath;
If any yet hang hov'ring o'er her Lips
So ſaying, ſhe aſcends the lofty Pile;
And her expiring Siſter in her Arms
Embraces, ſighing deep; and with her Robe
Dries up the clotted Gore. She ſtrives with Pain
To lift her heavy Lids, and fainting ſinks;
The Wound infix'd ſounds deep beneath her Breaſt.
Thrice, leaning on her Arm, ſhe feebly rais'd
Her Body; Thrice roll'd back upon the Bed:
With ſwimming Eyes ſeeks the laſt Light of Heav'n,
And groans to find it. Then the Wife of *Jove*,
Pitying her tedious Pangs, and ſtrugling Death,
Sends *Iris* from above, to diſengage

Her

Ver. 683——4. Orig. *Date, vulnera lymphis Abluam.* Either; *date lymphas, abluam iis vulnera.* Or *date*, i. e. *finite, permittite*; *abluam*, &c. Ver. 685. *legam* [eum] *i. e. excipiam.*

Ver. 906. *Be abſent, Cruel! at your Hour of Death.*] *Sic te poſitâ ut crudelis abeſſem.* A Funeral Word; to which anſwers ours in Engliſh, *Laid out.* Thus Book II. 644.

——*poſitum affati diſcedite corpus.*

Her agonizing Soul. For ſince ſhe fell
Neither by Fate, nor by a Death deſerv'd;
But dy'd unfortunate before her Time.
Tranſported by a ſudden Paſſion's Rage:
As yet *Proſerpina* her yellow Hair
Had not ſhorn off; nor to the *Stygian* Shades
Conſign'd her. *Iris* then, with ſaffron Wings,
Dewy, and drawing from th' oppoſing Sun
A thouſand various Colours in the Sky,
Alighted ſwift: and hov'ring o'er her Head,
This Lock to *Pluto* ſacred, by Command,
I bear: and from This Body ſet thee free.
She ſaid; and with her Right-hand cut the Lock;
At once the vital Heat is all extinct,
And Life diſſolving fleets into the Winds.

Ver. 924. *Her agonizing Soul.*] *Luctantem animam nexoſque reſolveret artus*, i. e. *animam ab artibus.* So in Engliſh; to ſeparate *the Soul and Body*, or *the Soul from the Body.*

Ver. 925. *Neither by Fate, &c.*] Not by *Fate*; that is, not by a *natural Death*: Nor by *Deſert*; becauſe when the Mind is hurried away by the Tranſport of a ſudden, impetuous, and almoſt irreſiſtible Paſſion, he ſuppoſes the Perſon to be ſcarce a free Agent, and to be pitied rather than condemned. This indeed is very falſe Doctrine: But conſider, it is Heathen, not Chriſtian, Doctrine. As for the Fable of *Proſerpine*'s cutting off the Lock, and the Reaſon why ſhe does not ſo ſoon do it to Thoſe who die by a Caſualty; it is an Inſtance of the fooliſh Heathen Superſtition: And an Explication of it would be very little inſtructive, and not at all entertaining, to the Engliſh Reader. Ver. 899. Orig. A young Engliſh Lad would (by way of Angliciſm) be apt to conſtrue *damnaverat Orco*, *damned to Hell*: But *damnaverat* here is no more than *deſtinaverat*, *conſigned*; and *Orco* no more than the State of the Dead, or of departed Spirits.

The End of the Fourth Book.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK the FIFTH.

MOnſieur *Segrais* diſcourſes ſo well in the Introduction to his Remarks upon This Book; that I cannot here better entertain my Readers, than by tranſlating a Part of it.

" The ſame Reaſon, ſays He, which cauſed the " Variety I took notice of in the Firſt Book, up- " on the Deſcription of That pleaſant Place", [He means the retired Harbour at *Eſt in ſeceſſu longo locus*, &c.] " which the Poet preſents to the Rea- " der, immediately after the Picture of the dread- " ful Tempeſt, was doubtleſs the Cauſe of That " Variety which we find between This Fifth, and " That which precedes it. The Poet, judicious in " every Thing, having conceived the Repreſenta- " tion of Theſe Sports as a great Embelliſhment " to his Work, becauſe it is a Subject capable of " much Ornament, judged farther, that he could " no where better inſert it, than in This Place, to " make an agreeable Oppoſition to what he had " treated of in the Fourth Book; not doubting but " that it was requiſite to recreate the Spirits of his " Reader, grieved and afflicted by the Tragical

" Death

" Death of *Dido*. That beautiful Order, which is " remarkable through This whole Poem, diſcovers " itſelf particularly in the Detail of This Book: " Theſe Sports, varied by the Diverſity of their " own Nature, are ſtill more ſo by his Manner " of relating them, by the different Scene, and the " different Succeſs, and by the Rewards propor- " tioned to the Dignity of the Contention, and the " Quality of the Contenders. The Actions of the " Hero are conducted with no leſs Judgment. The " Poet conſidered, that the Perſon whom he " would propoſe as a Pattern to Others, ought not " to be regarded in the moſt ſublime, and impor- " tant Actions only: He thought fit, after the Ex- " ample of *Homer*, to humaniſe his Hero a little; " and to ſhew him as well in Sports and Diver- " ſions, as in the other Occurrences of civil Life. " Let any one then conſider the Equity, and Hu- " manity, which accompanies all his Actions; " and all the Decencies which he is made to " obſerve."

This is very well remark'd: Only I think Monſieur *Segrais* is not exact in his Parallel between *Achilles* and *Æneas*. The *Grecian* being naturally rough and fierce, it was more requiſite to humaniſe *Him* by Theſe Diverſions, than the *Trojan*, who was *humane* in his natural Temper and Diſpoſition. To theſe Obſervations of the *French* Critick it may be added, that tho' Theſe Recreations are diverting, yet there is nothing in them light or trifling: He is a Hero even in Sports, and his very Mirth is Majeſtick. What an Air of Grandeur is in

——— *Riſit pater optimus olli!* &c.

Kings

Kings are ſometimes merry; but then they are merry *like Kings*. This Book is famous above all others for Deſcription; I mean *pure Deſcription*, abſtracted from every Thing elſe. There is a great deal of it in all the other Books; but then it is mixed with *Paſſion*, or with *Buſineſs*. But here the Matter being light, the Deſcription is the main, almoſt the only, Thing which engages our Attention. And it's being ſo deeply engaged is an undeniable Argument, that the Painting is excellent. We read ſcarce any thing with more Pleaſure, and yet it rather ſtrikes the *Imagination*, than moves the *Paſſions*: That was ſufficiently done in the foregoing Book; and now the Poet, to ſhew his Power over us, is reſolved to pleaſe us quite another Way. Deſcription therefore is the main Buſineſs of This Book; and I think there is nothing extant equal to it: All the Motions of the Body, the Ardour and Vehemence of the Mind, Sea, and Land, Art, and Nature, exhauſted. But tho' the Sports are the *chief* Subject of This Book, they are very far from being the *only* one; as ſome Readers are apt to imagine, tho' they ſee the contrary. Theſe Diverſions ſo take up their Thoughts, that they mind nothing elſe. And yet much more than one Third of it is employ'd about other Matters: The Storm, and their being providentially driven on a Coaſt, which was the laſt but one, that they had ſailed from; The Reception they met with there; And the Sacrifice at the Tomb of *Anchiſes*, &c. Afterwards, the Burning of the Ships, the moſt ſurprizing and important Incident that could have happened: The Hero's Diſtreſs upon it; The Machine of *Anchiſes*'s Ghoſt; And the firſt Hint of the Hero's going to Hell; The leaving a Colony behind them; The paſſionate Parting of the Friends;

The

The noble Machine of *Venus* and *Neptune*; And, laſtly, the Death of *Palinurus*. If I miſtake not, ſome Books of *Homer* contain not more Matter than This, even ſetting aſide the Sports; which yet are the chief Subject of it: Whereas his 23d Iliad has nothing but the Funeral of *Patroclus*, and the Games celebrated on That Occaſion.

MEan-while *Æneas* gain'd the middle Sea,
Bent on his Voyage; and before the Wind
Plough'd the dark Waves; back looking on the Walls,
Which now with hapleſs *Dido*'s fun'ral Blaze
Shone red: What Cauſe had lighted ſuch a Flame,
Was ſecret; But the Knowledge of Deſpair
Implacable, from violated Love,
And what a frantick Woman's Rage could do,
To ſad Preſage incline the *Trojans*' Breaſts.
Now on the full extended Main, the Land
No more appear'd; but All was Sea, and Sky:
A duſky Cloud hung gather'd o'er his Head,
Bringing on Night, and Storm: Upon the Waves
Lay horrid Darkneſs: From the lofty Deck
The Pilot's Self, ev'n *Palinurus*, cries
What

Ver. 3. *Plough'd the* dark *Waves.*] *Fluctuſque atros*, &c. The Sea is of almoſt all Sorts of Colours at different Times; *Blackiſh*, when it is rough, and not quite ſtormy; eſpecially if it be dark Weather. This ſeems a Hint to the enſuing Tempeſt.

Ver. 6,—10. *But the Knowledge, &c. —— Breaſts.*] *Duri magno —— notumque furens —— ducunt*, i. e. *Notitia durorum dolorum, —— amore polluto* (i. e. *læſo, violato*) [& notitia iſtius rei, ſcil.] *furens quid —— ducunt —— pectora Triſte* per *augurium. Per* for *in* or *ad*: So Lib. VI. 743. per *amplum mittimur Elyſium.*

What Clouds, alas! invelop all the Heav'ns?
Or what, great *Neptune*, does thy Will intend?
This ſaid, he gives Command to furl their Sails,
And ſtrongly ply their Oars: Then turns oblique
His Canvaſs to the Wind, and Thus proceeds.
Magnanimous *Æneas*, ſhould ev'n *Jove*
By promiſing aſſure my Voyage ſafe;
I could not in This Weather hope to reach
The Coaſts of *Italy*: The Winds tranſverſe
Roar chang'd, and from the low'ring Weſt ariſe;
And all the Air is thicken'd to a Cloud.
Nor have we Strength to bear againſt the Streſs
Of Sea, and Sky: Since Fortune all o'erpow'rs;
Her let us follow, and where-e'er ſhe calls,
Direct our Courſe. Nor is the Diſtance great,

As

Ver. 18. —— *To furl their Sails.*] *Colligere arma.* The Word *Arma* ſignifies all Sorts of Inſtruments. It being here joined with *colligere*, *De La Cerda* is very poſitive, and *Ruæus* ſeems to favour That Opinion, that it ſignifies *only* the *Sails*. This, I confeſs, is harſh: *Arma* inſtead of *vela*. But as it certainly ſignifies in its *wideſt* Senſe *all* the Inſtruments of the Navy, and therefore the *Sails* muſt at leaſt be *included*; I have tranſlated it according to the above-mentioned Interpretation, becauſe it is moſt convenient for our Language. Ver. 19. Orig. *Transverſâ* is adverbial. I have often remark'd upon Theſe Things.

Ver. 21, 22. — *Should ev'n* Jove —— *By promiſing*, &c. Ancient Sailors, as well as modern ones, were apt, it ſeems, to talk profanely; and eſpecially in a Storm. However, as the Character of *Palinurus* is good in the main, we ſhould hardly excuſe *Virgil* for putting This Sentence in his Mouth; did we not conſider that *Faith in God* is a Vertue peculiar to the true Religion; and that the beſt Heathen were *but* Heathen. See the Note on Ver. 522, and 523, of the Second Book.

Ver. 27. *Nor have we Strength*, &c.] *Neque tendere tantum*, &c. We are not able to bear againſt the Tempeſt, *ſo much* as the Tempeſt is to bear *againſt us*. *Ruæus* for *tantum* puts *quidem*; but That makes it bad Latin.

As I conceive, to *Eryx*'s faithful Shores,
Fraternal Coaſts, and to *Sicanian* Ports;
If I rememb'ring rightly trace the Stars.
Then good *Æneas*; So indeed I long
Obſerv'd the Winds require, and you in vain
Oppoſe them: Turn your Sails: Is there a Land
To me more acceptable, and on which
I ſooner would deſire our Ships ſhould reſt;
Than That, in which reſerv'd for me ſurvives
Trojan Aceſtes? and whoſe Boſom holds
My Sire *Anchiſes*' Bones? This ſaid, they ſteer
Strait to the Port: Th' auſpicious *Zephyrs* ſwell
Their Sails: The Fleet bounds ſwiftly o'er the Deep;
And joyous on the well-known Shore at length
They land. Them diſtant on a Mountain's Height,
Admiring their Arrival, and the Ships
Of his lov'd Countrymen, *Aceſtes* meets,
With Jav'lins arm'd, and horrid in the Hide
Of a rough *Libyan* Bear. He to the River
Crimiſus, of a *Trojan* Mother born,
And not unmindful of his ancient Race,
With Gratulation welcomes their Return,
His ruſtick Entertainment joyful gives,
And with his friendly Aid relieves their Toils.

Soon

Ver. 47, 48. —— *Horrid in the Hide*, &c.] This would be a ſtrange Dreſs for a modern Monarch; and may ſeem ſo for *any* Monarch to *ſome modern* Readers. But to Thoſe who have a Genius for Antiquity, This antique Habit gives a moſt agreeable Idea. The ſame Majeſty, Simplicity, and rough Garb is given to *Evander*. Book VIII.

Ver. 53. *His ruſtick* Entertainment, &c.] The Word *gaza* does not ſignify *Wealth* and *Treaſure* only, as it is commonly ſuppoſed; but any ſort of *Poſſeſſion* whatſoever.

Soon as the Morn, freſh ſmiling from the Eaſt,
Had put the Stars to Flight; from all the Shore
Æneas ſummons his aſſembled Friends,
And Thus beſpeaks them from a riſing Ground.
Ye gen'rous *Trojans*, ſprung from Blood Divine;
One yearly Circle is by rolling Months
Complete, ſince in the Grave we laid to Reſt
The Mortal Relicks of my God-like Sire;
And conſecrated Fun'ral-Altars rais'd.
And now That Day, if I remember right,
Is come, by me (ſo You, ye Gods, decreed)
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd.
This Day did I on *Libya*'s barren Sands
In Exile live, or on the *Grecian* Sea
Detain'd, or in *Mycenæ*; annual Vows
Ev'n Then I would perform, and ſolemn Pomps;
And on his Altars pile th' Oblations due.
Now to my Father's Self, his Bones, and Duſt,
(Not without Providence, and Heav'n's Deſign,
As I ſuppoſe,) we come, and enter ſafe
Theſe friendly Ports. Come on then; let us all
Honour This Feſtival with Joy, implore
From Him propitious Winds, and leave to pay

Theſe

Ver. 66. *For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd.*] This Image of Filial Piety is extremely affecting; and gives us a very ſenſible melancholy Pleaſure: A good Son, even all the Days of his Life, never reflecting upon the Death of his Father (eſpecially of a *good* Father) without Grief for his Loſs, and Honour for his Memory. And it is proportionably the ſame with regard to all other *Relations*, and *Friends*, as well as *Parents*, tho' not in the ſame Degree. Ver. 55. Orig. *Ultrò* means agreeably to their *Wiſhes* in *this Reſpect*, tho' they were *driven* thither.

Ver. 76, 77. —— *Implore From Him propitious Winds.*] *Poſcamus* [ab illo] *ventos*, and

Poſ-

Theſe annual Oblations, when our Walls
Are built, and Temples ſacred to Him ſtand.
Two Heads of Kine *Aceſtes* ſprung from *Troy*
Gives you for ev'ry Ship; Invite the Gods,
Your Own, and His, to celebrate the Feaſt.
Beſides; If on the Ninth returning Morn
The Day ſhall ſmile ſerene, and with it's Beams
Brighten the World; I will appoint a Prize
Firſt to our Naval *Trojan* Crew: Our Ships
Shall try their Swiftneſs: Next whoe'er excels
In Running; or, confiding in his Strength,
Lances the Jav'lin, or the feather'd Shaft;
Or with the rigid Gauntlet dares the Fight;
Let all be preſent, and expect Rewards
Adjudg'd to Victors: With your Voices all
Aſſenting

Poſcamus [ab illo] *ut velit*, &c. is certainly the Senſe: But the Expreſſions are a little defective, and disjointed. *Anchiſes*, it ſeems, who was a Hero in This World, is a God in the Other,

Vocatur & hic quoque votis.

Ver. 80. *Two Heads of Kine*, &c.] That *numera* would be redundant in Proſe; but it is otherwiſe in Poetry.

Ver. 83. *Beſides; If on the Ninth*, &c.] *Si* abſolutely, for *when*, or *as ſoon as*, may be *admitted*; as I ſhall ſhew in my Note on the 987th Verſe of the Sixth Book. But the Senſe *here* is far better in the other Conſtruction, *ſi* being conditional; *almum* and *radiis* expreſſing not *the Day* in general, but a *fair Day* in particular. This is confirmed by the Deſcription of That Day when it came. Ver. 104. of the Original.

Expectata Dies aderat, nonamque ſerena
Auroram Phaëtontis equi jam luce vehebant.

Ver. 90. *Or with the* rigid *Gauntlet*, &c.] Some refer *crudo* to the *raw Hides* of which they were made; others to the *Blood* ſticking upon them, after the Fight. Concerning Theſe Weapons, ſee more in the Note on Ver. 454.

Aſſenting join, and bind your Heads with Boughs.
He ſaid; and with his Mother's Mirtle-wreath
His Temples crowns: The ſame does *Elymus*,
And old *Aceſtes*; young *Aſcanius* next;
Then all the Youth. Directly to the Tomb
He from th' Aſſembly goes, by Thouſands round
Attended: For Libation here he pours
Two Bowls of Wine unmix'd upon the Ground,
Two of warm Milk, and two of holy Blood;
Then ſcatters purple Flow'rs, and Thus he ſpeaks.
Hail, ſacred Sire! Again, ye Aſhes, hail;
In vain reviſited! And Thou, the Ghoſt
Of Him who gave me Birth! The Gods deny'd
To Us, with Thee, to gain th' *Italian* Shore,
Auſonian Tyber, and the fatal Fields.
He ſaid; And from the Bottom of the Shrine
A ſlipp'ry Serpent, vaſt, ſev'n Volumes roll'd,
Sev'n Spires; he gently twines around the Tomb,
And

Ver. 100. *Of Wine,* &c.] *Mero Baccho*, &c. The Ablative has here the Force of the Genitive; *plena* underſtood. *Mero* is Adjective.

Ver. 103. —— *Again, ye Aſhes hail.*] *Iterum* muſt relate to *ſalvete*; not to *recepti*, as *De La Cerda* would have it; which makes it a Redundancy at beſt, if not a Tautology. *Recepti*, I think, can have no tolerable Meaning, but That which I have choſen. The Difference between *Manes*, *Anima*, and *Umbra*, has been taken notice of in my Note upon the 506th Verſe of the Fourth Book. To render them all three in our Language, would be not only ungraceful, but impertinent.

Ver. 107. *Auſonian Tyber*, &c.] There is an Elegancy in *quicunque eſt* (expreſſing *Doubt*, and *Diſſatisfaction*) which I cannot well tranſlate.

Ver. 109. *A ſlipp'ry Serpent, vaſt*, &c.] No Animal whatſoever has been the Subject of ſo many Poetical Deſcriptions, Similes, and Alluſions, as a *Snake*; none indeed being upon all Accounts ſo fertil of Poetical

And o'er the Altar glides: Cerulean Streaks,
And burniſh'd Spots, diſtinct with Drops of Gold,
Brighten'd his Back, and glitt'ring Scales: As when
From th' adverſe Sun the ſhow'ry Bow reflects
A thouſand various Colours in the Clouds.
Æneas wonders at the Sight: The Snake,
Drawing in Length his ſinuous, tardy Train,
Among the Jars, and poliſh'd Goblets ſlides,
And ſoftly licks the Feaſt; then harmleſs creeps
Back to the Bottom of the Tomb, and leaves
The taſted Altars. He the more renews

The

tal Images. *Virgil* eſpecially, both in his *Georgics* and *Æneis*, has made the utmoſt Uſe of it: Monſieur *Segrais* thinks too much. He has indeed repreſented it under a great Variety of Appearances, and given it all the Turns of which it is capable. This Creature is generally repreſented as noxious; and an Idea of Terrour is attached to it: But it is ſometimes otherwiſe. To paſs over many Inſtances, *Ovid* paints the Serpents into which *Cadmus*, and his Wife, and *Æſculapius* were transformed, in very delightful Colours: And This, which is here deſcribed by *Virgil*, is not only innocent, but amiable;

Cæruleæ cui terga notæ, maculoſus & auro
Squammam incendebat fulgor, &c.

Let That only be conſidered; to ſay nothing of the reſt. And there are not many Deſcriptions in *Milton* more beautiful than That of the tempting Serpent, Book IX.

——— *Towards* Eve
Addreſs'd his Way; not with indented Wave,
Prone on the Ground, as ſince; but in his Rear,
Circular Baſe of riſing Foulds, that tour'd
Fold above Fould, a ſurging Maze; his Head
Creſted aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes:
With burniſh'd Neck of verdant Gold, erect
Amidſt his circling Spires, that on the Graſs
Floted redundant: Pleaſing was his Shape,
And lovely ———

Ver.

The deſtin'd Honours to his Father's Shade;
Uncertain, whether to their Sight appear'd
The Genius of the Place, or of his Sire.
Five Sheep, obſequious to th' accuſtom'd Rite,
He ſacrifices; next, as many Sows,
And Heifers black; then pours the Wine from Bowls,
Invoking great *Anchiſes'* Soul, diſmiſs'd
From *Acheron*. Nor leſs his Friends, as Each
With Store was furniſh'd, offer Gifts, and load
The Altars, ſacrificing Oxen ſlain:
Others in Order Cauldrons fix; and, ſtretch'd
Along the Graſs, o'er Heaps of burning Coals
Place Spits, and fry the Entrails on the Fire.
Th'expected Day was come: And *Phœbus'* Steeds
Brought the ninth Morning with unclouded Light:
Loud Rumour, and the great *Aceſtes'* Name
Excite the neighb'ring States; With ſhouting Crouds
They fill the Shore; to ſee the *Trojans*, All,
And Some to try their Fortune in the Games.
Firſt in the Centre of the Cirque are plac'd
The Prizes; ſacred Tripods, Wreaths of Greens,
And Palms for Victors; Arms, and purple Robes,
Talents of maſſy Silver, and of Gold:
And from the Middle of the high-rais'd Earth

The

Ver. 91. Orig. *Serpens* is the Participle of *Serpo*; not the Subſtantive *Serpens*. I mention This, purely for the Uſe of *Beginners*, (as I have a thouſand other Things) who may ſtick at This Word; becauſe the whole Diſcourſe is about a *Serpent*. As for the *Genius Loci*, and *Famulus Parentis*; it is another Article of Pagan Theology; and we need ſay no more of it. Ver. 103. *Viſcera torrent* may either mean *toaſting the Fleſh*; or, (diſtinct from That) *broiling* or *frying* the *Entrails*. See Note on Book VI. 327.

The Trumpet's Sound proclaims the Sports begun.
First four selected Ships, from all the Fleet,
Equal, begin the Strife with pond'rous Oars.
His swiftly-sailing *Pristis Mnestheus* plies
With sturdy Rowers; *Mnestheus*, after made 150
Italian,

Ver. 147. *First four selected Ships*, &c.] Tho' these Sports, as I said, are calculated for pleasing the Imagination, rather than moving the Passions; yet even the latter of These Effects is in some Measure produced by them. The Subject of them is not important enough to move the Passions, as the Expression is commonly used; but notwithstanding That, they are moved in some Degree, whether we know it, and consider it, or no. Here is nothing indeed of the *Pathetical*; but here is a great deal of *Emotion*; and our *Spirits*, if not our *Passions*, are exceedingly agitated. Here is the Height of Expectation, and Suspence; of Admiration, and Surprize; a Hurry of Thought, a Rapidity of Action; from which, together with the Elegancy and Beauty of the Description, results great Pleasure. It is enough to make one's Heart beat, to read

Intenti expectant signum, exultantiaque haurit
Corda pavor pulsans, laudumque arrecta cupido.

But one has much ado to sit, or stand still, while he reads

——————— *Finibus omnes*
(Haud mora) prosiluere suis ———

And

Non tam præcipites bijugo certamine campum
Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus:
Non sic immissis aurigæ undantia lora
Concussere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent.

Of the same Kind, tho' with a different Modification, is That in the Land-Race:

Effusi, nimbo similes ———

Not less beautiful (tho' of a quite different Kind) is That in the next Description of the Gauntlet-Combate;

Nec mora; continuo vastis cum viribus effert
Ora Dares; magnoque virûm se murmure tollit.

Every

Italian, Author of the *Memmian* Line:
And *Gyas* in the huge *Chimæra* rides,
A City's Work: Her with a triple Tire
The *Trojan* Youth impel; Three Banks of Oars
Aſcend: *Sergeſtus*, whom the *Sergian* Houſe
It's Founder boaſts, in the vaſt *Centaur* ſails:
And *Scylla* of cerulean Colour bears
Cloanthus,

Every one of the Games has a complete Action by it ſelf; with a kind of Protaſis, Epitaſis, and Cataſtrophe. They all have (as they ought to have) ſome peculiar Incidents: As the Firſt, Thoſe of *Menætes* being thrown over-board, and *Sergeſtus* ſtuck in the Rocks: The Second, That of *Niſus*, The Third, That of *Entellus* falling to the Ground, (theſe two laſt with quite different Circumſtances:) But they are all differenced from each other by ſeparate Characters, and Marks of Diſtinction. The Firſt, by the various *Turns*, *Traverſes*, and *Doubtfulneſs* of the Event, 'till the End of the Strife: The Second, by the *dubious Claim* of the Rivals, and a Kind of a Point of Law to be argued, even *after the Race is over*: The Third, by the admirable Oppoſition of Characters between *Dares* and *Entellus*; the One being young and nimble, but of an ordinary Stature; the Other old and ſtiff, but of a gigantick Bulk; and alſo by the inſolent Confidence of the former, ſo agreeably rebuked by the Strength and Courage of the latter: The Fourth, by That Climax of Performances, if I may ſo call it; every Adventurer ſtill doing ſomething more than him who went before him. That of the *Trojan* Boys is of a Nature totally diſtinct from all the reſt; there being no *particular* Oppoſition, or Contention between *particular Perſons*; That, among Boys, being beneath the Dignity of Heroic Poetry; tho' ſome particular Names and Characters are given: But it is a *fine Show*, or Parade; and therefore moſt elegantly and judiciouſly choſen to cloſe the Whole.

Ver. 151. ——*Author of the* Memmian *Line*] Obſerve the Judgment of the Poet in taking This ſeemingly little Occaſion to derive the Pedigree of the moſt illuſtrious Families among the *Romans*: Thus on the one Hand, doing Honour to his Country; and on the other, giving an Air of Grandeur to the Sports which follow.

Ver. 153. *A City's Work.*] *Urbis opus* may either mean what I have render'd; or *Opus* [inſtar] *Urbis*.

Cloanthus, firſt of the *Cluentian* Race.
There ſtood a Rock at Diſtance in the Main,
Againſt the foaming Shore; at certain Times
O'erwhelm'd and beaten by the ſwelling Waves,
When North-Eaſt Winds tempeſtuous hide the Stars:
In Calms it quiet reſts; and in the Sea
Unmov'd, a Field appears, a Station fit
For Cormorants, when pruning in the Sun.
Here Prince *Æneas* from a leafy Oak,
To guide the Sailors, plants a verdant Goal;
From whence they ſhould return, and round direct
In long Circumference their winding Courſe.
Then All by Lot their Places take; and firſt
The Chiefs in Gold, and Crimſon, ſtand, from far
Effulgent on the Decks: The other Youth
With poplar Wreaths are ſhaded; Smear'd with Oil
Their naked Shoulders ſhine: Upon their Seats
With ſtrong-brac'd Arms intent they graſp their Oars;
Intent expect the Signal: Throbbing Fear
Beats in their Breaſts, and anxious Love of Praiſe.
Soon as the Trumpet loudly ſounds, at once
All from their Barriers ſpring; The Shouts confus'd
Of Sailors rend the Vault of Heav'n; The Sea
Turn'd

Ver. 175, 176. *Intent—Intent.*] As That Word is repeated in the Orig. I have repeated it in my Tranſlation: tho' not meaning the ſame (as my Author does not) in both Places. The one relates to the Body, the Other to the Mind. *Intenti expectant — [habentes] Brachia intenta.* Some will have it Thus. *Brachia expectant ſignum intenti* in the *Genitive*; underſtanding *portiſculi*; Him who was to give the *Signal*. But where does *Intentus* ſo ſignify?

Ver. 176, 177. *Throbbing Fear Beats in their Breaſts, &c.*] I hope the Reader does not expect a verbal Tranſlation of *haurit*,

Turn'd upward froths beneath their daſhing Arms:
At once they plough the Brine; and all the Deep
Yawns wide, convuls'd with Oars, and trident Beaks.
With Force leſs rapid, ſtarting from their Bounds,
The Chariots whirl, and ſmoke along the Field; 185
Leſs earneſtly the eager Charioteers
O'er their ſwift Horſes ſhake the waving Reins,
Hang

haurit, or *arrecta*: Thoſe who truly underſtand *Latin* know Theſe Words cannot be litterally rendered into *Engliſh*. The firſt of them has ſeveral elegant Significations not only in Verſe, but in Proſe; which cannot be anſwered in any other Language. As That in the Tenth Æneid

——*Gladio latus haurit apertum.*

Where I can by no means agree with *Scaliger*, and *Ruæus*, that it is a Metaphor expreſſing the Drawing of the Blood from the Body; as Liquor is drawn from a Cask: But rather that it expreſſes the *full Blow*, which he had at his Side. See the Note upon the 749th Verſe of the Second Book.

Ver. 181. —— *Beneath their daſhing Arms.*] Some Commentators explain *adductis* by *tenſis*, ſtretched out: But it is juſt the contrary. Every body knows that, in Rowing, the Arms are alternately ſtretched out, and drawn up cloſe to the Body: The latter is here expreſſed by *adductis*. And here we obſerve the great Advantage which the Latin has over our Language, by expreſſing the meaneſt and moſt common Ideas by graceful Words; *adducti* ſounds well; but *drawn up*, or *draw in* would be inſufferably flat in This place.

Ver. 183. — *Trident Beaks.*] I wonder ſo many of the Editors can read it *Stridentibus*. For beſides the falſe Quantity, This is a far better Deſcription; poetically expreſſing the three Spikes of the brazen Beaks, according to That of *Valerius Flaccus* quoted by *De La Cerda*,

——— *Spumas vomit ære tridenti.*

Ver. 184.—— *Starting from their Bounds.*] *Immiſſis*, i. e. *in campum è carceribus. Jugis* pro *equis jugalibus*; The Elegancy of

——*pronique in verbera pendent*

is admirable.

Hang prone upon the Laſh, and bending fly.
Then with the Party-favour of the Croud,
With Shouts, and mix'd Applauſes, all the Grove
Reſounds; The Shores included roll the Noiſe;
And from the echoing Hills the Voice returns.
Amidſt the Throng, and hurry on the Waves,
Before the reſt, firſt *Gyas* ſcuds away:
Him next *Cloanthus* follows, with his Oars
More happy; but his Veſſel by it's Weight
Detains him tardy: After Theſe, with Sails
Equal, the *Priſtis*, and the *Centaur* ſtrive
To run the foremoſt: Now the *Priſtis* gains,

Now

Ver. 191.——*The Shores* included, *&c.*] Begirt, hemmed in with *Woods*, and *Hills*.

Ver. 199. *To run the foremoſt. Locum tendunt ſuperare priorem.* That is, (ſay ſome Commentators) *contendunt utra eſſet prior.* Others, *locum priorem*, i. e. *a prioribus occupatum.* I cannot think This latter is the Senſe: Becauſe tho' it is true they ſet no Bounds to their Endeavours upon the Whole, and every one would be firſt; yet Theſe two being now the laſt, and juſt even with one another, *æquo diſcrimine*, their more *immediate* Contention muſt be between *Themſelves*, who ſhould be the foremoſt of *them two*. The former therefore is the better Interpretation: But then there is a Difficulty in it, which none of the Expoſitors take notice of. Why

——*locum* ſuperare *priorem?*

One would think it ſhould be *occupare*, or ſome Word equivalent to it. I anſwer, tho' their more *immediate* Thought was to *outſtrip each other*, yet not ſo as to *exclude* the moſt ardent Deſire of *going farther*; and therefore I take This to be an elegant Inſinuation of the Eagerneſs, and Vehemence of their Deſire, not only to be barely foremoſt, but to be *very much* ſo. Emulation and Ambition have no Bounds: And ſo the Word *ſuperare* is very Emphatical. *Æquo diſcrimine* (as above) i. e. *ſpatio*, or *intervallo*.

Ibid. *Now the* Priſtis *gains.*] It is not material whether we read *habet*, or *abit*; the Senſe being the ſame. The former is

Now the huge *Centaur* wins on Her; Now Both
Together with united Fronts are born:
And the long Gallies plough the briny Deep.
They now approach'd the Rock, and reach'd the Goal;
When *Gyas* firſt, and Victor, in mid Sea
Calls to *Menætes*, Pilot of his Ship;
Whither ſo far decline you to the Right?
Hither direct your Steerage, love the Shore,
And let our Rowers raze the left-hand Rocks;
Leave Others to the Deep. He ſaid; But old
Menætes, fearing hidden Shelves, detorts
His Rudder to the Ocean: Why ſo far
Diverſe, *Menætes?* Nearer to the Shore,

Gyas

is more agreeable to our Way of Speaking: *The Red* has *it*: *the Blue* has *it*: But the latter is the better *Latin*. For as to what *De La Cerda* ſays of *Hoc habet* in the Twelfth Book, the Senſe is directly contrary to That which he imagines; as I ſhall ſhew, when I come to remark upon That Paſſage.

Ver. 203.——*Reach'd the Goal.*] The Engliſh Reader will be apt to think that if they *reached the Goal*, as the Word is uſed among *Us*, the Contention was *over*. But he is to know, that among the Ancients, the *Meta*, or *Goal*, was not the *End* of the Race: but the Contenders were to go *round* it.

Ver. 206. *Whither ſo far*, &c.] *Quo tantum* mihi *dexter abis?* There is an Elegancy in That *mihi*, which we cannot imitate. And there are many Inſtances of the like Nature.

Ver. 207. *Love the Shore.*] *Littus ama*; i. e. approach near to it. Thus *Horace*; — *amatque Janua limen.* If This be elegant in *Latin*; it is ſo in *Engliſh*: For it is an Idiom, not of *Language*, but of *Poetry*. The ſame may be ſaid of many others; which I think ſhould be litterally tranſlated. Ver. 170. Orig. *Radit iter*, &c. The Poetical Uſe of *Radere* in *Latin*, to *ſkim along*, or *touch upon*, is well known. *Milton* (and tho' it is ſomewhat *bold*, he is *in the right of it*) gives the ſame Senſe to *ſhave* in *Engliſh*.

Now ſhaves with level Wing the Deep ——

Gyas again calls out aloud; and ſees
Cloanthus cloſe, and preſſing on his Stern:
He, betwixt *Gyas*, and the ſounding Rocks,
Interiour, ſkims the left-hand Way, and ſwift
Outſtrips his Rival, and beyond the Goal
Smooth ſhoots along, and gains the ſafer Seas.
The Youth, with Rage and Diſappointment fir'd,
(Tears running down his Cheeks) his Dignity
Forgetting, and the Safety of his Friends,
Puſh'd ſlow *Menætes* from the high-built Deck
Precipitate into the Sea; Himſelf
As Pilot takes his Place, exhorting loud
His Crew, and turns the Rudder to the Shore.
But old *Menætes*, from the Bottom deep
At length emerging, heavy in his wet,
And brine-drench'd Garments, crawling, climb'd the Top
Of the tall Rock, and ſate upon the Dry.
The *Trojans* laugh'd, to ſee him fall, and ſwim;
And from his Breaſt diſgorge the brackiſh Waves.
This unexpected Change with eager Hope
Fires *Mneſtheus*, and *Sergeſtus*, lagging laſt,
To vanquiſh *Gyas* thus retarded. Firſt
Sergeſtus takes his Place, and to the Rock
Approaches; yet not all his Veſſel firſt,
Part firſt, the Rival *Priſtis* preſſes Part
Cloſe with her Beak. Then *Mneſtheus*, thro' the Crew
Walking along the Middle of his Deck,

Excites

Ver. 230. *The* Trojans *laugh'd*, &c.] *Rident*, and *riſere*, in different Tenſes, may *here* ſeem a little ſtrange. But there is a Reaſon for it: As they *before laughed* at his *Falling*, and *Swimming*, ſo they *now laugh* at his *vomiting* up the Salt Water.

Excites his Mates: Now, now, *Hectorian* Band,
Riſe to your Oars; You, whom from ruin'd *Troy*
I choſe Aſſociates: now That Strength exert,
That Spirit which you ſhew'd on *Libyan* Sands,
Th' *Ionian* Sea, and *Malea*'s tumbling Waves.
Mneſtheus now ſtrives not to be crown'd the firſt;
Yet Oh! — But let Thoſe conquer, whom thy Pow'r,
Great *Neptune*, favours: Let us yet diſdain
To be the laſt: So far o'ercome, my Friends,
And That Diſgrace forbid. With utmoſt Force
They tug their Oars; with vaſt repeated Strokes
The beaky Veſſel trembles; and the Sea
Flies back: The panting Labour ſhakes their Limbs,
And clammy Mouths; Sweat flows in Rivers round.
Fortune to Theſe the wiſh'd-for Honour gave:
For while *Sergeſtus*, furious in the Strife,
And

Ver. 244. ——Malea's *tumbling Waves.*] *Sequi*, it is true, is ſometimes put for *perſequi*; implying ſomething of *Terrour* and *Hoſtility*. But here I take *ſequacibus* to mean no more than Waves rolling, and tumbling upon one another.

Ver. 251, 252. —— *And the Sea* —— *Flies back.*] *Subtrahiturque ſolum. Flies back*; i. e. either is really *driven*, or *daſhed back* by the Oars; or *ſeems* to fly back, becauſe the *Ship flies forward*; as —— *Terræque urbeſque recedunt*; or rather Both may be included in *Subtrahitur*. The Word *Solum* does not always ſignify the *Earth*; but is put for *quodlibet ὑποκείμενον*, any thing that is *under* another: And ſo the *Sea*, with reſpect to the *Ships*, is the *Solum*, i. e. the *Subjectum*, or *Subſtratum*.

Ver. 255. *For while* Sergeſtus, *furious in the Strife.*] I know nothing in all the *Æneis* ſo particular as This Incident of *Sergeſtus*; which is judiciouſly dropped, and reſumed in the Courſe of the Narration. The Poet ſeems *s'egayer* upon This Subject; as the *French* elegantly expreſs it, by a Way of Speaking in Their Language not to be rightly imitated in Ours. *Virgil* makes himſelf merry with This ſame unfortunate *Sergeſtus*: But (which

And heedleſs, urg'd his Foredeck to the Shelves,
Interiour, and within a narrow Space
Of Sea confin'd; amidſt the jutting Rocks
He ſtuck, unfortunate: The Rocks rebound;
Among their craggy Points the ſtubborn Oars
Stand cracking, bent; The Foredeck ſhatter'd hangs:
The Crew of Sailors riſe, and clamour loud,
Detain'd,

is his exquiſite Art) tho' there is an Air of Mirth thro' the whole; there is nothing little, or ludicrous. Here is no Jeſt; and yet here is a great deal of pleaſant Wit, ariſing from the *Naturalneſs* of the Deſcription (if I may be allowed to make ſuch a Word) and from nothing elſe. We read a noble and ſolemn Deſcription of a Kind of Misfortune too, and yet cannot forbear laughing:

Namque furens animi, dum proram ad ſaxa ſuburget
Interior, ſpatioque ſubit Sergeſtus iniquo:
Infelix ſaxis in procurrentibus hæſit.

Notwithſtanding That grave *infelix*, the Man who does not almoſt ſmile, even at *That* Verſe, I believe does not well underſtand it. But afterwards the Pother which the Mariners make among themſelves upon this ſad Accident is more diverting:

Conſurgunt nautæ, & magno clamore morantur,
Ferrataſque ſudes, & acuta cuſpide contos
Expediunt; fractoſque legunt in gurgite remos.

And the Pleaſantry ſtill riſes after *Mneſtheus* has paſſed by him:

Et primum in ſcopulo luctantem deſerit alto
Sergeſtum, brevibuſque vadis, fruſtraque vocantem
Auxilia, & fractis diſcentem currere remis.

Which laſt eſpecially is elegant beyond Imagination. But after the whole Game is over, and the ſeveral Antagoniſts rewarded according to their Deſerts; when we have quite forgotten poor *Sergeſtus*, and think to hear no more of him; This unfortunate Adventurer comes lagging at laſt, wriggling his Veſſel ſide-ways, and edging in as well as he can:

Cum ſævo a ſcopulo multa vix arte revulſus,
Amiſſis remis, atque ordine debilis uno,
Irriſam ſine honore ratem Sergeſtus AGEBAT.

And

Detain'd, embaraſs'd; Iron Spikes, and Poles
Of ſharpen'd Oak they ply; and on the Gulf,
Induſtrious, gather up the broken Oars.
But *Mneſtheus* joyful, and with That Succeſs
Itſelf more vig'rous, with his rowing Crowd,
And all the Winds invited to his Sails,
Gains the prone Deep, and ſwiftly ſhoots away
Upon the open Ocean. As a Dove,
Which in ſome hollow Pumice feeds her Young,
Rouz'd on a ſudden from her Covert, flies
Into the Fields; and, ſcar'd, with flutt'ring Noiſe
Againſt the Roof her ſounding Pinions beats:
Then, ſmoothly gliding thro' the quiet Air,
Skims the thin Way, nor moves her nimble Wings.
So *Mneſtheus*, ſo the *Priſtis*'s ſelf divides
Th' extremeſt Ocean; ſo the Force impreſs'd

It

And then follows That incomparable Similitude, comparing his maimed Galley to a battered and half-demoliſhed Snake; of which more ſhall be ſpoken when it comes more directly under our Conſideration. It is the Opinion of Some, that *Virgil* makes *Sergeſtus* thus inglorious; becauſe the *Sergian* Family (deſcended from Him, as he before tells us) was of no good Reputation in *Rome*; *Catiline* being a Branch of it: A Conjecture by no means improbable.

Ver. 269. *Gains the prone Deep, and ſwiftly ſhoots away.*] After the Embarraſſment of the Ship ſticking in the Rock in the foregoing Verſes; how agreeable is the Change of Ideas to That of another Ship, ſmoothly and ſwiftly ſhooting along by her, deſcribed in Theſe Lines;

At lætus Mneſtheus, ſucceſſuque acrior ipſo,
Agmine remorum celeri, ventiſque vocatis,
Prona petit maria, & pelago decurrit aperto.
Qualis ſpelunca ſubito commota columba, &c.

The wonderful Elegancy of which Simile ſhall be conſidered hereafter:

Itſelf impels her Flight: And firſt ſhe leaves
Sergeſtus ſtruggling with the lofty Rock,
Pent up among the narrow Shelves, in vain
Calling for Help, and learning how to run
With broken Oars. Then *Gyas*, and the huge
Chimæra's Bulk he follows; She, becauſe
She loſt her Pilot, yields. *Cloanthus* now
Alone remains, juſt ent'ring in the Port;
Him he purſues, and with his utmoſt Strength
Cloſe urges: Now the Noiſe redoubles; All
With Shouts encourage him; The Sky reſounds
With deaf'ning Clamour. Theſe diſdain to loſe
Th' Advantage they have gain'd, and burn to ſtake
Their Lives for Glory: Thoſe Succeſs inſpires;
They can, becauſe 'tis thought they can: And Both
Perhaps

Ver. 280. *Struggling with*, &c.] *In Scopulo luctantem.* That *in* may ſeem particular. Either, *luctantem*; [& hærentem] *ſcopulo*: or *luctantem* cum *ſcopulo*. Or (which perhaps is the beſt of all) *in* ſhould be left out: *luctor* having the ſame Regimen with *certo*, *pugno*, &c.

Ver. 290, 292. *Theſe* ——— *Thoſe*.] The former, *Cloanthus*, and his Men. The latter, *Mneſtheus*, and His. The former *Indignantur, ni teneant decus proprium*; i. e. *jam acquiſitum*. The latter, *Succeſſus*, &c. *i. e.* over *Sergeſtus*, &c.

Ver. 293. *They can, becauſe 'tis thought they can.*] When *De La Cerda* ſays upon This Paſſage, *Sententiam nota dignam Marone*; *Poſſunt, quia poſſe videntur*: I wiſh he had explained it, as well as praiſed it. *Ita* (continues he) *ſæpiſſime fit in conatibus. Ita?* How? *Poſſunt* (ſays *Rucæus*) *quia poſſe ſibi videntur*; *De La Cerda*, and all the Commentators I have ſeen (except One) are of the ſame Opinion: *They can, becauſe they think they can.* But how plauſible ſoever This may appear at firſt ſight; I doubt it is not good Senſe at the Bottom. If by *poſſunt* be meant, in the ſtricteſt Signification, that they *really* can, becauſe they *think ſo*; it is not *true*. I agree with *De La Cerda* that ſuch an Opinion exceedingly animates the Contenders, and contributes to the Victory,

Perhaps had born the Prize with equal Keels;
Had not *Cloanthus*, ſtretching to the Sea
His Hands, Thus vow'd, and Thus invok'd the Gods.
Ye Gods, who rule the Ocean which I ſail;
Victor before your Altars, on This Shore,
To you a ſnow-white Bull I will preſent,
Oblig'd by Vow; and on the briny Deep
Scatter

Victory, and ſometimes actually obtains it: But ſometimes too it is otherwiſe; And it actually is ſo in This very Inſtance: For *Mneſtheus* and his Friends loſt it, notwithſtanding That Confidence. However, Mr. *Dryden*, and *Ogilby*, tranſlate it according to This Interpretation. If by *poſſunt* be meant only that they can *in their own Opinion*; it is ſaying nothing, but only proving a Thing by itſelf. *They think they can, becauſe they think they can.* Biſhop *Dowglas* tranſlates it exactly ſo. And Lord *Lauderdale* ſeems to take it ſo, tho' in Words ſomewhat different:

——— *Not a Man*
But thinks to win, becauſe he thinks he can.

He certainly thinks he *ſhall* win, if he thinks he *can*: for the only *Doubt* concerns their *Power*; their *Will* is *unqueſtionable*. It may indeed be urged, that though This is very bad Arguing in itſelf; yet it may be good Senſe in *Virgil* to ſay they argued in That Manner. They think they are able, and then again from thence argue that they are ſo: Or, (which comes to the ſame) one confident Thought brings on another, and That too a greater: Which doubtleſs is very agreeable to Nature and Experience: And This, it may be, is no bad Way of accounting for the Difficulty before us. Monſieur *Segrais* renders it Thus:

Preſument que, pour vaincre, ils n'ont qu'a le vouloir.

Which can be only Part of the Senſe, and amounts to no more than that they think they are *able*. *Servius* takes *poſſunt* for they *can* in their *own Opinion*; and *videntur*, for *videntur* aliis, *non* ſibi. *They* think they are able, becauſe *others* think ſo. The Spectators favour them, as above.

——— *cunctique ſequentem*
Inſtigant ———

And

Scatter the Entrails, pouring pureſt Wine.
He ſaid; And him beneath the loweſt Waves
The whole Aſſembly of the *Nereids* heard,
And *Phorcus*, and the Virgin *Panopea*;
And old *Portunus* with his ample Palm
Himſelf puſh'd on the Veſſel: She more ſwift
Than Wind, or feather'd Arrow, flies to Land,
Within the Harbour's deep Receſs ſecure.
Æneas then, obſervant of the Form
By Cuſtom fix'd, together calls the whole
Aſſembly; by the Herald's Voice aloud
Declares *Cloanthus* Victor; and his Brow
With verdant Lawrel crowns. On ev'ry Ship
Three Heifers, to be choſen, he beſtows
A Silver Talent's maſſy Weight, and Wine,
As Prizes. To the Conqu'ror firſt he gives
A Cloak, with Gold embroider'd, edg'd with Fringe
Of

And That animated them with Hope and Courage. This Senſe is good; but the Conſtruction is a little harſh. However it be, I have tranſlated it indefinitely, as it is in the Original; ſo that either, or both of Theſe Interpretations may be apply'd to it. Take it which Way you will; *poſſunt* cannot be taken *ſtrictly*, for their being *really* able to *conquer*; becauſe it is directly falſe both in *Reaſon* and *Fact*, and that in the very Inſtance now before us: But *poſſunt* in their *own Opinion*. After all, perhaps the beſt Account of the Matter is This: Take *poſſunt*, and *poſſe* not *relatively* to their Conquering in *This* Contention; but *abſolutely*, and *indefinitely*, for *potentem* or *potentes eſſe*, as the Word is ſometime uſed. They can *do much*, becauſe they *think they* can. That *Opinion* of themſelves *makes* them *perform Wonders*: Which is often *ſtrictly true*.

Ver. 301.—— *Pouring pureſt Wine.*] *Vina liquentia*: Not *liquid*, (for *all* Wine is ſo) but *limpid*, *clear*, *pure*, *fine*. So the Word generally ſignifies.

Ver. 314. *To be choſen.*] *Ternos* optare *juvencos*, i. e. ut *optarentur*, or *eligerentur*, purely Poetical Latin. Next Ver. the ſame; *dat ferre*: And a little after, *donat habere*. Ver. 251. Orig. *Mæandro*: i. e. *Flexu Mæander* being a *winding* River.

Of *Melibœan* Purple, doubly round
Entwining: And on *Ida*'s leafy Top
The Royal Boy, inwoven, with his Darts
Urges in Chaſe the flying Deer, intent,
And panting in the Colours; Him the Bird
Of *Jove* deſcending ſwiftly from the Sky,
Born on his hooky Talons ſnatch'd aloft:
The aged Keepers ſtretch their Hands to Heav'n
In vain; And angry Dogs bark high in Air.
To Him whoſe Merit held the ſecond Place,
A Coat of Mail he gives, compact with Hooks,
And wrought with triple Tiſſue, to defend
At once, and deck the Warriour; Which Himſelf
Victor near rapid *Simois*, and the Walls
Of lofty *Troy*, had from *Demoleus* torn:
Two Servants, *Sagaris*, and *Phlegeas*, ſcarce
Could with joint Strength upon their Shoulders bear
The various Veſtment; Yet in This long ſince
Demoleus clad, the ſtraggling *Trojans* drove.
Two Brazen Cauldrons to the Third he gives,
And Silver Bowls with Figures rough emboſs'd.
And now rewarded all, and proud with Wealth,
They walk'd in Pomp, with purple Fillets bound
About their Heads: When with much Art, and Pain,

Torn

Ver. 320, &c. *The Royal Boy inwoven*, &c.] This is a moſt beautiful Piece of Painting in all its Parts: And if no Painter has yet copy'd it; I would recommend That Work to ſome Maſterly Hand. Ver. 264. Orig. *indutus* [eâ.]

Ver. 341, &c. — *When with much Art, and Pain*, &c.] The following Paſſage in *Terence* (among many others) is juſtly admired for it's Strength, and elegant Expreſſiveneſs; almoſt every Word being emphatical. *Quod ille unciatim vix de dimenſe*

Torn from the cruel Rock, his Oars half loſt,
And one Side maim'd, *Sergeſtus* tugg'd along
His ſlow, diſhonour'd Skiff. As when a Snake
Is catch'd (as oft it happens) on a Ridge
Of riſing Ground; whoſe Body croſs'd aſlant
A brazen Wheel has mangled on the Road;
Or ſome ſour Paſſenger with heavy Blow
Has left half-dead, and ſhatter'd with a Stone:
He flying twiſts his Length in tortuous Wreaths,
Part fierce with ardent Eyes, and hiſſing Tongue,
Uprears aloft his ſwelling Neck in Air;

Part

menſo ſuo, ſuum defraudans genium, comparſit miſer: Phorm. *Act.* & *Scen.* I. And to match it out of *Virgil*, we may (among many others) produce This:

Cum ſævo a ſcopulo multa vix arte revulſus,
Amiſſis remis, atque ordine debilis uno,
Irriſam ſine honore ratem Sergeſtus agebat.

Here too is ſcarce a Word without a ſtrong, and elegant Emphaſis. *Sævo, multa, vix, arte, revulſus, Amiſſis remis, ordine debilis uno, Irriſam, ſine honore, agebat.* And the laſt Verſe is ſo *ſlow*, and *heavy*; that one can hardly ſhove it along, as one reads it.

Ver. 344. *As when a Snake*, &c.] There never was a finer Simile than This. It will be objected perhaps, that a *Ship* is not like a *Snake*: I own it is not; any more than it is like a *Dove*, to which another Ship is compared a little before. But the Compariſons are ſo far from being faulty upon This account, that for This *very Reaſon* they are the more beautiful; conſidering that the *particular Circumſtances*, upon which the *Similitudes turn*, do ſo very nearly *reſemble*. In the One, imagine a Ship *ſtruggling*, and *with difficulty* getting out from a *narrow Paſſage*, and then *ſwiftly flying* away into the *open Ocean*; how properly is it compared to a Dove, which firſt *flutters in her Covert*, and then glides as in Thoſe incomparably ſmooth Verſes expreſſing the Thing by their very Sound;

——Aëre lapſa quieto
Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas!

In

Part damag'd by the Wound, retards him cruſh'd,
Wriggling his Spires, and knitting Knots in vain.
With ſuch a Kind of Steerage, mov'd along
The ſluggiſh Gally; Yet ſhe makes her Sails,
And enters with full Gale the Harbour's Mouth.
Æneas, joyful for his Friends and Ship
Return'd in Safety, to *Sergeſtus* gives
The Prize allotted, *Pholoë*, a Slave,
Of *Crete*, not ignorant of *Pallas'* Art.
And her two infant Sons beneath her Breaſts.
This Sport thus ended; good *Æneas* goes
Into a graſſy Plain, begirt around
With Woods on Winding Hills; Amidſt a Vale
A Theatre's wide Cirque was form'd; to which
The Hero with a Croud of Thouſands went,
And in the Middle of th' Aſſembly ſate.
Here Thoſe who in the rapid Race would ſtrive
With Prizes he invites: From ev'ry Part
The

In This latter, what can better repreſent a Galley *ſhoved* along with *Oars* on *one Side*, and with *none* on the *other*, &c. than a Snake *ſound*, and *fierce* in the *upper Parts*, and *maimed*, and *diſabled* in the *lower!* It is impoſſible to remark upon the particular Elegancy of This Similitude, without tranſcribing every Word of it. In This, as well as in the Deſcription to which it is apply'd, the ſame Vein of Pleaſantry continues: The Poet ſeems to make himſelf merry with a Snake in Tribulation, particularly in Theſe Words *deprenſus, obliquum, gravis ictu*, and the laſt Line entirely

Nexantem nodos, ſeque in ſua membra plicantem.

Theſe Similes too, I ſuppoſe, muſt be borrowed from *Homer*; becauſe he has Compariſons taken both from *Doves* and *Serpents*, though not reſembling Theſe.

Ver. 368. *And in the Middle of th' Aſſembly*, &c.]—*Extructoque reſedit. Extructo* muſt relate to *Conceſſu* juſt before: The *Aſſembly* being *ranged*, and *formed*.

The mingled *Trojans*, and *Sicilians* come;
Firſt *Niſus*, and *Euryalus*:
Euryalus, by beauteous blooming Youth
Diſtinguiſh'd: *Niſus*, by the pious Love
He bore the Stripling: Next to Theſe appears
Diores, born of *Priam*'s Royal Blood;
Salius, and *Paron* next, *Acarnian* That,
And This *Arcadian*, ſprung from *Tegea*'s Race:
Then two *Trinacrian* Youths; This, *Elymus*,
That *Panopes*, in Wood-land Countries bred;
Who Followers of old *Aceſtes* came:
With many more, whom Fame obſcure conceals.
Them Thus *Æneas* in the Midſt beſpeaks.
Mark well my Words, and pleas'd Attention lend:
Not one of all This Number ſhall from me
Go unrewarded; I'll on each beſtow
Two *Gnoſſian* Jav'lins, bright with poliſh'd Steel,
And a carv'd Battle-axe, with Silver wrought.
This Honour ſhall be One to All; the Three
Who firſt excel, ſhall diff'rent Prizes ſhare,
And with pale Olive bind their Heads: The Firſt
A Steed enrich'd with Trappings ſhall receive;
The next an *Amazonian* Quiver, fill'd
With *Thracian* Arrows, which a Belt around
Incloſes with broad Gold, a Buckle claſps
With round ſmooth Diamond: Be the Third content
With This *Argolick* Shield. He ſaid; They take
Their Stations: And, the Signal giv'n, at once,
Fleet

Ver. 372. *Firſt* Niſus *and* Euryalus.] A good preparatory Hint to the Epiſode of *Niſus* and *Euryalus*, in the Ninth Book.

Fleet as a Tempeſt, out they ſpring, and leave
The Bounds, fly o'er the Field, and mark the Goal.
Niſus the Firſt, and long before the reſt,
Swift ſhoots away; more ſwift than Winds, or Wings
Of Light'ning. Next, but far at Diſtance next,
Him *Salius* follows: Near to Him, the Third,
Euryalus:
Him *Elymus* ſucceeds: Whom preſſing cloſe,
Diores flies; and juſtles Heel with Heel,
Imminent o'er his Shoulder; and had Room
More wide been giv'n him, foremoſt he had ſprung,
Or left him doubtful. Now they panting reach'd
The utmoſt Line, and almoſt touch'd the Goal:
When *Niſus*, ſliding on the ſlipp'ry Gore,
Which there by Chance, from Oxen ſlain, beſmear'd
The Ground, and verdant Graſs, his tott'ring Steps
Could not ſupport; but now, ev'n Victor, fell
Prone in the Mire obſcene, and ſacred Blood,
Unfortunate: Yet not unmindful Then

Of

Ver. 400. *Mark*, &c.] *Ultima* [ſpatia] *ſignant* [oculis.]

Ver. 404. *Near to him.*] *Spatio poſt* [Salium] *relicto*; i. e. almoſt, tho' not quite, all That Space. For tho' *Euryalus* was juſt *up with* him, (as they ſpeak) yet he had not *quite overtaken* him.

Ver. 407, 408. —— *Juſtles Heel with Heel, Imminent o'er his Shoulder.*] *Calcemque terit jam calce Diores, Incumbens humero.* If *calce* ſignifies *Heel* ſtrictly; *Diores* is not *behind Elymus*, but they run *Side by Side*; *incumbens humero* being underſtood of his preſſing upon *Elymus* Side-ways; and ſo the Heel of the one may touch the Heel of the other. Nor does the Poet ſay he was *behind* him, but rather intimates the Contrary. *Quo deinde ſub ipſo Ecce volat, calcemque*, &c. *ſub ipſo*, for *juxta ipſum*. Here's nothing of *behind*. This I take to be the beſt Reading, (for Some read it *humeris*) and the beſt Senſe of the Place: For Some interpret *calce* by Synecdoche the *Foot*; and conceive *Diores* to be *behind Elymus*, as *Ulyſſes* is behind *Antilochus* in *Homer*. The Curious may conſult the Commentators at large.

Of Friendſhip, and *Euryalus*, oppos'd
Himſelf to *Salius*, from the ſlipp'ry Place
Riſing: He, tumbling on the clotted Sand,
Extended lay; *Euryalus* ſprings on,
And, Victor by th' Aſſiſtance of his Friend,
Comes in the Firſt, with Shouts, and mix'd Applauſe.
To Him the Next comes *Elymus*; and now
Diores Third. Here *Salius* loud with Noiſe
Fills the vaſt Cirque; and to the aged Lords
Appealing, claims the Honour which he loſt
By Treachery: Th' Affections of the Court
Favour *Euryalus*, his graceful Tears,
And Virtue heighten'd by his beauteous Form.
Diores loudly aids That Plea, who came
In vain entitled to the Laſt Reward,
If *Salius* gains the Firſt. Then Thus the Prince;
Unchang'd, my Youths, your Prizes all remain;
Nor is the Order of your Palms diſplac'd:
Only permit me to commiſerate
Th' unhappy Fortune of my guiltleſs Friend.

This

Ver. 426. *To the aged Lords*, &c.] In the Orig. *implet* as apply'd to *conſeſſum caveæ* is plain and natural; but as apply'd to *ora parentum*, it ſeems ſtrange. But there are ſeveral Inſtances of this in the Poets: If a Verb ſuits well with one of the Nouns, they make no ſcruple of applying it to Both. This is an Idiom of Poetry; and I have given other Inſtances of it. Ver. 339. Orig. *tertia palma* for *ferens tertiam palmam*: This is another Poetical Idiom. Ver. 346. *Qui ſubiit palmæ* [tertiæ fruſtra] *fruſtraque*, &c. *ſubiit palmæ*: i. e. *acceſſit ad palmam*. Ver. 356. *Ni me* [eadem] *fortuna tuliſſet*; for *ni ego tuliſſem—fortunam*. Hypallage. Ver. 362. *Poſt ubi confecti* [ſunt] *curſus*; & [Æneas] *dona peregit*.

Ver. 435. *Nor is the Order of your Palms diſplac'd.*]—*Palmam movet ordine nemo.* Tho' in the Original it is *palmam* in the Singular; yet the Senſe is the ſame, as if it were *palmas* in the Plural: For they had all their ſeveral *Prizes*, or *Palms*, (—as *jam tertia palma Diores*) tho' the *Firſt* had *the* Palm κατ' ἐξοχὴν.

This ſaid; a huge *Getulian* Lion's Hide
He gives to *Salius*, rough with heavy Furr,
And golden Claws. Here *Miſus*; If ſo great
Your Pity for the Fall'n; And ſuch Rewards
Attend the Vanquiſh'd: What due Prize remains
For *Niſus?* who deſerv'd the choiceſt Palm;
Had he not met the ſame unlucky Chance,
Which *Salius* ſhar'd: Then, pointing, ſhew'd his Face,
And Limbs, all ſmear'd with gory Dirt. On him
The Prince ſmiles graceful; and commands to bring
A Shield, the Work of *Didymaon*'s Art,
Torn by the *Grecians* from the ſacred Poſts
Of *Neptune*; and with That excelling Gift
Diſtinguiſhes the well-deſerving Youth.
The Race thus ended, and the Honours paid;
Now whoſoe'er has Courage, and a Mind
Preſent within his Breaſt, let Him approach;
With Gauntlets bind his Hands, and raiſe his Arms.
He ſaid; And for the Combate two Rewards
Propos'd

Ver. 455. *With Gauntlets bind his hands, &c.*] The *Naval Race*, being a Subject of the *wideſt Extent*, is by far the *longeſt* of all the Games, and contains the greateſt Variety of *Particulars*. The *Foot-Race*, which immediately follows the other, is of all the Subjects the moſt *ſingle*, and *narrow*; yet it is ſo varied by the Poet, that it is very ſurprizing. Not only the Fall of *Niſus*, but That of *Salius* upon him, and the Succeſs of *Euryalus* purely by the Aſſiſtance and Artifice of his Friend, are Circumſtances which give This Sport as much Variety as it is capable of receiving. And yet, as I ſaid, it is chiefly diſtinguiſhed by the *doubtful Claim* of the Antagoniſts, after the Contention is over: which is perfectly new, and very entertaining. But after all, there is none of Theſe Games, not even the Firſt, which ſtrikes me more than This Third. It is diſtinguiſhed from all the reſt by This, that here is not only *Contending*, but *Fighting*; and that too with *Danger of Death* to the Combatants. Then the Nature, and Kind of the Combate is ſuch, that it exceedingly engages the Attention.

Propos'd; the Victor's Prize, a Bull adorn'd
With Gold, and Wreaths; a Sword, and burniſh'd Helm,
The Solace of the Vanquiſh'd. No Delay
Was interpos'd: Forthwith upriſes ſtern,
Dares; and, with the Murmur of the Crowd,
Rears

—— *Sic deinde locutus,*
In medium geminos immani pondere ceſtus
Projecit ——
Obſtupuere animi; tantorum ingentia ſeptem
Terga boum plumbo inſuto, ferroque rigebant.
Ante omnes ſtupet ipſe Dares, longeque recuſat:
Magnanimuſque Anchiſiades & pondus & ipſa
Huc illuc vinclorum immenſa volumina verſat.

But while they are actually engaged; we ſee their Motions, and hear the Claſhing of their Gauntlets: We ſeem to be within the Wind of their leaden Fiſts, and are in ſome Concern for our own Jaws. The Deſcriptive Part is in Perfection throughout; as it is always in This Book eſpecially. *Entellus*' knocking down the Bull at laſt, when we thought all the Entertainment had been over, and ſo making the Prize of his Conqueſt the Object of a new one, is extremely ſurprizing, and delightful; and cloſes the Whole with the nobleſt and fulleſt Period imaginable. But the greateſt Beauty of all is not yet mentioned. Since neither of the Champions is killed, we are glad to ſee the vain Confidence of the young Challenger ſo well mortified by a brave old Man; whoſe Intereſt we immediately eſpouſe, as ſoon as he appears. Nothing can be more natural, and Heroic, than all his Speeches; or than the Deſcription of his Perſon.

Hæc fatus, duplicem ex humeris dejecit amictum.
Et magnos membrorum artus, magna oſſa, lacertoſque
Exuit, atque ingens media conſiſtit arena.

And notwithſtanding he excelled the other in Stature; yet we ſtill wiſh him Succeſs, when we read,

———— *Sed tarda trementi,*
Genua labant, vaſtos quatit æger anhelitus artus.

His Fall heightens our Concern for him; But we are on Fire, when we come to read,

At non tardatus caſu, neque territus Heros
Acrior ad pugnam redit, & vim ſuſcitat ira;
Præcipitemque Daren, &c.

And ſo on to

———— *pulſat, verſatque Darete.*

Rears his rough Viſage, and prodigious Strength:
He who alone with *Paris* durſt contend,
And at great *Hector*'s Tomb ſtruck down to Earth
Butes renown'd for Conqueſts, and of Bulk
Unwieldy, boaſting his *Bebrycian* Race,
In long Deſcent from *Amycus* deriv'd;
And ſtretch'd him dead upon the yellow Sand.
Such *Dares* was; and ſuch he firſt uprears
His lofty Head, provoking to the Strife,
Shews his broad Shoulders, his alternate Arms
Protends, and in mock Duel beats the Air.
For him a Match is ſought; nor dares ev'n One
From all That vaſt Aſſembly, to approach
The Challenger, or arm his Hands for Fight.

He

All which, by the way, (eſpecially That *pulſat verſatque*) makes as deep an Impreſſion upon human Fancy, as Words and Ideas are capable of making. Nor is it with ſmall Judgment, that *Virgil* here gives the Prize to a *Sicilian*; that his *Trojans* might not carry off all the Honour of That Day's Tranſactions. I have only farther to obſerve upon This Place, that had I borrow'd *Ogilby*'s Cuts, as Mr. *Dryden* did; I would in This Copper-plate have changed the *Clubs* into *Gauntlets*. What he meant I cannot imagine. According to *Virgil*'s Deſcription, he might as well have armed them with Flails, or Hatchets, or Baſket-hilted Cudgels, or with ſingle Rapiers, or any of the Weapons made uſe of by our Maſters of the noble Science of Defence. I am ſenſible that ſome learned Men will have it, that the *Ceſtus* was a Sort of *Club*: But to prove the contrary, ſee the *Variorum* Edition, *Ruæus*, and above all, *De La Cerda*. Tho', (as I hinted) if they had ſaid nothing; 'tis as plain as Words can make it, from the very *Deſcription* of them which *Virgil* himſelf here gives us. The Word *Gauntlet* in Engliſh Poetry comes the neareſt to it: For *Whirlbat* is no Poetical one. Concerning the different *Spelling* of This Word, conſult the Commentators: Thoſe who read it with a ſingle *e*, derive it from Κέστος; Thoſe who are for the *æ* Diphthong derive it from *cædo*. Upon the Whole, ſee the 23d Idyl. of *Theocritus*.

He vaunting then, and thinking all declin'd
The Conteſt, ſtands before *Æneas*'s Feet;
No more demurs, but with his Left-hand holds
The Bullock's Horn, and Thus proceeds. If None
Durſt try the Combate; where will be the End
Of waiting thus? How long muſt I delay?
Command me, Goddeſs-born, to take the Prize.
A gen'ral Murmur thro' the Aſſembly ran;
And all the *Trojans* with one Voice concur,
To aid their Champion's Claim. *Aceſtes* here
Thus chides *Entellus* with reproaching Words,
As next upon the graſſy Bank he ſate;
Entellus, braveſt Hero once in vain;
Will you ſo patient ſuffer ſuch a Prize
Without Contention to be born away?
Where is our *Eryx*, vainly boaſted God,
Your Maſter? Where your Fame thro' all This Iſle
Renown'd? and Trophies hanging round your Roof?
To whom *Entellus*; 'Tis not that the Love
Of Praiſe and Glory has my Breaſt thro' Fear
Abandon'd: But my Blood by freezing Age
Is cold, retarded; and my Strength benumb'd
Within my ſapleſs Trunk: Did now That Youth,
Which once I had, and which yon Varlet proud
So confidently boaſts, did That remain;

I

Ver. 476. *Thinking all declin'd*, &c.] For I am confident That is the Meaning of *excedere palmâ*; go away from it, not pretend to it: Tho' all the Commentators take *excedere* [*ſe* underſtood] for *excellere, cunctos*.

Ver. 482. *Command me, Goddeſs-born*, &c.] Or *permit* me: For ſo in This, and ſuch like Caſes, the Word *jube* ſignifies; Tho' I take the litteral Tranſlation *here* to be more elegant. Ver. 394. Orig. *Ille* ſub *hæc*: *ſub* for *ad*. Ver. 414. *His ego ſuetus* [ſum pugnare.]

I had not hither come, induc'd by Hope
Of This Reward, This comely-ſhapen Bull;
Nor value I the Prize. This ſaid, he flings
Into the Midſt two Gauntlets huge, of Weight
Enormous; Thoſe which war-like *Eryx* wore
In Fight, and whoſe ſtiff Leather brac'd his Arms.
Amaz'd were All; ſo vaſt the ſev'n tough Hides
Of Bulls, with Lead and Iron ſewn within:
But more than all the reſt, the Champion's ſelf
Dares, aghaſt, and at a Diſtance ſtands,
Refuſing; And th' illuſtrious *Trojan* Chief
This Way, and That, turns round the pond'rous Folds
Immenſe: Him Thus the aged Sire beſpeaks.
What had been ſaid, had Any here beheld
The Arms, and Gauntlets, brandiſh'd heretofore
By *Hercules* himſelf? and That dire Fight,
Here, on This Ground? Theſe very Weapons once
Your Brother *Eryx* wore: You ſee them ſtill
Beſmear'd with Gore, and ſpatter'd Brains: With Theſe
He ſtood againſt the great *Alcides*: Theſe
I us'd, while better Blood ſupply'd me Strength,
Nor envious Age as yet had interſpers'd
My Temples: But if *Trojan Dares* thinks
Theſe Arms unequal, and his pious Prince,
And King *Aceſtes* have the ſame decreed;
Let us have due Proportion in the Strife:
Dares, diſmiſs thy Terrour; I remit
Great *Eryx*' Weapons: And do Thou, thyſelf,

Put

Ver. 523. *My Temples.*] *Temporibus geminis.* I wiſh ſome other Word had ſtood in the Place of *geminis*. Ver. 418. Orig. *Auctor* [*i. e.* mihi ut pugnarem.] Ver. 419. *terga* for *tergora* [boum.] So above Ver. 405.

Put off thy *Trojan* Gauntlets. Thus he ſpoke:
And from his Shoulders flings his double Veſt,
Strips his huge Limbs, huge Bones, and brawny Arms;
And in the Midſt with mighty Stature ſtands.
Then Prince *Æneas* equal Gauntlets brings,
And binds the Wriſts of Both with equal Weight.
Forthwith, erect, and high upon their Toes,
Both ſtand, and fearleſs raiſe their Arms in Air;
Lean back their lofty Heads, to ſhun the Stroke,
Mix Hands with Hands, and irritate the Fight.
The one excelling in his nimble Feet,
And confident in Youth; The other ſtrong
In Limbs, and Bulk; but ſlow with trembling Knees,
He ſtaggers; and the panting Labour ſhakes
His huge-built Trunk. In vain repeated Wounds
They aim alternate; On their hollow Flanks
The Strokes redoubled ring; Their throbbing Breaſts,
Are batter'd with loud Noiſe; The bandy'd Blows
Err round their Ears, and Temples; And beneath
The rigid Lead their cracking Jaws reſound.
Firm by his Weight in one fix'd Poſture ſtands
Entellus; with his Body, and quick Eyes
Alone, eluding his Aſſailant's Strokes.

He,

Ver. 530. —*His double Veſt.*] *Duplicem amictum.* Either *great*, for ſo *duplex* ſometimes ſignifies; or *double*; or in the Plural, his *two* Coats; it matters not which.

Ver. 551. —— *Eluding his Aſſailant's Strokes.*] Exit, *i. e. eludit*, or *evacit*: *Tela*, i. e. *Ceſtus*. *Ultro*, Ver. 446. Orig. not of his own Accord; but by the natural Tendency of his Body. Ver. 462. *paſſus* [eſt.] Ver. 467. *Cede Deo*; either *to God*, and *Providence*: Or to *a God*; meaning *Eryx*, *Entellus*'s Maſter, who was a Goddeſs's Son, and ſuppos'd to be deify'd Himſelf: Or perhaps *Entellus* himſelf,

He, like a Warriour, who a lofty Town
Aſſaults by Storm, or under Arms beſets
A Caſtle on a Hill, now Theſe, now Thoſe
Approaches tries, the Place all round with Art
Exploring; and with various Efforts vain
Urges his Foe. *Entellus* ſhews his Arm
Rais'd high; The other ſwift foreſees the Blow
Deſcending from his Head, and nimbly ſlips
Aſide. *Entellus* on the empty Air
Loſes his Strength, and heavy to the Ground
Falls with vaſt Weight; As falls an hollow Pine,
Torn from the Roots, on *Erymanthus'* Top,
Or lofty *Ida*. Eagerly intent
The *Trojans*, and *Trinacrian* Youth ariſe;
Heav'n rings with Shouts: And firſt *Aceſtes* ran,
And from the Ground, commiſerating, rais'd
His Friend of equal Age. But, not diſmay'd,
Nor by his Fall retarded, to the Fight
The Hero with redoubled Force returns;
Rouſes his Strength with Rage; Shame fires his Soul,
And conſcious Worth: O'er all the Field he drives
Dares precipitate; now with the Right,
Now with the Left, reit'rating his Blows;

Nor

ſelf, who behav'd like *a God*, more than like *a Man*. Ver. 471. *vocati*, call'd upon, *i. e.* by *Æneas*. The Force of the Word lies in this: They [*Dares* and his Friends] were ſo mortify'd by their Defeat, that they did not *think* of the *inferior Prize*; and ſo would have *went away without it*, had they not been *call'd upon*. Ver. 487. I ſee no Neceſſity why *Manu* muſt ſignify a Band of Soldiers. He did it *partly* with his *own* Hand; though others aſſiſted him. Ver. 488. *trajecto*, i. e. *extenſo*, ſay ſome: *cui* (I ſuppoſe they mean *que*) *columbæ pes trajectus eſt*, ſay others.

Nor Pauſe, nor Reſpite: Thick as Hail in Storms
Rattles on Roofs, with ſuch repeated Strokes,
This way, and That, the Hero with both Hands
Buffets his Foe; and turns, and whirls him round.
Then Prince *Æneas* could no farther bear
Such Fury to proceed, nor ſee the Rage
Of fierce *Entellus:* But decides the Fight,
And reſcues fainting *Dares*; with Theſe Words
Conſoling him: Unhappy! has ſo great
A Frenzy ſeiz'd thee? Doſt thou not perceive
A Force unequal, and thy Fortune chang'd?
Yield to a God. He ſaid; and with his Voice
Ended the Combate. Him, with tott'ring Pace
Trailing his Legs along, on either ſide
Swagging his Head, and belching from his Throat
Thick Clots of Gore, and Teeth commix'd with Blood;
His Mates, officious to their vanquiſh'd Friend,
Lead to the Ships: They take the Helm, and Sword;
And to *Entellus* leave the Bull, and Palm.
The Victor here exulting in his Prize,
And proud of Conqueſt; See, O Goddeſs-born,
And You, ye *Trojans*, know from hence, what Strength
My Body in it's youthful Days could boaſt,
And from what Death This *Dares* you preſerv'd.
Thus having ſpoke, againſt the Bull's ſtern Front,
The Conqu'ror's Prize, full oppoſite he ſtood;
And juſt between his Horns, with Arm ſwung back,
And riſing to the Blow, he pois'd direct
The maſſy Gauntlet; and between the Bones
Deep daſh'd it in his Brains: Down falls the Beaſt,
Dead, trembling, to the Ground. Then o'er him Thus

The

The Champion ſpeaks: In lieu of *Dares'* Death,
Eryx, to thee This better Life I pay;
Here Victor I reſign my Art, and Arms.
Forthwith *Æneas* to the Sports invites
All who with feather'd Shafts would try their Skill,
And names the Prizes. With his ample Hand
He from *Sereſtus'* Ship a Maſt erects,
And on it by a Rope ſuſpended ties
A ſwift-wing'd Dove; at which they all ſhould aim
Their Arrows: They aſſemble; and the Lots
Shuffled into a brazen Caſque are thrown.
With fav'ring Shouts *Hippocoon* Firſt appears,
Offspring of *Hyrtacus:* Then *Mneſtheus* Next,

So

Ver. 606.—*In lieu of* Dares' *Death.*] One would think it ſhould be *Life* inſtead of *Life*, rather than *Life* inſtead of *Death*. But tho' Theſe may ſeem to be Contraries; the Senſe is the ſame, whether we ſay in lieu of the *Life* which ſhould have been *paid*, or of the *Death* which is *prevented*. I cannot here forbear tranſcribing Mr. *Dryden's* Tranſlation of Theſe two laſt Lines; than which no Concluſion can be more full, ſtrong, and great:

——— *In* Dares' *ſtead I offer This*;
Eryx, *accept a nobler Sacrifice:*
Take the laſt Gift my wither'd Arms can yield;
Thy Gauntlets I reſign, and here renounce the Field.

Ver. 615. *The Lots*, &c.] No Edition favours my Conjecture; Otherwiſe I ſhould rather think it ſhould be *dejectaſque ærea ſortes* in the Plural: for a Reaſon too plain to be mentioned.

Ver. 616. *Hippocoon.*] *Locus Hippocoontis.* The *Lot* of each is called *Locus:* becauſe it aſſigns the *place* in point of *order*, not of *ſtanding*, (for That was the ſame to all) in which each of the Archers ſhould ſhoot: *i. e.* whether he ſhould be firſt, ſecond, or third, &c. which is commonly called in the firſt, ſecond, or third, *Place*. None of the Annotators take any Notice of This Paſſage; which, I think, they might very well have done.

So lately Victor in the Naval Strife,
And crown'd with Olive Greens: *Eurytion* Third,
Brother to Thee, O *Pandarus* renown'd,
Who once, commanded to diſſolve the League,
Didſt firſt among the *Grecians* hurl a Dart:
Aceſtes to the Helmet's Bottom ſinks
The Laſt; himſelf preſuming to attempt
The Sports of Youth. Then all with manly Strength
Bend their tough Eugh; each with his utmoſt Force;
All from their Quivers draw their Shafts: And firſt
Shot from the twanging Nerve *Hippacoon*'s flies
Along the Sky, beats the thin liquid Air,
And on the Body of the Maſt adverſe
Stands fix'd: The Maſt, and frighted Bird at once
Tremble; And all the Cirque with Shouts reſounds.
Next eager *Mneſtheus* with his bended Bow
Stands ready, and his Eyes and Arrow aim'd
Directs to Heav'n; yet could not reach the Dove
Herſelf, unfortunate; but cut the Knots,

And

Ver. 619. *So lately* Victor *in the Naval Strife.*] *De La Cerda*, and Others, will have it, that *Mneſtheus* was Conquerour in the ſtricteſt and firſt Senſe; becauſe *Cloanthus* conquered by the Sea-Gods, not by Himſelf. But it is very ſtrange that a Man ſhould ceaſe to be a Conquerour, becauſe he hath the immediate Aſſiſtance of divine Power. At This Rate, *Æneas* did not conquer *Turnus*. Others ſay, *Victor*, i. e. Victor *ſecundus*, or Victor *duorum*: And That doubtleſs is the Senſe: But, I confeſs, it is no very good Senſe; and I wiſh *Virgil* had made Choice of another Word. According to This, they were *all* Victors except One.

Ver. 627. *With his utmoſt.*] By *Pro ſe quiſque* is meant *pro virili ſua*, &c. each *according to his Power.*

Ver. 636. *To Heav'n.*] That is the Meaning of *alta petens.* Ver. 513. Orig. *contenta* for *intenta* level'd, and directed upon the Bow. Ver. 543. *ingreditur.* See the Note on Book I. Ver. 54.

And hempen Ligaments, in which ſhe hung
Ty'd by the Feet upon the lofty Maſt:
She flies into the Winds, and duſky Clouds.
Eurytion then impatient, and long ſince
Holding his ready Bow, and fitted Steel,
Invokes his Brother; and, in open Air,
Seeing the Dove now ſhake her ſounding Wings,
Transfixes her amidſt the Clouds: The Bird
Falls dead, and leaves her Life among the Stars;
And, tumbling, in her Body brings him back
His ſticking Arrow. The victorious Palm
Thus loſt, *Aceſtes* now alone remains;
Yet throws a Shaft into the empty Air,
Shewing at once his Art, and ſounding Bow.
Here to their Eyes a Prodigy appears,
Sudden, important: Which in After-times
The great Event declar'd; And Prophets ſkill'd
In Augury, and dire Portents, tho' late,
Explain'd the Omen. For in liquid Clouds
The flying Arrow kindled; mark'd its Way
With Flames; and vaniſh'd in the fleeting Winds.

As

Ver. 651. *Shewing at once his Art, and ſounding Bow.*] *Shewing* it; i. e. *offering* it, or *making a Show of* it. Tho' he was ſenſible that nothing was now to be done; yet he ſhot his Arrow into the Air, *&c.*

Ver. 657. *The flying Arrow kindled.*] The Commentators imagine This to be a Prognoſtick of the Burning of the Ships, which happen'd juſt afterwards. But this is a mere Conjecture; and I rather think *Virgil* himſelf meant not, and conſequently did not intend we ſhould underſtand, any Thing *particular* by it. 'Tis a ſolemn Amuſement; and That's enough; and Ignorance in ſome Things is more entertaining than Knowledge. Here is the Prodigy itſelf; and That is ſufficient. The Poet does not interpret it: And we may either interpret it as we pleaſe or not interpret it at all.

As Stars oft falling draw a fiery Trail
Of Hair, and whizzing ſhoot along the Sky.
Amaz'd the *Trojans*, and *Trinacrians* ſtand,
And pray the Gods: Nor does th' illuſtrious Chief
Refuſe the Omen; but embracing cloſe
Joyful *Aceſtes*, loads him with his Gifts
Magnificently great, and Thus proceeds.
Father, take you the Prize; For Heav'n's high King
To You, by ſuch auſpicious Signs reveal'd,
Honour above the common Lot decrees.
This Preſent of *Anchiſes'* ſelf receive,

A

Ver. 659. *As Stars oft falling, &c.*] *Refixa*; i. e. *cadentia*. The Nature of This Fourth Game is ſuch, that it does not, like the reſt, admit of various *Turns* and *Traverſes*, to keep the Event *long doubtful*. Each of the Archers muſt *hit*, or *miſs*; and there can be no *intermediate* Difference, but that One *comes nearer* to the Mark, than Another. *Virgil* therefore has given it all the agreeable Variety and Surprize, of which it is capable. The Sport ſtill riſes, as I ſaid, in a Climax of Performances: Every one being ſtill greater, than That which went before it. The Firſt Marksman lodges his Arrow in the Maſt; The Second cuts the Cord by which the Dove was ty'd: And the Third ſhoots her flying. As for the Fourth, there is nothing left for Him to do; and yet he carries the Prize. How That comes to paſs, I need not repeat: I only obſerve, that it is moſt curiouſly contrived to raiſe Admiration. One thing particularly diſtinguiſhes This Game from all the reſt. Here is no mention of the ſeveral Rewards given to the ſeveral Antagoniſts, except the Firſt; tho' they all performed ſo well; And the Obſervation it ſelf contains the Reaſon. It diſtinguiſhes This from the reſt; and That is Reaſon ſufficient. Variety muſt always be ſtudy'd by Thoſe who write to pleaſe. The Deſcription of the Whole is moſt beautiful. Only I take notice that we have

——*Malo ſuſpendit ab alto:*
——*Malo pendebat ab alto:* And
——*Cœlo dejecit ab alto,*

a little too near together. Had *Virgil* lived to finiſh his Work; it is very likely he would have corrected ſome few things, even in the firſt Six Books, which are the moſt Correct.

A Bowl emboſs'd with Figures, which long ſince
Thrëician Ciſſeus to my Father gave,
To old *Anchiſes*; as a laſting Pledge,
And Monument of Friendſhip. Thus he ſpoke;
And with a verdant Laurel crown'd his Head;
And to *Aceſtes* gave the Victor's Name.
Nor did the good *Eurytion* diſallow
That Preference of Honour; tho' himſelf
Alone transfix'd the Bird among the Clouds.
The Next Reward to Him is giv'n, who cut
The hempen Ligaments; the Fourth, to Him
Who lodg'd his feather'd Arrow in the Maſt.
But good *Æneas*, having not diſmiſs'd
As yet the ſolemn Sports, *Epitydes*
The Governour of young *Iülus* calls,
And whiſpers Thus into his faithful Ear.
Go; bid *Aſcanius*, if his Troop of Boys
Be ready, and his Steeds prepar'd for View,
Bring to his Grandſire's Tomb his young Brigade;
And ſhew Himſelf in Arms. Thus having ſpoke,
He bids retire, and form a Circuit wide
The

Ver. 686. *Go, bid* Aſcanius, *if his Troop of Boys*, &c.] This Militia of Boys, being in great Repute among the *Romans*, in the Times of *Julius*, and *Auguſtus Cæſar*, and ſuppoſed to be derived from the *Trojans*, is moſt artificially and judiciouſly introduced by the Poet upon This Occaſion, as commanded by *Aſcanius*. This, of all the Deſcriptions, is perhaps the moſt laboured: It is wrought up with exquiſite Care; and ſhines in the Perfection of Beauty.

Ver. 690. *A Circuit wide.*] *Decedere* [e] *Circo*; and ſo make a *Ring* —— *Campos jubet eſſe patentes.* Had I Authority, inſtead of *longo*, I would read *lato*; the former being ſcarce good Senſe. As it is; I have ventur'd to depart from the Letter of the Original. Ver. 563. Orig. *Una* [incedit] *acies* &c.

The mingled Croud; and clears the ſpacious Field,
The Striplings march in Ranks, and ſhine alike
On manag'd Steeds before their Parents Eyes;
Them, as they go, with Murmurs of Applauſe
The *Trojan* and *Trinacrian* Youth admire:
All had their Hair, by Rite accuſtom'd, preſs'd
With Garlands ſhorn: All bore two cornel Spears
Prefix'd, and ſharpen'd with a Point of Steel:
Some ſmooth light Quivers on their Shoulders wore;
And o'er their Breaſts, about their Necks, hung down
A winding Circle of obtorted Gold.
Three Troops of Horſe are form'd; Three Chiefs ride round;
And following each of Theſe twelve Warriour Boys,
In Corps diſtinct, with equal Leaders, ſhine.
One youthful Band exulting *Priam* led,
Bearing his Grandfire's Name; thy Princely Son,
Polites, deſtin'd after to increaſe
Th' *Italians*: Him a *Thracian* Courſer bore
Diſtinct with Spots; his fore-feet mark'd with White,
His

Ver. 704. *In* Corps *diſtinct*, &c.] I am far from allowing a great *Licence* in adopting Words from foreign Languages, eſpecially from the *French*, into our Heroic Poetry. But *Corps* is almoſt become *Engliſh*. And the *Latin* has ſuch a Variety of military Words of this Kind, (as *Agmen*, *Turma*, *Cohors*, *Caterva*, and many more) and the *Engliſh* ſo few which are Poetical, that in This Caſe the Liberty which I have taken is, I hope, pardonable.

Ver. 709. *His Fore-feet.*] *Veſtigia primi pedis*; i. e. *anteriorum pedum*. The Conjecture of *De La Cerda* that *primi* ſignifies *dextri* is improbable. *Veſtigia pedum* for *pedes ipſi*, qui *veſtigia* imprimunt. Thoſe Words *Veſtigia primi alba pedis* ſhould be in a Parentheſis. Ver. 575. Orig. *pavidus* (like *trepidus* very often) means Sollicitude for Fame, not Fear.

His ſnow-white Forehead toſs'd aloft in Air.
Atys the Next; from whom the *Attian* Race
Of *Romans* come; *Atys*, the beauteous Boy,
And by the young *Iülus* lov'd: The Laſt,
And graceful in his Bloom, above them All,
Iülus ſhines on his *Sidonian* Steed,
Which faireſt *Dido* gave him as a Pledge,
And Monument of Love. The other Youths
Ride on *Trinacrian* Courſers of the King,
Aged *Aceſtes*.
The *Trojans* with Applauſe receive their Sons
Anxious for Fame; delight to ſee them march,
And in their Childrens Looks their Parents trace.
When all th' Aſſembly, and their Fathers' Eyes,
Proud on their ſtately Steeds, they had ſurvey'd;
To Them prepar'd *Epitydes* from far
Loud with a Shout, and with his ſounding Laſh,
The Signal gave: They equally divide;
The three Commanders open their Brigades
In ſep'rate Bodies; ſtrait recall'd they wheel
Their Courſe, and onwards bear their hoſtile Darts.
Then diff'rent Traverſes, on various Ground,
And diff'rent Counter-traverſes they form;
Orbs within Orbs alternately involve,
And raiſe th' Effigy of a Fight in Arms.
Now ſhew their Backs in Flight; Now furious turn
Their

Ver. 730. —— *Onwards bear their hoſtile Darts.*] *Infeſtaque tela tulere. Ruæus* interprets *tulere* by *immiſcere*, *hurled* or *flung* them at one another. But That is a new Signification of *fero*. Ver. 585. Orig. *Impediunt*, i. e. *intexunt*, *implicant*.

Ver. 735. *Now ſhew*, &c.] Some read *terga fugæ nudant*; interpreting *nudant* by *præbent*: But how That can be, I know not. I read *fugâ*; and take *nudant* for *oſtendunt*: A Thing being *ſhewn* by being *naked*.

Their Darts; Now all in Peace together ride.
As when in lofty *Crete* (ſo Fame reports)
The Labyrinth of old in winding Walls
A mazy Way inclos'd, a thouſand Paths
Ambiguous, and perplex'd; by which the Steps
Should, by an Errour intricate, untrac'd
Be ſtill deluded: So the *Trojan* Boys
Inextricable Motions ſhift, in Sport
Flying, or fighting; As when Dolphins cut
The *Libyan*, or *Carpathian*, ſkimming o'er
The liquid Deep, and wanton in the Waves.
Theſe Tilts, This mimick War, *Aſcanius* firſt,
When with it's Walls long *Alba* he inclos'd,
Renew'd, and to the ancient *Latins* taught;
Which, when a Boy, himſelf, and his Compeers
Of *Trojan* Race, had ſolemnly perform'd:
The *Albans* taught it Theirs: Hence mighty *Rome*
In order next receiv'd it: and preſerv'd
Her Founder's Honour; and the Striplings now
Troy, or the *Trojan* Regiment, are call'd.
Thus far to his Celeſtial Sire were paid

The

Ver. 740. *By which the Steps*, &c.] I take *ſigna ſequendi* to mean no more than *veſtigia*. Ver. 601. Orig. *Patrium honorem* may mean either their Country's Honour; or the Honour derived from their Fathers. The laſt is beſt. Ver. 598, 599. *priſcos docuit celebrare* [ea] &c. Quo *puer ipſe modo* [celebraverat ea.]

Ver. 756. *Thus far to his celeſtial Sire*, &c.] From Sports and Diverſions here is a ſudden Change to the moſt diſaſtrous Incident imaginable. *Virgil* ſhews his Judgment in nothing more than in Tranſitions, in diverſifying his Scenes, and alternately raiſing and depreſſing the Mind of his Reader. Of This we have already given ſome Inſtances; and ſhall have Occaſion to take notice of more.

The celebrated Games: Here Fortune firſt
Inconſtant prov'd. While various ſolemn Sports
Honour his Tomb; down to the *Trojan* Fleet
Saturnian Juno Iris ſends from Heav'n, 760
And

Ver. 757, 758.——*Here Fortune* firſt *Inconſtant prov'd.*] That is, firſt *That Day*, or ſince their Arrival in *That Country*, *Novavit* for *mutavit*. Ver. 609. Orig. *mille coloribus arcum* [diſtinctum.]

Ver. 760. Saturnian Juno Iris *ſends from Heav'n.*] In This Account of the Burning of the Ships, and the Conſequence of it, we cannot but take particular Notice of the Machine of *Juno* and *Iris*; This being an Event of ſo great Importance: The preſent Diſpoſition of Mind, and Turn of Thought in the *Trojan* Women, by which they were more eaſy to be worked up to what followed;

Amiſſum Anchiſen flebant, cunctæque profundum
Pontum aſpectabant flentes. Heu tot vada feſſis,
Et tantum ſupereſſe maris! vox omnibus una;
Urbem orant; tædet pelagi perferre laborem:

The artful Speech of *Iris*, taking Advantage of ſuch Their Diſpoſition: The ſeveral Degrees by which they were wound up to ſuch a Pitch of Madneſs:

Hæc memorans, prima infenſum vi corripit ignem,
Sublataque procul dextra connixa coruſcat,
Et jacit. Arrectæ mentes, ſtupefactaque corda
Iliadum: ——————

And after old *Pyrgo*'s Speech;

At matres primo ancipites, oculiſque malignis
Ambiguæ ſpectare rates, &c.
Cum Dea ſe paribus per cœlum ſuſtulit alis,
Ingentemque fuga ſecuit ſub nubibus arcum.
Tum vero attonitæ monſtris, actæque furore
Conclamant, rapiuntque focis penetralibus ignem, &c.

The unexpected agreeable Return of our Ideas to the Scene of the Sports at *Anchiſes*' Tomb, and the diſmal Proſpect of the Fire from thence; The Rapidity of *Aſcanius* in galloping away towards it, before all the reſt; and *throwing his Helmet upon the Ground*, &c.

——*Nec exanimes poſſunt retinere magiſtri.*
——————*En ego veſter*
Aſcanius. Galeam ante pedes projecit inanem,
Qua ludo indutus belli ſimulacbra ciebat:

The

And breathes the Winds to ſpeed her airy Courſe;
Much in her Thoughts revolving: Nor was yet
Her ancient Vengeance glutted in her Breaſt.
The Virgin, ſeen by none, with wingy Speed
Shoots thro' a thouſand Colours of her Bow;
Sees the vaſt Concourſe, and ſurveys the Strand,
The Ports deſerted, and th' abandon'd Fleet.
But at a Diſtance, on the Shore retir'd,
The *Trojan* Dames bewail'd *Anchiſes* loſt;
All fix'd their weeping Eyes upon the Sea;
So much (alas!) ſo much of Ocean ſtill
To be o'erpaſs'd by Us, already tir'd
With Voyaging! was all their gen'ral Cry:
A City they implore; and loath, and dread

The

The Shame, Guilt, Fear, and Confuſion of the Women ſkulking into Corners: The fine Tranſition from Their Fury abating to That of the Fire increaſing, and the Deſcription of it in Theſe moſt elegant Lines;

Sed non idcirco flammæ atque incendia vires
Indomitas poſuere: udo ſub robore vivit
Stupa, vomens tardum fumum; lentuſque carinas
Eſt vapor, *& toto deſcendit corpore peſtis:*

The Diſtreſs of the Hero, and his pathetical Prayer; The ſudden Storm of Rain, and the Extinguiſhing of the Fire no leſs beautifully deſcribed than it's Burning before; The Advice of *Nautes* ſeconded by That of *Anchiſes*' Ghoſt; The prudent and important Reſolution taken upon it; The Lamentation of Thoſe who were left behind, and the tender Parting of Them and Their Friends:

Exoritur procurva ingens per littora fletus;
Complexi inter ſe noctemque diemque morantur:
Ipſæ jam matres, ipſi, quibus aſpera quondam
Viſa maris facies, & non tolerabile numen,
Ire volunt, omnemque fugæ perferre laborem:

Every one of which Circumſtances is either important, or delightful, or both; and all of them moſt elegantly and judiciouſly managed.

Ver. 768. —— *On the* Shore re-

The tedious Deep. She therefore, not unſkill'd
In Miſchief, flings herſelf into the Midſt,
And lays aſide her Goddeſs' Mien, and Dreſs;
Chang'd into *Beröe*, the aged Wife
Of *Doryclus*, deriv'd from *Thracian* Blood,
For Anceſtors and Off-ſpring once renown'd;
And Thus among the *Trojan* Matrons ſpeaks.
O Miſerable! whom the Warriour *Greeks*
Drag'd not to Death before your native Walls;
O wretched Nation! What diſaſtrous Fate
Is ſtill for thee reſerv'd? Sev'n Summers now,
After the Ruin of unhappy *Troy*,
Are roll'd; ſince We all Lands, ſo many Rocks
Inhoſpitable, and ſo many Stars
Have meaſur'd: while upon the boundleſs Deep
We roam, and flying *Italy* purſue,
Toſs'd on the Waves. Behold Theſe kindred Realms
Of *Eryx*; and *Aceſtes* to our Toils
Indulgent: What forbids us here to fix
Our Reſt, and give our Citizens a Seat?
O my lov'd Country! and her Gods in vain
Reſcu'd from hoſtile Rage! Shall then no Walls
Be ever giv'n to *Troy*? Shall then theſe Eyes
Never again *Hectorean* Rivers ſee,
Xanthus, and *Simois*? But come, and burn
Theſe luckleſs Ships, with Me: For in my Dream
The Propheteſs *Caſſandra*'s Ghoſt appear'd,
Seeming to give me flaming Brands: Here ſeek
Your

retir'd.] I do not remember to have met with the Word *Acta*, (Shore) in any Place but This. It is from the Greek ἀκτὴ.

Ver. 780. *For Anceſtors, &c.*] *Namen, natique fuiſſent.* I confeſs the Poets take great Liberty in putting one Tenſe for another.

Your *Troy*, ſhe cry'd; This is your Manſion: Now
Th' Occaſion puſhes on the great Event;
Nor are ſuch Prodigies delay'd; Behold
Neptune's four Altars here; The God himſelf
Gives Fire, and Reſolution. Speaking Thus,
She firſt impetuous ſnatch'd, and with her Hand
On high uplifted, at a Diſtance wav'd,
And hurl'd the flaming Miſchief: In ſuſpenſe
Arreſt, the *Trojan* Matrons ſtand aghaſt.
Here One, the firſt, the eldeſt of them all,
Pyrgo, the Royal Nurſe of *Priam's* Sons
So numerous; Think not that here you ſee
Rhæteian Beröe, the Conſort once
Of *Doryclus:* Obſerve the Marks Divine
Of Beauty; ſee the Lightning of her Eyes,
See what her Spirit, what her Looks, and Voice,
And what her Mien, and Manner, as ſhe walks.
My ſelf, long ſince, left *Beröe* confin'd
By Sickneſs, and with Indignation griev'd
That She alone This Feſtival ſhould want,
Nor pay the Honours to *Anchiſes* due.
Thus She.

But with malignant Ken the *Trojan* Dames
Uncertain firſt, and doubtful, eye the Ships;
Doubtful, betwixt the fond unlucky Love
Of preſent Manſions, and the Reamls by Fate
Inviting: When, uprais'd on even Wings,
The Goddeſs mounts into the Air, and cuts
Her Bow of ſpacious Arch beneath the Clouds.

ther. But *fuiſſent* for *fuerunt*. or even for *fuerant*, ſeems very much ſtrained, eſpecially ſince there is no Occaſion for it. Had I the Authority of an Editor, I would make it *fuerunt*; and ſo put an End to the Diſpute.

Ver. 830, 831. —— *Cuts her Bow*, &c.]

Ingentemque fuga ſecuit *ſub nubibus arcum.*

For

But at the Prodigy amaz'd, and driv'n
To Madneſs, from the conſecrated Hearths,
Shrieking, they ſnatch the Fire; the Altars ſpoil;
Throw Boughs, and Shrubs, and Brands: With looſen'd [Reins
Among the Benches *Vulcan* rages fierce,
Among the Oars, and Decks of painted Fir.
Eumelus to the woody Theatre,
And old *Anchiſes'* Tomb, the Tidings brings,
The Ships are burning; And Themſelves behold
The Smoke, and flying Cinders, in the Sky.
And firſt *Aſcanius*, as he led in pomp
His Horſe-Brigade, ſwift ſpurs his rapid Steed,
Juſt as he was, directly to the Tents
Confus'd; Nor could his Governours, half dead
With Fear, detain Him: What new Frenzy's This,
O miſerable Citizens? He cry'd:
Whither? ah! whither would you? Not the Ships
Of hoſtile *Greeks*, but your own Hopes you burn;
Me, your *Aſcanius* here behold. This ſaid,
He flung his empty Helmet at his Feet,
With which in Sport He rais'd the mimick War.
Æneas too, and all the *Trojan* Troops
Together haſte: The Matrons, on the Shore,
Fly diverſe, ſtruck with Fear; and ſkulking ſeek
The Woods, and Caves; Their Enterprize they loath,
And

For *ſecuit*, *Ruæus* renders *ſignavit*: But That is a Senſe in which the Word is no where uſed, that I know of. I am wholly of *De La Cerda*'s Opinion, that it is to be taken litterally, in the Geometrical Senſe; *A Line cuts a Circle*; and She cuts her's by *flying through it*. Ver. 663. Orig. *pictas puppes* [factas ex] *abiete*.

Ver. 855, 856. —— *Skulking ſeek the Woods and Caves.*] There is a Prettineſs in *ſicubi* not to be expreſſed in Engliſh. They ſeek them; *ſicubi*, *ſi alicubi*, or *ubicunque* ſunt.

And conſcious ſhun the Light; Now chang'd, they own
Their Country, and their Friends: And *Juno* flies
Driv'n from their Breaſts. Yet not for that does aught
The fiery Tempeſt of it's Force, and Rage
Abate: Beneath the warping Timber lives
The ſmouldring Tow, and vomits lazy Smoke;
A ling'ring Vapour eats the Ships, and o'er
The Fleet's whole Bulk the pitchy Plague deſcends.
Nor does the Labour of the Heroes aught
Avail, nor Rivers pour'd upon the Flames.
Then good *Æneas* from his Shoulders rends
His Robe, invokes th' Aſſiſtance of the Gods,
And ſtretches out his Hands. Almighty *Jove*,
If all the *Trojans* be not to a Man
By Thee as yet abhor'd; If human Toils
Thy long experienc'd Goodneſs aught regard;
This flaming Ruin, Father, from our Ships
Remove, and ſave the little State of *Troy*:
Or, what alone remains, here ſtrike me dead,
Transfix'd with Lightning, if I ſo deſerve;
And cruſh me with thy own avenging Hand.
He ſcarce had ſpoke; when black with ruſhing Rain
A Tempeſt rag'd enormous, and the Hills
And

Ver. 872. *Thy long experienc'd Goodneſs, &c.*] *Pietas antiqua.* To refer This to the Piety of the *Trojans*, (as Some do) is intolerably harſh: To underſtand it, with *Servius*, of Piety which is gone from Earth to Heaven (alluding to *Aſtræa*, I ſuppoſe) is better: But I rather take it with *Ruæus*, as I have render'd it. *Pietas* is a Word of a moſt extenſive Signification in *Latin*; tho' *Piety* in *Engliſh* is not ſo. To apply *Piety* to the Supreme God would be ſtrangely abſurd: But *Mercy*, or *Goodneſs*, is often ſignify'd by *Pietas*.

Ver. 879. *A Tempeſt rag'd enormous.*] *Tempeſtas* ſine more *furit*; i. e. *ſine modo*, and *extra morem ſolitum*. So Book VIII. —*raptas ſine more Sabinas*. Ver. 697. Orig. *Super* for *Deſuper*.

And Fields with Thunder ſhook; O'er all the Sky
A Show'r with Water dark, and thicken'd Winds,
Turbid deſcends: The Veſſels from above
Are fill'd; The half-burnt Timber drench'd; Till all
The Vapour ſtops extinct; and all the Ships,
Four only loſt, are from the Peſt preſerv'd.
Struck to the Heart at this diſaſtrous Chance,
The *Trojan* Chief now This, now That, revolves
Within his Breaſt; uncertain in his Cares,
Whether in *Sicily* he ſhould reſide,
Forgetful of the Fates; or ſeek the Coaſts
Of *Italy*. Then aged *Nautes*, taught
Alone by *Pallas*, and with pow'rful Art
Illuſtrious made, This Oracle pronounc'd,
Explaining what the mighty Wrath of Heav'n
Portended, or the Scheme of Fates requir'd.
He then *Æneas* with conſoling Words
Beſpeaks: O Goddeſs-born, where-e'er the Fates
Call, or recall us, let us follow ſtill;
Whate'er it be, all Fortune is ſubdu'd
By Patience. You have here of Race Divine
Trojan Aceſtes; Him, your willing Friend,
The Partner of your Cares and Counſels take:
To Him deliver Thoſe who now remain
Superfluous from your Veſſels loſt, and Thoſe
Who weary loath your glorious Enterprize,
And great Affairs; the aged Sires, and Dames,
Sick

Ver. 891, 892. — *Taught* Alone, *by* Pallas, *&c.*] That is, He was the *only* Perſon *there preſent*, who was ſo gifted by *Pallas*. *Unum* for *Præcipuum* is too great a Strain.

Ver. 897, 898. —*Where-e'er the Fates call, or recall us*, &c.] Let but *Fata* ſignify the Divine Providence; and what Chriſtian could teach us a Leſſon more moral and religious? Ver. 706. Orig. *reſponſa dabat* [indicantia] *vel quæ*, &c.

Sick of the Sea; and whatſoe'er is weak,
Or timorous of Danger: Sever Theſe
From all the reſt; And let them on Theſe Coaſts
Fatigu'd poſſeſs their Walls: The City's Name
Aceſta, by Permiſſion, ſhall be call'd.
This Counſel of his aged Friend inflames
His Breaſt; which ſtill a thouſand Thoughts divide:
And Night, now driving on her ſable Car,
Poſſeſs'd the Pole: When ſuddenly the Form
Of old *Anchiſes* ſeem'd to ſlide from Heav'n;
And from his awful Mouth Theſe Accents fell.
My Son, more dear to me than Life, while Life
Remain'd; my Son inur'd to *Trojan* Fates;
Hither I come, diſpatch'd by Sov'reign *Jove*,
Who ſav'd the Remnant of your Fleet from Fire,
And from high Heav'n at laſt Compaſſion ſhew'd.
Yield to the wiſe Advice which *Nautes* gives,
Mature in Age; and to th' *Italian* Coaſt
Tranſport the choſen Youth, the braveſt Souls.
A Nation hardy, and of Manners rough,
Muſt by your Arms in *Latium* be ſubdu'd.
But viſit firſt th' Infernal Courts of *Dis*,
And thro' profound *Avernus* come, my Son,
To my Embraces: For the impious Gloom
Of *Tartarus* accurs'd, and dreary Shades
Detain not Me; But in th' *Elyſian* Fields,
And happy Regions of the Bleſt I dwell.
Thither with copious Blood of Victims black
The Virgin *Sibyl* ſhall conduct you; There
Your future Progeny, and Walls by Fate
Allotted, you ſhall learn. And now farewel:
The dewy Night rolls on her middle Courſe;

And

And with his panting Steeds the riſing Sun
Severe has breath'd upon me. Thus he ſaid,
And flew, like Smoke, into the fleeting Air.
Whither, ſo ſudden, do you whirl away?
Æneas cry'd: Whom do you fly? Or who
Drives you from my Embraces? Having ſpoke,
He wakes the Embers, and the ſleeping Fire;
And with a holy Cake, and Cenſer fill'd,
The *Trojan Lar*, and aged *Veſta*'s Shrine
Suppliant adores. Forthwith he calls his Friends,
The chief *Aceſtes*; and to them relates
What *Jove* commanded, what his much-lov'd Sire
Advis'd, and what Himſelf had now reſolv'd.
Not intricate, or long was the Debate:
Nor does *Aceſtes* Thoſe Commands refuſe.
They ſeparate the Matrons for the Town;
And leave the willing Populace behind,
Souls nought deſirous of immortal Fame.
Themſelves renew their Benches, and replace
Their half-burnt Planks upon their Veſſels, fit
Their Oars, and Cables; Few, but brave in War.
Mean-while *Æneas* with a Plough deſcribes
The City's Limits; and by Lot aſſigns
The Houſes; *Ilium*, and the Seat of *Troy*
He fixes here: Rejoicing in his Realm
Trojan Aceſtes a new Court ordains,
Summons the Fathers, and diſpenſes Laws.
Then to *Idalian Venus*, on the Top
Of *Eryx*' Mount, a Temple near the Stars

Is

Ver. 954. *They ſeparate the Matrons, &c.*] *Tranſcribunt urbi matres. Tranſcribere* in This Senſe was a Law-Word among the *Romans*, apply'd to Colonies, or Perſons *transferred* from one Country to another.

Is founded; and a ſpacious ſacred Grove,
And Prieſt, are added to *Anchiſes'* Tomb.
And now both Nations nine whole Days had ſpent
In Feaſts; and Honour to the Altars paid:
Soft Breezes ſmooth'd the Sea; and Southern Gales
Frequent again invite them to the Deep:
A loud Lament along the winding Shore
Ariſes: And embracing, Night, and Day,
Each other they detain: The Dames themſelves,
And Thoſe, to whom e'erwhile the Ocean's Face
Seem'd rough, and inſupportable it's Gods,
Now willingly would go, and all the Toil
Of Flight endure. Them good *Æneas* cheers
With friendly Words; and to *Aceſtes*, ſprung
Of kindred Lineage, weeping recommends.
Three Calves to *Eryx*, to the Storms a Lamb
He then commands to ſacrifice, and looſe
The Cables all in order from the Shore.
Himſelf with Olive-Foliage ſhorn entwines
His Head; and ſtanding on the diſtant Deck,
A Goblet holds, and on the briny Deep
Scatters the Entrails, pouring pureſt Wine.
A Gale, behind their Stern freſh ſpringing, ſpeeds
Their Courſe; The Crew with Emulation fir'd
Daſh the green Waves, and ſweep the curling Foam.
But *Venus*, exercis'd, mean-while, with Cares,
Addreſſes *Neptune* Thus, and Thus complains.

The

Ver. 995. *The reſtleſs Malice, and inſatiate Soul, &c.*] This Speech of *Venus* to *Neptune* is another Inſtance of ſuch eaſy Writing, as it is not eaſy to imitate. Here are no Flowers, nor Flouriſhes; For the greateſt Part is Matter of Fact, and plain Narration: Yet it is very beautiful, becauſe every Thing is proper, juſt, and natural, and at the ſame Time elegant:

The reſtleſs Malice, and inſatiate Soul.
Of *Juno*, force me, *Neptune*, to deſcend
To all Intreaties. Her no Length of Time,
No Piety can ſoften; Nor ſubdu'd
By *Jove*'s Command, nor by the Doom of Fate,
Does ſhe deſiſt. For her 'twas not enough
With Hate unutterable to conſume
The City from amidſt the *Phrygian* Race,
And thro' all Kinds of Puniſhment to drag
It's Relicks: Ev'n the Aſhes, and the Bones
Of ruin'd *Troy* ſhe perſecutes: The Cauſe
Of ſo much Fury She, no doubt, muſt know.
Your ſelf can witneſs for me, on the Waves
Of *Libya* what a Hurricane of late
She rais'd, and mingled all the Sea with Heav'n,
Confiding

elegant: The Speech throughout being like the Goddeſs who ſpeaks it, when ſhe is *ſimplex munditiis*. *Neptune*'s Anſwer is likewiſe chiefly Matter of Fact; but wonderfully great and noble. As it is an Alluſion to ſome of the Tranſactions of *Homer*'s Iliad; there is nothing in *Virgil*, which has ſo much of the Air of *Homer*, or ſo nearly reſembles his Style and Manner, as This Speech, the Introduction to it, and the Deſcription after it.

Tum Saturnius hæc domitor maris edidit alti.
Fas omne eſt, Cytherea, meis de fidere regnis,
Unde genus ducis: merui quoque; ſæpe furores
Compreſſi, & rabiem tantam cœlique mariſque.
Nec minor in ternis (Xanthum, Simoëntaque teſtor)
Æneæ mihi cura tui. Cum Troïa Achilles
Exanimata ſequens impingeret agmina muris,
Millia multa daret leto, gemerentque repleti
Amnes, nec reperire viam, atque evolvere poſſet
In Mare ſe Xanthus, &c.
Subſident undæ, tumidumque ſub axe tonanti
Sternitur æquor aquis, fugiunt vaſto æthere nimbi.
Tum variæ Comitum facies, &c.

This laſt Deſcription is almoſt a Tranſlation of That of the 13th *Iliad*; and I know not whether the *Greek* or the *Latin* be the more noble.

Confiding vainly in th' *Æolian* Storms;
This in Your Realms preſuming.
Oh Shame! and Guilt! Ev'n now the *Trojan* Dames,
Urg'd on by Her, have burnt the Fleet, and forc'd
Their Friends to leave them in a Land unknown.
What yet remains; permit them, I implore,
To ſail in ſafety o'er your Waves, and reach
Laurentian Tyber's Mouth: if I requeſt
Things lawful; if the Fates Thoſe Walls allow.
To whom the Sov'reign of the Deep reply'd:
You, *Cytherèan* Goddeſs, may expect
('Tis all but juſt) whate'er my Realms can give,
Which gave you Birth; and I too have deſerv'd
Such Confidence: Oft have I curb'd the Rage,
And wild Confuſion of the Seas and Sky.
Nor leſs employ'd by Land (I here atteſt
Xanthus, and *Simöis*) has been my Care
For your *Æneas*: When *Achilles* daſh'd
In cloſe Purſuit th' aſtony'd *Trojan* Troops
Againſt the Walls, and many Thouſands ſent
To *Pluto*; when th' encumber'd Rivers groan'd;
And *Xanthus* could not work his Way, nor wind
Himſelf into the Sea; *Æneas* then
'Gainſt *Peleus*' mighty Son engag'd, with Gods,
And Strength unequal, in a hollow Cloud
I reſcu'd; tho' I labour'd to o'erturn
What my ſelf built, the Walls of perjur'd *Troy*.
And ſtill the ſame my Purpoſe fix'd remains:
Fear not; He ſafe ſhall reach th' *Avernian* Port,
Which

Ver. 1015. — *Permit them, I implore*, &c.] *Liceat* (illis) *dare tibi tuta vela*, &c.

Which you deſire: One only there ſhall be,
Whom he ſhall ſeek upon the Ocean loſt;
One Life for Many ſhall be giv'n.
When with Theſe Words the awful Sire had cheer'd
The Goddeſs, and reliev'd her Breaſt with Joy;
His wild Sea-Steeds he joins in Harneſs, adds
The foaming Bridles, and diffuſes all
The flowing Reins: In his cerulean Car
Lightly he ſkims the Surface of the Deep:
The Waves ſubſide; The ſwelling Sea lies ſmooth
Beneath the thund'ring Axle; And the Clouds
Fly from the vaſt Horizon. Various then
The Forms of his Retinue; Monſtrous Whales,
Old *Glaucus'* Train, *Palæmon Ino's* Son,
The nimble *Tritons*, and all *Phorcus'* Band;
Thetis, and *Melite* upon the left,
Niſæe, *Spio*, and *Cymodoce*,
Thalia, and the Virgin *Panopea*.
Here Prince *Æneas'* thoughtful Mind ſoft Joy
Alternate ſooths: He gives Command with ſpeed
To raiſe the Maſts, with Yards to ſtretch the Sails;
At

Ver. 1059. —*With Yards to ſtretch the Sails.* So *Ruæus* (as well as all others) explains *intendi brachia velis* in his Notes, [*brachia* for *antennas*] and yet in his Interpretation renders it *admoveri manus ad vela*. *Intendi brachia velis* may perhaps be an Hypallage for *intendi vela brachiis*: Tho' the litteral Expreſſion will do. In the one, the Sails *ſtretch'd* by the Yards; In the other, the Yards *ſtretch'd along* the Sails. By the Words *at once*, I mean what *Virgil* does by *una*; not referring it to the *ſeveral Actions* he ſpeaks of in Point of *Time*: For That would be a Contradiction; They would then *tack* to the *right* and *left* at the ſame Time. But the Meaning is, the Men, in each Diviſion, act *one and all*, or *all Hands aloft*, as the *Sailors* ſpeak. *Torquent cornua, detorquentque*

At once They tug the Haulſers all; at once
The left ſide now unfurl, and now the right,
Now This, now That way, tack at once: The Fleet
With it's own Breezes ſmoothly ploughs the Waves.
Before them all, firſt *Palinurus* leads
Th' embody'd Line; The reſt commanded ſteer
Their Courſe to Him. And now the dewy Night
Had almoſt reach'd Heav'n's middle Arch: The Crew,
On the hard Benches ſtretch'd beneath their Oars,
Relax'd their weary Limbs with pleaſing Reſt.
When, ſliding from the Sky, light *Somnus* cuts
The duſky Air, and diſſipates the Shades;
Thee *Palinure*, he ſeeks; to guiltleſs Thee
Bringing dire Dreams: High on the lofty Deck
He ſate, in *Phorbas'* Shape; and Thus he ſpoke.
Iäſian Palinure, the Seas themſelves
Conduct the Fleet; The even Breezes breathe;
An Hour to Reſt is giv'n; Recline thy Head,
And from their Labour ſteal thy weary Eyes;
My ſelf a while will execute thy Charge.
To whom, ſcarce lifting up his heavy Lids,
Thus *Palinure* replies: And wouldſt thou then
Perſuade me not to know the Ocean's Face

In

quentque; i. e. turn them ſometimes one Way, ſometimes another. In the next Verſes, *fecere pedem*, tacked about; *Pes* the Rope by which the Sails are turned; *Sinus*, the Sails; *Cornua* the Ends of the Sail-Yards.

Ver. 1063. *With* it's own *Breezes*, &c.] As *ſua* for *proſpera* is no Idiom of the *Tongue*, but an Elegancy purely in *Idea*; I ſee no Reaſon why it is not as well in *Engliſh* as in *Latin*; and therefore I have render'd it litterally. *Their own* Winds, that is, ſuch as they *wiſhed* and *wanted*, ſuch as *fit them*, and ſuit their Convenience.

In Calms? And in This Monſter to confide?
What! ſhall I truſt *Æneas* to the falſe
Uncertain Winds? I, who ſo oft have try'd
The faithleſs Promiſe of th' unclouded Sky?
He ſaid; And ſticking to the Rudder faſt,
Held it, and gaz'd intent upon the Stars.
The God then o'er his Temples ſhakes a Bough
Wet with *Lethæan* Dew, and ſteep'd in *Styx*;
And, as he ſtrives, diſſolves his ſwimming Eyes.
Scarce had the firſt ſurprizing Sleep relax'd
His Limbs; the God, incumbent o'er him, broke
The Stern, and, with a Fragment of the Ship,
Plung'd him precipitate into the Sea,
And often calling on his Friends in vain,
Himſelf flies ſwift into the yielding Air.
Yet not the leſs the Fleet ſecure purſues
Her Courſe along the Waves; and fearleſs ſails,
By *Neptune*'s Promiſe ſafe. And now they reach'd
The *Syrens* Shallows, dang'rous heretofore,
And white with Bones: Ev'n then the diſtant Rocks
Bellow'd inceſſant, with the daſhing Tides.
When the brave Prince perceiv'd his floating Ship,
Her

Ver. 1083.——*In this* Monſter, &c.] That is, the *vaſt, devouring, mercileſs* Ocean. Ver. 851. Orig. *Et* for *etiam* [cum ſim.] Ver. 853. Orig. *Nuſquam* for *nullo modo*, *nullatenus*, *non omnino*.

Ver. 1090. ——*Diſſolves his ſwimming Eyes.*] When the Eyes are vigilant, and intent; their Muſcles are more ſtrained, and as it were braced, than in Sleep. *Cunctanti*, in the ſame Verſe implies (according to all the Expoſitors) his ſtriving againſt Sleep; and ſo I have *now* render'd it. *Cunctanti*, being *ſlow*, i. e. *unwilling* to *obey* him. I formerly took it otherwiſe (and perhaps was *then* in the Right) for *nutanti*.

Her Pilot loſt, to rove without a Guide.
Himſelf then ſteers her o'er the darken'd Waves,
Deep groaning; and his hapleſs Friend, diſtreſs'd,
Laments: Thou, *Palinurus*, who too far
Didſt truſt the ſmiling Face of Heav'n, and Sea,
Shalt naked lie upon a Strand unknown.

The End of the Fifth Book.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK the SIXTH.

AMong the Heroes and Worthies inhabiting the Regions of Bliſs in the other World, which are ſo delicioufly deſcribed at the latter End of This Book; *Virgil* has placed *pious Poets*, who ſung and recited Things worthy of the God from whom they received their Inſpiration:

Quique pii vates, & Phœbo digna locuti.

According to which Account, with reſpect to his Works in general, but more eſpecially to This very Book in which That Deſcription is contained, He is now himſelf the Chief of Thoſe happy Spirits, and is more than the *Muſæus* of his own *Elyſium*. For among all the Monuments of Heathen Antiquity, there is Nothing comparable to the Sixth *Æneid* for Piety and Religion on the one Hand, and for the divine Energy of Poetry on the other. As it is the Longeſt of the Firſt Six, ſo it is the Beſt of the whole Twelve: This is the general Opinion, and, I think, a very true one. For tho'

Others, eſpecially the Five Firſt, and yet more particularly the Second, and the Fourth, as alſo (allowing for ſome uncorrect Things) the Seventh, Eighth, and Twelfth, may be equal to it in their Kinds; yet This is at leaſt equal to every one of Them in all Other Reſpects, and in Kind ſuperiour. It indeed contains ſuch a Treaſure of various Learning, ſo much Theology, Philoſophy, and Hiſtory, ſuch excellent Reflections and Diſcourſes upon the Immortality of the Soul, and the Happineſs and Miſery of a Future State, all adorned with ſuch living Deſcriptions, and animated with ſuch an inexpreſſible Spirit of Poetry; as are all in Conjunction no where elſe to be met with, and can here be never ſufficiently admired. It is *certainly* the moſt *Noble*, and *perhaps* the moſt *Elegant* of all the *Æneis*: But it is more particularly marked by it's *Piety* and *Religion*; and yet more by it's *Wonders* and *Surprizes*: For as the Fourth Book has far more of the *Pathetical* than of the *Marvellous*, tho' a great deal even of That; ſo This has far more of the *Marvellous* than of the *Pathetical*, tho' Something too even of That. But we are not yet come to it's *moſt diſtinguiſhing* Character of all; which is it's *Learning*: The Sixth Book is the moſt learned of the *Æneis*; and that too in the beſt and moſt delicate Sort of Learning, the Philoſophical and Religious. In what human Poetry do we meet with ſuch fine Ideas, ſuch ſpiritualized Speculations and Reflections?

O Pater, anne aliquas ad cœlum hinc ire putandum eſt
Sublimes animas, iterumque ad tarda reverti
Corpora? quæ lucis miſeris tam dira cupido?

What

What Chriſtian, by the way, can read Thoſe Lines, without admiring This Heathen for riſing ſo much higher than his Falſe Religion, and being aſhamed of himſelf for falling ſo far ſhort of the True?

As the Deſcent of *Æneas* into Hell is the main Subject of This Book; This is the Second *great* Inſtance in which *Virgil* copies from *Homer*. He entirely takes the main Subject from Him; and not a little of his particular Matter. *Ulyſſes* going to conſult *Tireſias*, and, when he is there, deſiring to ſee his Mother, and having his Requeſt granted; The Infernal Sacrifice before his Deſcent; The diſtreſsful and imperfect State of Thoſe Ghoſts whoſe Bodies were unburied; The Meeting of *Ulyſſes* and *Elpenor*, from which That of *Æneas* and *Palinurus* is manifeſtly copy'd; His Meeting with the departed Heroes of his Acquaintance; The ſullen Silence of *Ajax* transferred to That of *Dido*: The Torments of the Damned, particularly That of the Giants, and of *Tityus*; All Theſe (and there are no more) are Circumſtances transferred from the *Odyſſée* to the *Æneis*. But then in the former there is Nothing of the Golden Bough; No Deſcription of the Entrance into Hell, to anſwer That noble one beginning at

Veſtibulum ante ipſum, primiſque in faucibus Orci,

and ending at

Irruat, & fruſtra ferro diverberet umbras:

Which, both for Fiction, and Deſcription, is one of the fineſt Pieces of Poetry in Being: Nothing of *Styx*, *Acheron*, and *Charon*; No different allotted Manſions to the ſeveral Diviſions of Spirits; Some *Tartarus*, but no *Elyſium*: Not a

Word of That Philoſophy, and Prophetick Hiſtory which are ſome of the beſt Parts of This Book; Not to mention very many other Particulars of leſs Conſideration.

But tho' the Hero's Journey to the Infernal Regions be the *main* Subject of This Book, yet it is not the *only* one; a Fifth Part of it being employ'd about other Matters. And in This Conduct (as I hinted in my Obſervations upon the foregoing *Æneid*) *Virgil* ſeems to excel *Homer*. He never makes any one Tranſaction, however entertaining, or important, the *only* Subject of any *one* Book, but diverſifies it with other Incidents. The Eleventh *Odyſſée* has nothing but the Deſcent of *Ulyſſes* into Hell; as the Twenty Third *Iliad* has nothing but the Funeral of *Patroclus*, and the Sports upon That Occaſion; and yet neither of Thoſe Subjects contains near ſo great a Variety of Matter, as it's Counterpart in the *Æneis*. At the ſame Time I conſider the far greater Length of *Homer*'s Poems; and for That very Reaſon I mention This Remark; becauſe they would, in my Opinion, have been better, if they had not been ſo long. In That Part of this Sixth Book which precedes the Deſcription of the Deſcent into Hell (the Beginning of which is at Ver. 237. of the Original,

Spelunca alta fuit, vaſtoque immanis hiatu)

there are indeed ſeveral Hints, and preparatory Circumſtances to it, artfully interſperſed with other Subjects. But the Account of their Landing in *Italy*, the moſt Important Event that had yet happened; The fine Deſcription of *Apollo*'s Temple built by *Dædalus*, as alſo That of the *Sibyl*'s Cave;

Cave; The inſpired Rage of That Propheteſs, the Deſcription of which is the nobleſt Inſtance of Poetick Fire and Fury in the World; The Prayer of the Hero; The Prediction of the *Sibyl* containing a great Variety of the moſt important Events which were yet to happen; And laſtly, the ſurprizing Death and Funeral of *Miſenus*, are all Particularities of a quite different Nature. But with them, as I ſaid, are moſt judiciouſly interſperſed the Preparations to This great and wonderful Adventure, than which nothing can be more entertaining. For after the Requeſt of *Æneas* that the *Sibyl* would conduct him to the Subterranean World, her Anſwer to That Petition, and her Advice concerning the Golden Bough which muſt be his Paſſport thither; immediately follows the Funeral of *Miſenus:* In order to which, while they are cutting down Timber in a Wood, we are agreeably interrupted by This Reflection of the Hero (who

——*Opera inter talia primus*
Hortatur ſocios, paribuſque accingitur armis;)
Si nunc ſe nobis ille vureus arbore ramus
Oſtendat nemore in tanto! quando omnia verè
Heu! nimium de te vates, Miſene, locuta eſt.

The Proſpect of the Wood puts him in mind of the Golden Bough: as the Death of *Miſenus* confirms his Belief in the Propheteſs's Prediction, and Advice: And after his Prayer, his Goddeſs Mother ſends her Doves to conduct him to it. After he has poſſeſſed himſelf of it, we return to the Funeral; and from a *Funeral* it is the moſt natural Tranſition to the *Regions of the Dead.*

His actis, propere exequitur præcepta Sibyllæ. Spelunca alta fuit, &c.

For there That grand Adventure properly begins; as we before obſerved.

WEeping he ſpoke: and loos'd the Navy's Reins;
And at th' *Eubœan* Coaſts, on *Cumæ*'s Shore,
At length arrives. They turn their Prows to Sea:
The biting Anchor moors their Ships; And all
The Beach is cover'd with the winding Sterns.
The youthful Crew upon th' *Heſperian* Strand
Exulting leap: Part ſeek the Seeds of Fire
Latent in Veins of Flint; Part ſeize the Woods,
Thick Haunts of Beaſts, and Streams diſcover'd ſhew.
But good *Æneas* to the tow'ring Fane
Repairs, o'er which *Apollo* high preſides;
And to the ſpacious Cavern, where retir'd

The

Ver. 2. *And at th'* Eubœan *Coaſts on* Cumæ's *Shore*, &c.] *Cumæ* in *Campania* of *Italy* was inhabited by a Colony from *Eubœa* in *Greece*; and therefore both Theſe Words are here made uſe of.

Ver. 8. —— *Part ſeize the Woods*, &c.] *Ruæus* makes it *colligit ligna*. Gathering of Wood is a low Idea to anſwer *rapit ſilvas*: I take *rapit* for *rapidè occupat*; and *ſilvas* in it's litteral Signification. They greedily ſeized upon the *Woods*, not only for *Fuel*, but for *Proviſion*: And therefore *luſtra ferarum* was not added for nothing. The reſt of the Commentators take no Notice of This Paſſage. *Ogilby*, my Lord *Lauderdale*, and Mr. *Dryden*, take the Whole in *Ruæus*'s Senſe: Though the two firſt tranſlate *luſtra ferarum*; the laſt omits it.

Ver. 12. *And to the ſpacious Cavern*, &c.] That Word *procul* does not always ſignify *longe*, at a Diſtance; but ſometimes *præ oculis*, before one's Eyes. As it is of no great Conſequence,

The venerable *Sibyl* dwells; to whom
Prophetick *Delius* an extenſive Soul
And Mind inſpires, and future Things reveals.
Now *Trivia*'s Thicket, and the golden Dome
They enter. *Dædalus* (as Fame reports)
On nimble Pinions flying *Minos*' Realms,
Advent'rous to commit himſelf to Air,
And by a wond'rous Voyage ſailing, came
To the cold North; and ſwift on *Chalcis*'s Tow'r
At length alighted. Gaining firſt theſe Coaſts,
Phœbus, to Thee the Steerage of his Wings
He conſecrated; and a Temple built,
Capacious, vaſt: *Androgeos*' Death engrav'd
Adorns the Entrance; Then th' *Athenians* doom'd
To pay an annual Tribute (harſh Command!)
Sev'n of their Sons; The fatal Urn ſtands by.
Full oppoſite the Iſle of *Crete* appears,
Anſw'ring the Shore, and rais'd above the Sea.
Here the dire Paſſion for a Bull is ſhewn;
Paſiphäe by ſecret Art inclos'd;
The mingled Species, and the two-form'd Birth,
That Monument of execrable Luſt,
The *Minotaur*. Here That laborious Dome,
And

quence, I have omitted it in the Tranſlation. *Secreta*, i. e. *Penetralia*.

Ver. 32. *Inclos'd.*] It is true ſhe was *inclos'd* in a wooden Cow, and ſo I have render'd it; That being the Senſe in the main: but *Suppoſta* cannot ſignify *incluſa*, tho' *Servius* ſo interprets it. *Suppoſta* directly ſignifies *put in the Place* of another, i. e. the *Cow*. Here the next Word *Furto* may be either an Adverb, for *furtim*; or be put for *adulterio*; i. e. *ad*, or *in adulterium*. Ver. 40, 41. Orig. *nec ſacra morantur Juſſa viri*, muſt be in a Parentheſis. Ver. 42. *Exciſum* [eſt] *latus Euboicæ rupis in ingens antrum*. Ver. 47. *unus* for *idem*.

And Errour intricate: But *Dædalus*,
Pitying the Princeſs, and her boundleſs Love,
The various Fraud, and Windings of the Maze
Himſelf unravel'd, guiding with a Thread
Her doubtful Steps. And not a little Part
In ſo renown'd a Sculpture, had but Grief
Permitted him, Thou, *Icarus*, hadſt ſhar'd:
Twice he aſſay'd to caſt Thy Fate in Gold;
Twice fell the Father's Hands. Now all the Work
Throughout with curious Eyes they would have trac'd;
Had not *Achates* ſent before, arriv'd,
With Him, *Deïphobe* from *Glaucus* ſprung,
Prieſteſs of *Trivia*, and the *Delian* God,
Who Thus beſpeaks the Prince: 'Tis now no Time
With theſe Amuſements to indulge your Sight:
'Twould more import you from a Herd untouch'd
To ſacrifice, as Cuſtom due requires,
Sev'n Heifers, and as many choſen Sheep.
Thus ſhe; Nor were the ſacred Rites delay'd:
The Prieſteſs to the lofty Temple calls
The *Trojans*. Cut into th' *Eubœan* Rock
A roomy Cave deſcended; whither lead
An hundred Entrances of wide Extent,
An hundred Mouths; whence ruſh as many Sounds,
The *Sibyl's* Oracles. And now they reach'd
The Portal: When the Virgin, 'Tis the Time
Now to enquire the Doom of Fate; Behold,
The God, the God, ſhe cry'd. While thus ſhe ſpoke;
Before

Ver. 63. *The God, the God, ſhe cry'd.*] It is wonderful that Lord *Lauderdale*, and Mr. *Dryden*, in their Tranſlations ſhould omit the Repetition of the Word *Deus*: Than which nothing can be more emphatical. The Earl of *Roſcommon* thought

Before the Doors, her Looks, her Colour chang'd,
Sudden; Her Hair in wild Confuſion roſe:
Enthuſiaſtick Fury heav'd her Breaſt,
And throbbing Heart: More large her Form appear'd;
Nor ſpoke ſhe mortal Accents; when inſpir'd
By the more preſent God. Doſt thou delay,
Trojan Æneas, thy Requeſts, and Vows?
Doſt thou delay? ſhe cry'd: For not 'till then
The trembling Fane will open wide it's Mouths.
This ſaid, ſhe ſilent ſtood: A chilling Fear
Ran thro' the hardy *Trojans'* Bones; Their Prince
Thus from his inmoſt Boſom pour'd his Pray'rs.
Phœbus,

thought ſo, when in his *Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe*, he refers to This admirable Paſſage; which ſhews us, that in his Opinion *Virgil* did not want *Fire*:

Have you been led thro' the Cumæan Cave,
And heard th' impatient Maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I ſee her rowling Eyes;
And panting, Lo, the God, the God, ſhe cries, &c.

This Deſcription of the *Sibyl's* Prophetick Enthuſiaſm here in This Place,

——— *Cui talia fanti*, &c.

And as it is Twice afterwards reſumed,

At Phœbi nondum patiens immanis in antro
Bacchatur Vates, &c.

And

Talibus ex adyto dictis Cumæa Sibylla, &c.

are the fineſt Examples of the Poetick Enthuſiaſm that ever were found in any Author. But as I have in my Preface, and elſewhere taken notice of it; I ſhall here remark upon it no farther.

Ver. 67. *More large*, &c.] All the Interpreters take *major videri* for [cœpit] *videri major*. But ſure it is much more elegantly *major videri* [eſt:] the Infinitive being govern'd of the Adjective; of which there are innumerable Inſtances in the Poets. *Greater to be ſeen*, or *to the Sight*.

Phœbus, who always did'ſt with Pity view
Troy's preſſing Toils, and guide the *Dardan* Shafts
Of *Paris* deep into *Achilles*' Blood:
So many Seas ſurrounding ſpacious Lands,
Under thy Conduct, I have long explor'd;
The far retir'd *Maſſylians*, and the Fields
Extended near the *Syrtes*: Now at laſt
We touch the Coaſts of flying *Italy*.
Let it ſuffice that Deſtiny thus far
Has perſecuted *Troy*: And all ye Gods,
And Goddeſſes, to whom the *Dardan* State,
And mighty *Ilium*'s envy'd Glory ſhone
Obnoxious; 'Tis allow'd you now to ſpare
The *Trojan* Race. And Thou, Celeſtial Maid,
Skill'd in Futurity, (Realms not undue
By Fate, I aſk) permit our wand'ring Gods
To fix our Colony on *Latium*'s Coaſt.
To *Phœbus* then, and *Trivia* I will build
A Fane of ſolid Marble, and appoint
Days feſtival, to honour *Phœbus*' Name.
Thee too magnificent Apartments wait
Within my Realms; Thy Fates to us reveal'd,
And ſecret Oracles I will preſerve,
Propitious Maid, and choſen Men ordain.
Only to Leaves commit not, I implore,
Thy Numbers; leſt diſpers'd they fly, the Sport
Of

Ver. 84. *Let it ſuffice that Deſtiny thus far, &c.*] This is not only imply'd; but the litteral Senſe of *fuerit* in This Place rightly underſtood.

Ver. 88. *'Tis allow'd you, &c.*] *Fas eſt* may either ſignify it is *permitted*; or it is *juſt*; meaning it would be unjuſt to do otherwiſe: [See the Note

Of rapid Winds; but vocal ſing our Fate.
He ended: But impatient in her Grot,
Apollo's ſwelling Prieſteſs wildly raves;
Reluctant, lab'ring from her Breaſt to heave
Th' incumbent God: So much the more He curbs
Her foamy Mouth, ſubdues her madding Heart,
And preſſing forms her. Now ſpontaneous fly
Wide-ope the Cavern's hundred ſpacious Mouths,
And waft her Oracles into the Air.
O Thou, who haſt by Sea ſuch Toils endur'd;
By Land ſtill greater wait thee: On the Coaſts
Of *Latium* (let not That diſturb thy Breaſt)
The *Trojans* ſhall arrive; But they ſhall wiſh
They never had: Wars, horrid Wars I ſee,
And *Tyber* frothing with a Tide of Gore.
Another *Simöis* thou ſhalt not want,
Another *Xanthus*, other *Doric* Camps:
A new *Achilles* is for thee prepar'd
In *Italy*; and He too Goddeſs-born:
Nor any where will *Juno* fail t' attend
The *Trojans*. Suppliant in diſtreſs'd Affairs
Whom

Note upon the 93d Ver. of the 1ſt Book.] But I rather chuſe the former: As if he ſhould ſay, We have already ſuffered as much as Fate decreed; and therefore Thoſe Gods, who have hitherto been our Enemies, are now at Liberty to ſpare us.

Ver. 103. *He ended.*] I verily believe *Virgil* ſtop'd at *Ipſa canas ora*; and went on with *At Phœbi nondum patiens*, &c. and ſome fooliſh Grammarian foiſted in That flat *finem dedit ore loquendi*. Ver. 84. Orig. *Sed terrâ graviora*, &c. What is the Meaning of That *Sed?* Why Thus by an Ellipſis; *O magnis tandem pelagi defuncte periclis*; [Defunctus es quidem illis,] *Sed terrâ graviora manent*.

Ver. 121, 122.——*Will* Juno *fail t'attend The* Trojans.] There is a great Elegancy, by a Kind of Irony, in the Words *addita*, and *aberit*: And I hope I have in ſome Meaſure imitated it in the Tranſlation.

Whom ſhalt thou not, among the *Italian* States,
What Towns, what Nations ſhalt thou not implore?
The Cauſe of ſo much Woe ſhall be again
A foreign Conſort to the *Trojan* Race,
And foreign Nuptials.
Submit not Thou to Dangers; but proceed
More daring, than thy Fortune will allow.
The Way to Safety (which you leaſt expect)
Shall from a *Grecian* City firſt be ſhewn.
Thus the *Cumæan Sibyl* from her Shrine
Sings myſtic Verſe; and bellows in her Cave,
Involving Truth in Darkneſs: As ſhe foams,
Apollo ſhakes the Reins, and goads her Breaſt.
Soon as her Fury, and her rabid Mouth
Had ceas'd; the *Trojan* Hero Thus began.
No Face of Toil, or Danger, can to me,
O Virgin, new, or unexpected, riſe:
Long have I form'd them all within my Breaſt.
And preconceiv'd them. One Thing I implore;
Since here 'tis ſaid th' infernal Gate of *Dis*,

And

Ver. 128, 129.——*But proceed more daring*, &c.] Inſtead of *Quam* ſome Editors make it *Quum*. That, for aught I know, may be the beſt Reading. For the other Expreſſion is exceeding bold, and requires ſome grains of Allowance. Nor does That Paſſage from *Tacitus* quoted by *De La Cerda*, *fortes & ſtrenui etiam contra fortunam*, come up to the Force of This: For it is one thing to ſwim *againſt* a Stream, and another to ſwim *more boldly* and *ſtrongly* than the *Stream* will *ſuffer* us. Beſides, it ſeems not only to have too much Boldneſs, but too little Religion; Both contrary to *Virgil*'s Character. However, I take it with the Generality of Editors: only with This ſoftning Interpretation; more daring than Fortune would *have you be*, or would *ſeem* to permit you.

And gloomy *Acheron*'s tumultuous Gulf
Are open'd; let me by permitting Fates
To my lov'd Father's Sight and Preſence go:
Shew Thou the Way, and ope the ſacred Doors.
Him on Theſe Shoulders, reſcu'd from the Foe,
Thro' Flames, and Storms of hoſtile Darts, I bore:
He thro' all Oceans, Partner of my Flight,
Infirm, endur'd all Threats of Sea, and Sky,
Beyond his Strength, and what his Age requir'd.
He too commanded me with earneſt Pray'r
Suppliant to beg your Counſels, and approach
Your awful Temple: Pity, I intreat,
Propitious Maid, the Father and the Son:
For You *can* all Things; nor did *Hecate*
Appoint you o'er the *Avernian* Groves in vain,
If *Orpheus*, truſting in his *Thracian* Lyre,
And ſounding Strings, could free his Conſort's Ghoſt;
If *Pollux* by alternate Death redeem'd
His Brother, and ſo often goes, and comes:
Why ſhould I name brave *Theſeus*? or the great
Alcides? And I too deſcend from *Jove*.
Thus He before the Altars ſuppliant pray'd;
Then Thus the Propheteſs: *Anchiſes*' Son,
Trojan, of Race Celeſtial; the Deſcent
To Hell is eaſy; Night and Day the Gate

Of

Ver. 143.——Acheron's *tumultuous Gulf*, &c.] *Refuſo: i.* e. *exundante, reverberato*; impetuouſly daſhed and rebounding. As B. VII.——*illiſa* refunditur *alga*. The learned Reader will perhaps blame me for making ſo plain a Remark: But I know not how it happens, the Word ſeems a little Difficult in This Place; tho' it would be eaſy enough in another. Ver. 112. Orig. *Ille meum comitatus* [eſt] *iter*. Ver. 132. *Sinu* for *flumine ſinuoſo*. I have elſewhere taken Notice of the various Significations of this Word *Sinus*.

Of grieſly *Dis* ſtands open: But to turn
One's Steps, and re-aſcend to upper Air,
There, there's the arduous Taſk. A few, belov'd
By fav'ring *Jove*, and by tranſcendent Worth
Rais'd to the Stars, of heav'nly Parents born,
This Privilege could gain. The middle Space
Is all o'ergrown with Woods, and all around
Inclos'd by black *Cocytus'* winding Stream.
But if ſo fond a Love, ſuch ſtrong Deſire
Inflame thee twice to ſail the *Stygian* Lake,
And twice to viſit the *Tartarean* Gloom,
Delighting to indulge ſo vaſt a Toil;
Attend to what muſt previous be perform'd.
Within a ſhady Tree there grows retir'd
A Bough, with Leaves, and pliant Sprigs of Gold,
Held

Ver. 179. *So vaſt*, &c.] *Ruæus* explains *inſano* by *vano*. But how can That be? ſince his Labour was not vain; for He carry'd his Point. *Ruæus* himſelf, B. II. 776. interprets it by *immodico*: And That is certainly the Meaning. *Magno*, or *vehementi*, ſay *Servius*, and *De La Cerda*. Thus the Word *improbus*, &c. as I have often obſerv'd.

Ver. 182. *A Bough with Leaves, and pliant Sprigs of Gold.*] This Fiction is *Virgil's* own. As for the Hiſtory, or Fable to which he is ſuppoſed to allude, I refer to the Commentators. For my own Part, I have no great Opinion of That Mythology; nor do I think there is much Occaſion for it. The Fiction is entirely Poetical, and very Beautiful; and That is ſufficient. The Deſcription of the Golden Bough ſhining in the Middle of a thick ſhady Tree,

Diſcolor unde auri per ramos aura refulſit,

beautifully compared to *Miſletoe* in an Oak; as alſo of it's *Rattling in the Wind*, expreſſed by the very Sound of

——Sic leni crepitabat bractea vento,

is one of the moſt delicate Paſſages in *Virgil*. And the *Simile* is no more taken from *Homer*, than the *Fiction*. Ver. 140. Orig. *operta*, i. e. *ſecreta* [loca.]

Held ſacred to th' Infernal Queen: This Branch
The Grove all covers, and in Vales obſcure
The Shades ſurround: But 'tis allow'd to None
The ſubterraneous Regions to explore,
'Till from That Tree he crops the golden Shoot.
This Gift the fair *Proſerpina* ordains
An Off'ring to her ſelf: The firſt pluck'd off,
Still other Gold ſucceeds, another Twig
With the ſame vegetable Metal blooms.
Thou therefore ſearch it with uplifted Eyes,
And crop it with thy Hand, by Rite preſcrib'd.
For if the Fates have deſtin'd thee, with eaſe
Spontaneous it will bend, and meet thy Touch;
Elſe, by no Strength or Steel it will be hewn.
Beſides, a lifeleſs Body of thy Friend
There lies (alas! thou know'ſt it not) and all
The Navy his unbury'd Coarſe pollutes;
While thou art here conſulting Fate's Decree,
And ling'ring at my Doors: Him firſt commit
To his due Earth, and hide him in a Tomb;
Black Victims (Thoſe the firſt Luſtrations) bring;
And then at laſt the *Stygian* Groves, and Realms
Impervious to the Living thou ſhalt ſee.
She ended; and her Mouth in ſilence clos'd.
Æneas penſive, and with downcaſt Eyes,
Leaving the Cave, walks muſing, and revolves
Within his ſecret Mind the dark Events.
Achates, faithful Partner, by his Side
With equal Cares accompanies his Steps.
Much by themſelves, and variouſly they talk,

What

What lifeleſs Friend the Prieſteſs ſhould deſign,
What Corps to be interr'd: And as they came,
They ſaw *Miſenus* on the naked Shore,
By a diſaſtrous Death untimely ſlain.
Miſenus, Son of *Æolus*, than whom
None more expert with ſounding Braſs to rouſe
The Troops, and fire the Battle with Alarms.
He firſt great *Hector* follow'd; fam'd in Fight,
Near *Hector*'s Perſon, for his Fife, and Spear.
Him when *Achilles* Conqu'rour ſpoil'd of Life;
The valiant Hero to *Æneas*' Train
Added Himſelf; nor then obey'd a Lord
Inferiour. But when o'er the Sea he blew
His ſounding Conch, and madly dar'd the Gods
To Emulation: Him (if ſuch a Fame
Be credible) his Rival *Triton* plung'd
Among the Rocks into the foaming Deep.
Therefore with loud Laments all round him mourn,
Chiefly the pious Prince: Without Delay
Weeping they execute the *Sibyl*'s Charge;
Induſtrious to erect with Trees, and build
To Heav'n the Altar of his Fun'ral Pile.
Into an ancient Wood, the deep Receſs
Of Beaſts they go: Down fall the pitchy Pines;
With Blows of Axes Oaks, and Aſhen Trunks,
And ſplitting Timber, cleft with Wedges, ſound;

And

Ver. 225. *Inferiour.*] *Non inferiora*; becauſe *non inferiorem Ductorem.* That Laſt (according to all the Commentators) is intended. Ver. 173. Orig. *exceptum* [inſidiis.] Ibid. *Si credere dignum eſt*: i. e. *æquum eſt credere*; or *dignum eſt creditu*, for *fide.*

And from the Hills the lofty Beeches roll.
Æneas foremoſt, with like Weapons arm'd,
Encourages his Friends, and aids their Toil:
Theſe Thoughts revolves within his anxious Breaſt;
And, looking round the Wood's immenſe Extent,
Thus prays. May now to us That golden Branch
Itſelf diſcover in ſo vaſt a Grove;
Since all Things true, alas! too true of Thee,
Miſenus, the Prophetick Virgin told.
He ſcarce had ſpoke; when full before his Eyes
Two Doves by Chance came flying thro' the Sky,
And pitch'd upon the verdant Ground: The Chief
Soon knows his Mother's Birds, and joyful prays.
Be You my Guides, if any Way there lie,
And to That Wood direct my Courſe thro' Air,
Where the rich Bough o'erſhades the fertil Ground:
And

Ver. 239. *Beeches.*] *Ornos.* See the Note on Ver. 655. of the Fourth Book. Ver. 187. Orig. *ſi* for *O ſi*, and That again for *Utinam.*

Ver. 249. — *By chance*, &c.] That is, it *ſeemed* ſo to *Him*; tho' it was really ordered by a Divine Power.

Ver. 254. *Where the rich Bough o'erſhades the fertil Ground.*] Had I any Authority for it, I ſhould rather read *inaurat*; tho' the Senſe is directly contrary to *opacat*, the Word here made uſe of. For Firſt, how could one little Bough, ſhut up, and incloſed in the Middle of a dark thick Tree, be ſuppoſed to contribute any thing conſiderable to the ſhading of the Ground? Secondly, If it did; how does That diſtinguiſh it from the reſt of the Boughs? *De La Cerda*, the only Annotator who takes Notice of This Paſſage, tells us, it is ſaid to ſhew the Greatneſs and Excellence of the Thing. But ſince he does not tell us *why*, we are as much in the Dark as we were before. Mr. *Dryden*, who is a leſs ſcrupulous Tranſlator than I am, joins the Senſe of *opacat*, and *inaurat* together;

Whoſe glitt'ring Shadow gilds the ſacred Ground.

The Verſe is good; if the *yellow Gleam* ſuppoſed to be ſhed from the Bough upon the Ground by Sun-ſhine be not more properly *Light* than *Shadow.*

And Thou, O Heav'nly Parent, in Theſe Doubts
Deſert me not. He ſaid; and fix'd his Steps,
Obſerving cloſe what Signal they would give,
And whither tend. With interrupted Flight
They feeding move before him, juſt as far
As Thoſe behind could keep them ſtill in View:
When to *Avernus*' ſtenchy Jaws they came;
Swiftly they mount, and thro' the liquid Air
Both gliding at the wiſh'd-for Place alight,
Upon That Tree, from whence, among the Boughs,
Diſcolour'd ſhone the gleamy Air of Gold.
As Miſletoe in Woods, in Winter's Froſt,
Not by its own congenial Plant produc'd,
Is wont to ſpring with recent Leaves, and round
The Trunks in Ringlets twines its yellow Shoots:
Such was the Figure of the blooming Gold,
Within the Oak o'erſhading: So the Bark
Metallick

Ver. 258. *Interrupted.*] That muſt be the Meaning; for they could not *feed* while they *flew*. *Prodire* [cœperunt] *volando*.

Ver. 265. *Diſcolour'd ſhone the gleamy Air of Gold.*] The foregoing Obſervation is confirmed by This Verſe; which ill agrees with *opacat*. Ver. 195. Not but that, after all, Enough may be ſaid to vindicate the Poet. It is *Æneas* who had not as yet ſeen This Golden Bough, who uſes the Word *opacat*; but it is *Virgil* himſelf who makes the Deſcription we are now conſidering. The former may be ſaid to have had a *wrong Idea* of it; but the Latter repreſents it as it *really was*. As to *Aura* and *Auri* ſtanding ſo near together, That Part of the Air which was next to the Bough was tinged with it's yellow Brightneſs; and ſo there is an Elegancy in expreſſing the Likeneſs of *Colours* in the *Things*, by the Likeneſs of *Sounds* in the *Words*. That *Aura*, in many other Places beſides This, ſignifies *Light* or *Splendour*, is ſufficiently known: And both That Word, and *Aurum*, being doubtleſs derived from the ſame Hebrew *Or*, *Light*, (the very Word for *Gold* in *French*) they are ſtill the more happily joined together in This Place.

Metallick tinkled with the gentle Wind.
Æneas eager crops the lingring Branch
With Haſte, and bears it to the *Sibyl*'s Cave.
Nor leſs, mean-while, the *Trojans* on the Shore
Weep o'er *Miſenus*; and the laſt ſad Rites
Pay to his ſenſeleſs Aſhes: Firſt a Pile
With Timber cleft, and unctuous Pitch-Trees high
They build; with gloomy Boughs entwine it's Sides,
Before it fun'ral Cypreſſes erect,
And grace it all above with ſhining Arms.
Warm Liquors, Some, and Cauldrons from the Fire
Boiling, diſpatch; firſt waſh, and then anoint
His cold, ſtiff Limbs: A gen'ral Groan ſucceeds;
Then, mourning, on the Bed his Corps they lay,
And o'er it throw the purple Robes, the Veil
Accuſtom'd: Some ſupport the pond'rous Bier,

(Sad

Ver. 273.——*Crops the* ling'ring *Branch.*] How ſo? Since the *Sibyl* had told him, it ſhould *eaſily* and *willingly* be cropped, if he were favoured by the Deſtinies. It is anſwered, That being of a *tough* and *metallick* Nature it might cauſe however ſome *little Delay*; and That little to the *Impatience* and *Eagerneſs* of *Æneas* might ſeem great:

——Aviduſque *refringit*
Cunctantem——

Ver. 277. —— *His* ſenſeleſs *Aſhes.*] *Cineri ingrato.* Among the many Interpretations of the Word *ingrato* in This Place, I chuſe That; for tho' I confeſs *ingrato* for *undelightful* is the moſt *obvious* Signification; yet That which I have choſen is, I think, more *elegant.* He made them no Acknowledgment, or Requital, for the Honours they paid him; which is the firſt Idea in the more *complex* one of *Ingratitude.* And tho' it was for no Reaſon, but becauſe he was *inſenſible* and *ignorant* of them; yet *ingratus* is, by a figurative Way of ſpeaking, put for *ſenſeleſs*; i. e. (ſays *Ruæus*) *ad quem nullus officiorum funebrium ſenſus perveniebat.*

Ver. 286, 287.——*The Veil Accuſtom'd* —— *Nota* for *aſſueta.*

(Sad Miniſtry!) and, by the ancient Rite,
With Faces turn'd away, beneath the Pyre
Hold flaming Brands: Together blended burn
Off'rings of Incenſe, Fleſh, and Jars of Oil.
Soon as the Aſhes fell, and Flames expir'd;
Th' imbibing Cinders, and the laſt Remains
They drench with Wine; and in a brazen Urn
The Bones collected *Chorinæus* hides:
Then thrice with limpid Water ſprinkles round
Th' Aſſembly, from the fertil Olive-Bough;
With dewy Moiſture purifies his Friends,
Concludes the Rites, and ſpeaks the laſt Farewel.
But good *Æneas* rear'd a ſtately Tomb,
The Hero's Arms, his Oar, and Trumpet fix'd,
Beneath a lofty Mountain; which from Him
Is now *Miſenus* call'd, and keeps it's Name
To everlaſting Ages. This perform'd,
He executes with Speed the *Sibyl*'s Charge.
A Cave profound there was with yawning Mouth
Capacious,

ſueta. Interpreters diſpute whether we are here to underſtand his *own wearing Apparel*; or the *uſual* and *accuſtomed Covering* of *dead Bodies*, like *Palls*, I ſuppoſe, at our Funerals. Which way This is to be determined, I know not: It is indifferent to either Senſe in the Original; and ſo it is in my Tranſlation. Ver. 225. Orig. *fuſo crateres olivo: fuſo*, i. e. *in crateras*. *Fuſo olivo* [plenis] or for *fuſi olivi*. Ver. 229. Orig. *Circumtulit* for *luſtravit, purgavit*. See *Servius*, and the reſt.

Ver. 299. *Concludes — Farewel.*] *Noviſſima verba* may relate either to the *Diſmiſſing* of the *Aſſembly*; or the laſt *Vale* to the *dead Perſon*. I have taken in Both.

Ver. 306. *A Cave profound there was*, &c.] Here, as I ſaid, begins the actual and ſolemn Deſcription of the *Deſcent* into *Hell*; after the Mind had been ſo agreeably prepared for it by ſo many Hints interſperſed with other Matters. The Deſcription of *Hell it ſelf* indeed begins at Ver. 273. of the Original.

Capacious, ſtoney, with a darkſom Lake,
And gloomy Grove defended; o'er whoſe Gulph
None of the Feather'd Kind might wing their Way
With Safety; ſuch a Vapour thick exhal'd
From it's black Jaws aſcended to the Sky:
From whence the *Greeks* the Place *Avernus* nam'd.
Four Bullocks firſt, with Hides of ſable Hue,
The Prieſteſs here before the Altars plac'd;
And full upon their Foreheads downwards pour'd
The Wine: Then plucking from between their Horns
Their foremoſt Hairs, into the holy Fire
The

Veſtibulum ante ipſum, primiſque in faucibus Orci,
Luctus, & ultrices poſuere cubilia curæ, &c.

But That of the *Way* to it, and the *Journey* thither, begins Here. And a wonderful Opening it is: At the Mouth of a vaſt ſtenchy Cave, thro' which they were to paſs, we have the Religious Horrour of the Nocturnal and Infernal Sacrifice. After which, how deep are the Impreſſions of Terrour, and Surprize, at

Ecce! autem primi ſub lumina ſolis, & ortus,
Sub pedibus mugire ſolum, & juga cæpta moveri
Silvarum, viſæque canes ululare per umbram,
Adventante Dea. Procul ô, procul eſte, profani, &c.

And yet our Pleaſure and Aſtoniſhment are ſtill heightened by That ſolemn and majeſtick Apoſtrophe of the Poet in his own Perſon to the Infernal Deities;

Dii, quibus imperium eſt animarum, Umbræque ſilentes,
Et Chaos & Phlegethon, loca nocte ſilentia late;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui———

In which he begs Leave to reveal the awful Secrets he is going to deſcribe. I know of nothing in Human Art, and Nature, beyond This; the Mind of Man can neither affect, nor be affected any farther.

Ver. 315. —— *Downwards pour'd, &c.*] *Invergit:* So, it ſeems, That Word is to be underſtood, according to the Forms of the Heathen Sacrifices. When they were offered to the Gods above; the Libation was made *manu ſupina*, without turning the Veſſel downwards, and by toſſing the Liquor into the Air: Juſt the contrary; when they were offered to the Infernal Powers,

The firſt Oblation flings; invoking loud
Great *Hecate*, potent in Hell, and Heav'n.
Some, ſticking Knives beneath, in Bowls receive
The tepid Blood: *Æneas* with his Sword
Himſelf diſpatches to th' Infernal Pow'rs,
The Mother of the Furies, and to Earth
Her Siſter-Deity, a black Ewe-Lamb,
And, *Proſerpine*, a barren Cow to Thee.
Then to the *Stygian* Monarch he begins
The nightly Sacrifice; the ſolid Fleſh
Of Bulls upon the flaming Altar lays,
And o'er their burning Entrails pours the Oil.
Lo! at the Sun's firſt Light, and dawning Day,
The Ground began to groan beneath their Feet;
The Woods, upon the Mountains, nodding ſhook;
And thro' the Shade the howling Dogs foretold
The coming Goddeſs: Hence, the Prieſteſs cry'd,
Hence, Ye Profane; from all the Grove retire:
And

Ver. 323. *Earth.*] The Word is not in the Orig. But *Earth* it ſeems, is the Siſter here ſpoken of. See the Commentators; eſpecially *Ruæus*.

Ver. 327. — *The ſolid Fleſh*, &c.] The Word *Viſcera* ſignifies not Entrails only; but whatever is between the Skin and the Bones. *Solida* here may be for *tota*, as the Word is ſometimes uſed; implying the *Holocauſt*. But then, methinks, it ſhould be rather *corpora* than *viſcera*; which ſeems to mean *pieces*, not the *whole*. Who would ſay *carnes*, ſpeaking of an entire undiſmember'd Body? Beſides; *ſolid* is a very good Epithet for *Bull's Fleſh*. Ver. 256—7. Orig. I take *juga ſilvarum* for *ſilvæ in jugis* [montium.] *Ruæus* renders *juga* by *culmina*: That indeed would be very *plain*, if it were *true*. But where did *jugum* ever ſignify *culmen*; unleſs it were *ulmen montis*? The Word indeed has many Significations: but I never met with *This*.

Ver. 333. *Dogs.*] In the Orig. 'tis *Bitches*; *viſæque canes*: But That would ſound ſtrangely in Engliſh.

And Thou invade the Paſſage, with thy Steel
Unſheath'd; Now, now, *Æneas*, is the Time
For Courage, and a ſtedfaſt Mind. This ſaid,
Furious ſhe plung'd into the open Cave:
He equals with intrepid Steps his Guide.
Ye Gods, who rule o'er Ghoſts, and ſilent Shades,
Chaos, and *Phlegethon*; Ye ſpacious Fields
Of ſilent Night: Let me permitted ſpeak
What I have heard, and Authoriz'd by You
Diſcloſe Things hid in Darkneſs, and deep Earth.
Lonely They went, in Night obſcure, thro' Shades,
Thro' *Pluto*'s empty Courts, and airy Realms.
Such is the ſolitary Walk in Woods,
By the uncertain Moon's malignant Gleam;
When *Jove* in Darkneſs has involv'd the Sky,
And Objects loſe their Colour by the Night.
Juſt in the Entrance, and firſt Jaws of Hell,

Ver. 336. *With thy Steel Unſheath'd*, &c.] For though the Fantoms and Ghoſts could not be *wounded*, as he imagined at Verſe 294. of the Original,

Irruat, & fruſtra ferro diverberet umbras;

yet they might be *frighted* and *diſperſed* at the Sight of a drawn Sword, by the Remembrance (ſays *Ruæus*) of what they were obnoxious to, when they were in Bodies. I queſtion, after all, whether ſhe bids him draw his Sword for any other Reaſon, than that he might rouze his Courage by That Action, and enter like a Soldier, and a Hero.

Ver. 348. *Such is the ſolitary Walk in Woods.*] This Simile of three Lines, both for it's *natural Ideas, and elegant Expreſſions*, is one of the moſt beautiful in Nature; and not taken from *Homer*.

Ver. 351. *And Objects loſe their Colour by the Night.*] The learned Readers need not be put in Mind of the common Queſtion in the Schools, *An dentur colores in tenebris?* And the unlearned are to underſtand, that Colours are only either the different Modifications, or diſtinct Rays of Light; and conſequently without Light there can be no Colours. Nothing remains of them in the Dark, but only the ſame Texture of Parts in the Body to which they belong; which is coloured after the ſame Manner, whenever the Light returns.

Ver. 352. *Juſt in the Entrance,*

Grief, and revengeful Cares their Couches plac'd;
And pale Diſeaſes, querulous Old Age,
Fear, ill-perſuading Hunger, and foul Want;
(Forms dreadful to behold!) and Death, and Pain;
And Sleep a-kin to Death; the Mind's falſe Joys;
And, in the adverſe Portal, deadly War.
The Furies' iron Beds; and Diſcord wild,
Her vip'rous Locks with bloody Fillets bound.
Full in the Midſt a tall and duſky Elm
Diſplays it's Boughs, and aged Limbs: This Seat
(Such is the Fame) fantaſtic Dreams poſſeſs,
And ſtick beneath the Leaves. Then monſtrous Beaſts,
Of various Figure: *Centaurs*, in the Doors,
And two-ſhap'd *Scylla*'s ſtable; *Briareus*
Hundred-fold Giant; *Lerna*'s Snake with Hiſs
Terrific, and *Chimæra* arm'd with Flames;
Gorgons, and *Harpys*, and the hideous Form

trance, and firſt Jaws of Hell.] The Subterranean World, as the Poet has deſcribed it, may be divided into Four Parts. Firſt, the Porch or Entrance. Secondly, The Space between the Entrance and the River's Side; poſſeſſed by Thoſe who wander unburied, and Thoſe who wait to be ferry'd over. Thirdly, The River itſelf, with *Charon*, and his Boat. Fourthly, The Regions beyond the River. Which laſt again are divided into Three Parts. Firſt, The Manſions of Thoſe who are in a middle State; Why I call it ſo, ſhall be explained in it's proper Place. Secondly, *Tartarus*, or the Place of the Damned. Thirdly, *Elyſium*, or the Place of the Bleſſed. I have already ſaid, that this Deſcription of the Entrance is one of the fineſt Pieces of Poetry in the World: To prove my Aſſertion, I refer the Reader to the Paſſage itſelf; and That is Proof ſufficient.

Ver. 357. —— *The Mind's falſe Joys.*] For the Joys of Vice are deluſive: and ſo *falſe* is here included in *mala*, tho' not expreſſed. See *Seneca*'s Epiſt. 59. Lib. 1.

Ver. 362. — *This Seat*, &c.]

——— *Sedem ſomnia vulgo*
Vana tenere ferunt, *foliiſque ſub omnibus* hærent.

This is a diſjointed Conſtruction: But ſuch Things are common in Poetry.

Of the three-body'd Fantom. Here, ſurpriz'd
With ſudden Fear, *Æneas* graſps his Sword,
And obvious, as they come, the Blade unſheath'd
Preſents: And had not his experienc'd Guide
Advis'd him, that Thoſe unimbody'd Shades
Fly fleeting, and impaſſive; He had ruſh'd,
Beating thin Air, and ſtabbing Ghoſts in vain.
Hence to *Tartarean Acheron*'s fierce Waves
The Way directs; Here turbid, thick with Mud
Voraginous, boils a vaſt whirling Gulph,
And to *Cocytus* diſembogues the Sand.
Charon, the grieſly Ferryman of Hell,
This River keeps, and on Theſe Surges waits;
Horrid with dreadful Filth. Much hoary Beard
Lies on his Chin uncultivate; His Eyes
Stand fix'd in Flame; Down from his Shoulder hangs
In

Ver. 377. *Hence to* Tartarean | Acheron's, &c.] Theſe Deſcriptions of the River;

Hinc via, Tartarei quæ fert Acherontis ad undas:
Turbidus hic cœno vaſtaque voragine gurges:
Æſtuat, atque omnem Cocyto eructat arenam:

Of *Charon*;

Portitor has horrendus aquas & flumina ſervat
Terribili ſqualore Charon———

Of the Ghoſts of all Qualities thronging to the Banks:

Huc omnis turba ad ripas effuſa ruebat,
Matres, atque viri, &c.

are all in Perfection: And no more can be ſaid of them.

Ver. 384. *Lies on his Chin uncultivate.* For I take *jacet* litterally to be very elegant and emphatical. It does not *hang from* his Chin, as it is uſually rendered, but *lies upon* it; *ſtiff*, and *matted*, not *long* and *dangling*.

Ver. 385. *Stand fix'd in Flame.*] Though I confeſs the Word *ſtare* ſometimes elegantly ſignifies *to abound with*, or be *full of*; as That of *Virgil*,

——— Pulvere cœlum
Stare vident ———

In Knot his foul Attire: The God himſelf
Shoves with a Pole his Boat, and ſpreads his Sails,
And in his ſable Skiff tranſports the Ghoſts,
Now Senior, but in freſh and green Old Age.
Hither in Throngs they crouded to the Bank;
Matrons, and Men, Souls of brave Heroes dead,
Boys, and unmarry'd Girls, and Youths conſum'd
On Fun'ral-piles before their Parents Eyes.
Unnumber'd, as the Leaves, which fall in Woods,
By Autumn's firſt ſharp Blaſts: Or as the Birds
Which flock from Sea to Land; when the cold Year
Drives them beyond Sea, ſeeking warmer Climes.
Praying they ſtood, firſt to be wafted o'er;

And

And of *Horace*,

——— *Stet nive candidum*
Soracte ———

yet ſomething different ſeems to be meant in This Place; or if you pleaſe, That, and ſomething more. Tho' the Rolling of the Eyes be dreadful, as in Anger; yet it is more ghaſtly and frightful to have them fixed and motionleſs. And This, according to *De La Cerda*, may be particularly applicable to *Charon*, by the Relation he has to departed Ghoſts; who (as *Plutarch* tells us) neither caſt any Shadow, nor *move their Eyes*.

Ver. 388.—— *Tranſports the Ghoſts.*] —— *Subvectat* corpora *cymba*: And juſt afterwards, —— *Defunctaque* corpora *vita*. *Corpora* for Souls may ſeem very particular. He means the εἴδωλα, the thin aerial Vehicles.

Ver. 389. —— *But in freſh, and green old Age.*] Notwithſtanding the Objections of ſome;

——— *Cruda Deo viridiſque ſenectus.*

is not only juſtifiable, but very elegant, to expreſs the Difference between an *old Man*, and an *old God*: In the latter, even *Age* is *freſh* and *green*. Mr. *Dryden*, or Mr. *Lee*, in *Oedipus*, applies the ſame Expreſſion to an *old Man*; and ſo do others cited by *De La Cerda*. And even, as apply'd to *Men*, it may not be improper, to diſtinguiſh a ſtrong and healthy old Age from a weak and decrepit one.

Ver. 398. *To be wafted o'er.*] *Tranſmittere curſum*: And Ver. 328. Orig. *Ripas & fluenta tranſportare*. The Meaning is plain; tho' the Expreſſions are a little particular.

And, longing for the farther Bank, their Hands
Extended: but the ſurly Boatman, deaf
To all their Cries, now Theſe, now Thoſe receives;
But drives the reſt at diſtance from the Beach.
Æneas (for That Tumult much ſurpriz'd,
And ſtruck his Soul) Thus ſpeaks: O ſacred Maid,
Tell me, what means This Concourſe to the Lake?
What do the Ghoſts deſire? And why diſtinct
Leave Theſe the Banks, while Others ſweep with Oars
The livid Ford? To him in brief replies
The aged Prieſteſs. Great *Anchiſes'* Son,
Undoubted Offſpring of the Gods; You ſee
Profound *Cocytus*, and the *Stygian* Pool;
Whoſe Deity the Gods by Oaths revere,
And dread to violate. This Croud is All
Diſtreſs'd, and unintomb'd: That Ferryman
Is *Charon*; Thoſe who ſail the Lake, interr'd.
But 'tis not giv'n to paſs the horrid Banks,
And hoarſe-reſounding Fluent; 'till in Graves
Their Bones are laid: An hundred Years they rove,
And flutter round Theſe Shores; and then at length
Admitted, to the wiſh'd-for Stream return.
Fix'd ſtood *Anchiſes'* Son, repreſs'd his Steps,
Much muſing; and the hard, unequal Fate
Commiſerates: *Leucaſpis* here he ſees,
And the Commander of the *Lycian* Fleet
Orontes, mourning, and deny'd the Rites
Of

Ver. 414. *Diſtreſs'd, and unintomb'd.*] *Inops, inhumataque turba.* Some take *inops* and *inhumata* to ſignify the ſame Thing; *inops* from *ops*, i.e. *terra.* But Tho' This may be; yet, as I have often obſerved, it is not *Virgil's* Manner. I rather take *inops* to imply an *imperfect State*, or *Being*.

Of Honours due to Death; whom, toſs'd from *Troy*
O'er ſtormy Billows, *Auſter* overwhelm'd,
Involving in the Waves the Ship, and Men.
Lo! *Palinure* with wand'ring Steps mov'd ſlow,
The Pilot, who, as he obſerv'd the Stars
Late, in the *Lybian* Voyage, from the Stern
Fell plung'd into the Middle of the Deep.
When ſcarce He knew him penſive, thro' the Shades,
Thus firſt; Who, *Palinure*, of all the Gods
Snatch'd thee from Us, and drown'd thee in the Sea?
O ſpeak; For never faithleſs found 'till Now
Apollo by This Oracle alone
Deluded me; Pronouncing from his Shrine
That thou ſhould'ſt paſs the Ocean ſafe, and reach
Auſonia's Coaſts. Is This the promis'd Faith?
Then He; Nor you has *Phœbus*' Shrine deceiv'd,
Brave Prince, *Anchiſes*' Son; Nor did the God
Plunge

Ver. 429. *With wand'ring Steps mov'd ſlow.*] *Agebat* elegantly expreſſes his *melancholy* Geſture, and *ſlow wand'ring* Motion. Ver. 339. Orig. *Mediis effuſus in undis.* I ſhould rather read *Medias — in undas.*

Ver. 442. — *Nor did the God*, &c.] *Nec me Deus æquore merſit*, i. e. Either, not *Apollo*, though *Somnus* did; Or no God at all: For *Palinure* took *Somnus* for *Phorbas*. The Reading of *Servius*, who points it Thus; *Nec te Phœbi cortina fefellit, nec me*; *Deus æquore merſit*, agrees ill with the next Words, *Namque Gubernaculum multâ vi forte*, &c. Whereas according to the other Pointing, he attributes it not to the God, but to mere Chance and ill Fortune: And ſo *Namque*, &c. comes in properly. Nor was *Apollo*'s Oracle *falſe*, tho' *deluſive*; becauſe he was *ponto incolumis*, did not periſh at Sea; and did come *ad Fines Auſonios*, tho' That was all; juſt touched That Land, and was killed by the Inhabitants. The Word *fefellit* therefore, with *neque* before it, muſt be taken, as I ſaid; it was not *ſtrictly falſe*: tho' it was *fallacious*; and *animum deluſit Apollo* by ſpeaking a *deluſive Truth*, according to the Cuſtom of Thoſe Oracles.

Plunge me into the Sea. For as I held
The Rudder, ſticking faſt, and ſteer'd our Courſe;
Falling, I drew it, with me, torn by chance
With mighty Violence. By the ſtormy Seas
I ſwear, I never for my ſelf conceiv'd
So great a Fear, as leſt your Ship ſhould fail,
Robb'd of her Rudder, and her Pilot loſt,
Amidſt the Toſſing of ſuch boiſt'rous Waves.
Three Nights tempeſtuous o'er the boundleſs Deep
Rough *Notus* bore me; Scarce upon the fourth
Appearing Dawn, I ſaw th' *Italian* Coaſt,
High from the topmoſt Billow. By degrees
I ſwam to Land; and now had ſafe arriv'd;
Had not the cruel Nation, as I catch'd
With graſping Hands the Mountain's rugged Sides,
Clogg'd in my brine-drench'd Garments, with the Sword
Invaded me, and ignorant ſuppos'd
They gain'd a Prize. My Body now is wrapp'd
In Waves, and roll'd by Winds along the Shore.
Wherefore, by Heav'n's refreſhing Light and Air,
By your lov'd Father, by the riſing Hope
Of young *Iülus*, frée me from Theſe Woes,
Unconquerable Chief. Or You, your ſelf,
Caſt Earth upon me, (for You can,) and ſeek
The *Velin* Port: Or if a Way there be,
If any Way your Goddeſs Mother ſhew;

(For

Ver. 449. *Robb'd of her Rudder.*] *Spoliata armis.* Here *armis* for the *Rudder*; as Book V. 18. for the *Sails*. See the Note there. *Excuſſa magiſtro*, for *unde magiſter excuſſus eſt.* Theſe Tranſmutations are frequent in the Poets, eſpecially in *Virgil*.

(For ſure without the Favour of the Gods
You never would, I think, attempt to paſs
Such mighty Rivers, and the *Stygian* Lake)
Give wretched Me your Hand, and o'er the Waves
Tranſport me with Your ſelf; that I may find
A Manſion of Repoſe, at leaſt in Death.
He ſaid; and Thus the Propheteſs reply'd.
Whence, *Palinure*, in thee does This Deſire
So impious riſe? Shalt Thou unbury'd ſee
That River, and the Furies' dreary Stream,
Or unpermitted paſs the *Stygian* Bank?
Forbear to hope the Deſtinies Divine
Can ever with Intreaties be ſubdu'd.
Yet mindful take This Solace of thy Woe;
For far and wide th' adjoining Cities, urg'd
By Prodigies Celeſtial, ſhall attone
Thy Aſhes, build a Tomb, and ſolemn Rites
Perform: And to eternal Ages fam'd
The Place ſhall *Palinurus'* Name retain.
Theſe Words relieve his Cares, and for a while
Eaſe his ſad Soul; With pleaſure he reflects
Upon the Land diſtinguiſh'd by his Name.
They now purſue their Way, and near the Stream
Arrive: Them ſoon as from the *Stygian* Sound
The Steerſman ſaw, thro' the brown ſilent Grove,
Approaching to the Bank; He firſt with Speech
Accoſts them, challenging. Whoe'er Thou art
Who arm'd art making to our River; ſpeak

The

Ver. 477. *Impious.*] *Dira* may ſignify That; or perhaps no more than *great*; like *improba*, &c. Ver. 575. Orig. *ripamve injuſſus abibis? Injuſſus* for *non permiſſus. Ripam* [ſubaud. *trans.*] Ver. 376, *flecti* [poſſe.]

The Cauſes of thy Coming, and preſume
No farther to advance; This Place to Ghoſts
Is all aſſign'd, to Sleep, and drowſy Night;
'Tis not permitted in the *Stygian* Boat
The Bodies of the Living to convey.
Nor was it Joy to me, that I receiv'd
Alcides in his Paſſage o'er my Lake,
Nor *Theſeus*, nor *Perithöus*; tho' born
Of heav'nly Race, and Matchleſs in their Might.
The Firſt in Chains th' infernal Maſtiff ſeiz'd,
And drag'd him trembling from our Monarch's Throne.
The Reſt attempted from his Bed to force
Great *Pluto*'s Queen. To Him in brief replies
Th' *Amphrygian* Propheteſs: No Plots like Theſe
(Diſmiſs thy Apprehenſions) here are meant;
Nor do Theſe Weapons threaten hoſtile Wrongs:
Still may the monſtrous Porter in his Den
Eternal, barking fright the bloodleſs Shades;
And ſtill may chaſte *Proſerpina* remain
Within

Ver. 497, 498. *And preſume No farther to advance.*] *Jam iſthinc & comprime greſſum.* One would think it ſhould be *iſthic* rather than *iſthinc*; and yet This is more elegant. *Comprime greſſum*, i. e, ne te moveas *iſthinc*: This Poſitive for That Negative.

Ver. 513. *Still may the monſtrous Porter*, &c.] Was ever any Thing ſo diſmally ſolemn, as That

——— *Licet ingens Janitor antro*
Æternum latrans exangues terreat umbras;

Eſpecially the laſt Verſe, all in ſlow Spondées, to increaſe the Horrour!

Ver. 515. *And ſtill may chaſte Proſerpina*, &c.] *De La Cerda* takes a great deal of Pains, and brings many ſuppoſed Authorities, to prove that This Expreſſion *ſervet limen* is very emphatical; becauſe, among the Ancients, *Women* even of the greateſt Quality were always

Within her Uncle's Court. *Æneas* ſprung
From *Troy*, renown'd in Piety, and Arms,
Deſcends, to ſee his Father, to the Waves
Of *Erebus* profound. If by the Image
Of ſo much Piety thou art not mov'd;
This Bough at leaſt acknowledge: With thoſe Words
She ſhew'd the Bough, which lay beneath her Robe
Conceal'd. His ſwelling Choler ſtrait ſubſides;
Nor more: He wond'ring at the fatal Branch,
That venerable Paſſport long unſeen;
Turns his cerulean Skiff, and to the Bank
Approaches: Other Ghoſts, which ſate in Rows
Along the Deck, he then removes; and clears
His Hatches; and at once receives on Board
The great *Æneas*; Lab'ring with his Weight
The Leathern Sculler groans, and leaky ſucks
The ruſhing Waves: At length beyond the Stream
The

lodged at the *Door*, or *Entrance* of the Palace. But I agree with *Ruæus*, that there is little Force in Thoſe Arguments; and that if there be any Emphaſis in the Phraſe, it is This; *Proſerpina* is ſo *ſafe* from *Æneas*, that ſhe may even *ſtand at the Door* without any *Danger* of Violence from him. But I have render'd it indefinitely; taking *Limen* by Synecdoche for *Domum*, and *ſervet* for *teneat*, or *habitet*: And in This I agree with *Servius*, and other Commentators.

Ver. 528. *Along the Deck*, &c.] *Per* juga *longa* ſedebant. *Juga* for the Benches upon Deck. This Word has various Significations; like *Sinus*, and many others.

Ver. 528, 529.—— *Clears the Hatches.*] *Laxatque foros. Laxat* for *clears*, or *diſencumbers* them. A Place, when it is empty, ſeems to be *wider*, *larger*, and *looſer*; when it is *crouded*, it looks more *ſtiff*, *narrow*, and *contracted*.

Ver. 531. *The Leathern Sculler*, &c.] I am ſenſible that *Sutilis* in the Original *may* imply no more than *texta*, *fragilis*, &c. But as the Ancients made Boats of *Leather*, and *Charon's*, which was only for the Uſe of Ghoſts, ought to be

The Hero and the Prieſteſs ſafe he lands,
On the grey Sedges, and unſightly Mud.
The Monſter *Cerberus* with three-mouth'd Bark
Howls thro' Theſe Realms; within his Den adverſe
Outſtretch'd enormous. When the Prieſteſs ſaw
The Snakes with horrour ſwelling round his Neck;
She flings a Cake of medicated Meal,
And ſoporific Honey: He, with Rage
Of Hunger op'ning wide his triple Throat,
Snatches the Morſel; and, his ſpacious Chine
Relaxing, lies extended on the Ground,
And with his Vaſtneſs covers all the Cave.
The Watch thus laid aſleep; *Æneas* ſwift
Seizes the Paſſage, and behind him leaves
The Border of th' irremeable Lake.
Firſt ſhrill Laments, and ſlender Cries are heard,

The

be conceived very *thin* and *light*, I chuſe That Senſe of *Sutilis*: And the rather, becauſe the very Conſtruction more immediately requires it. See *Ruæus* upon the Place; but eſpecially *De La Cerda*.

Ver. 542, 543. *His ſpacious Chine relaxing*] This may be *difficult* to a Beginner; but nothing can be more *natural* and *elegant* than this Expreſſion, *Immania terga reſolvit*. When he was *ſtanding*, and in a *Rage*, his Muſcles, Veins, and other Parts of his Body were *ſtrain'd*, *extended*, and *ſtiffen'd*; but *unbent*, and *relax'd*, when he was *pleas'd* and *lying down*. Whoever has obſerved a Maſtiff ſtanding, and enrag'd, appeas'd, and lying down, muſt have a clear Idea of This Matter. The Creature is *looſen'd* and *diſſolv'd*, in Compariſon of what he was before. *Ruæus* interprets this Paſſage by *defecit vaſtris membris*; which, I dare ſay, He himſelf did not underſtand.

Ver. 548. *Firſt ſhrill Laments*, &c.] This is That Part of the Infernal World which I call the Middle State, conſiſting of Five Diviſions: Firſt, Infants; ſecondly, Unjuſtly condemned; thirdly, Self-murderers; fourthly, Lovers; fifthly, Warriours. I call it the middle State, becauſe *Tartarus* is the Place of the Damned; *Elyſium* of the Bleſſed; This is neither. But it is to be remarked, that This is not a middle State equally, and in the ſame Reſpect, to all the Perſons here mentioned. To the Infants it is ſo *finally*; they having

The Ghoſts of Infants weeping in the Door:
Whom, of ſweet Life abridg'd, and from the Breaſt
Untimely

having never done Good or Hurt. To all the reſt it is ſo *probationally*: They are as yet in This *obſcure Sojourn*, (as *Milton* ſays) or in Theſe *triſtes umbræ*, as *Virgil* himſelf expreſſes it. But it is only for a Time, till they ſhall have purged off the Corruption of their former Crimes, and be fitted for other Bodies, or for *Elyſium*; according to his own Doctrine afterwards,

Ergo exercentur pœnis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt ——————

And

Quiſquis ſuos patimur manes. ——————

As for Thoſe who were ſo very wicked as to be doomed to *Tartarus*, they are ſuppoſed to go thither immediately, without at all remaining in any intermediate State. And whereas it is ſaid, that even in Theſe middle Regions there are diſtinct Diſtricts allotted by the Judge to the ſeveral Diviſions of Departed Spirits;

Nec vero hæ ſine ſorte datæ, ſine judice, ſedes:

We may well imagine, even Here, a leſs and greater Degree of Happineſs or Miſery; and that *Minos* ſhould be Judge of the ſeveral Allotments in This Diſtrict, as *Rhadamanthus* is in the Next. And there ſeems to be ſomething very emphatical in that Expreſſion to juſtify my Remark:

Nec vero *hæ*, &c.

As if he ſhould have ſaid *even Theſe* Abodes (though *all* in a *middle State* between the extremeſt Happineſs and Miſery) are yet *diſtinguiſhed among themſelves*, and not aſſigned to the ſeveral Diviſions of Spirits without the Sentence of a *Judge*. But ſtill a very material Queſtion may here be readily aſk'd; Are the Characters of the Perſons here mentioned properly diſtinguiſhed? Unjuſtly Condemned: Self-murderers: Lovers; and Warriours: and in the Third Diviſion the moſt innocent joined with the moſt profligate; *Evadne*, and *Laodamia*, with *Phædra*, *Eriphyle*, and *Paſiphaë*: and *Dido* among the *Lovers*, who might as well have been among the *Self-murderers*; and *Sichæus* among the former, who did not *die for Love*, as we ever heard? This complicated Queſtion muſt be diſtinguiſhed in the Anſwer. It muſt be remember'd, that we are hitherto in the *middle State* of the Dead; and ſo *any Diſtinction* is ſufficient, either as to the *Manner of their Deaths*, or *Way of Living*, or Both: Only conſidering that the moſt *material Difference* is to take Place: and ſo *Dido* is more properly named among the *Lovers*, than among the *Self-murderers*, *Love* being

Untimely ſnatch'd, the fatal Day cut off, 551
And in a Fun'ral immature involv'd.

Next

being the *Cauſe* of her *dying with her own Hand*. Upon which latter we may obſerve by the Way, that the Heathen had not the ſame Notion of Suicide as we have, (tho' it be againſt the Law of Nature, as well as againſt the Law of God) and therefore *Virgil* calls them ſuch as did it, being *guiltleſs*;

——— *Qui ſibi letum*
Inſontes peperere manu, &c.

But then at the ſame Time, if he does not *condemn* it, he *blames* it;

——— *Quam vellent æthere in alto*
Nunc & pauperiem, & duros perferre labores!

As to *Sichæus*, there is no Neceſſity of ſuppoſing he *died for Love*; as we know He did not: it is ſufficient that he was a *fond* and paſſionate *Lover*: as we are here told he was;

——— *Conjux ubi priſtinus illi*
Reſpondet curis, æquatque Sichæus amorem.

The Crimes of *Paſiphaë*, *Phædra*, and *Eriphyle*, were indeed ſuch, that we may ſuppoſe *Tartarus* a fitter Place for Them, than the *lugentes campi*. But we muſt remember, that the ancient Heathen were very tender to the Tranſports of ſudden and outrageous Paſſion; in which they ſuppoſed the Perſons to be rather *non compotes* than criminal, and to be pitied rather than condemned. Tho' after all, I could wiſh *Virgil* had not ſo often in his Works mentioned That Abomination of *Paſiphaë*; which is ſo very ſhocking and deteſtable, and moves Horrour inſtead of Compaſſion. For Part of Theſe Obſervations I am oblig'd to M. *Segrais*, tho' I had conſidered them, before I read him: How far I am ſo, I deſire my Reader to inform himſelf, by comparing what I have ſaid on This Subject with his Fourth and Fifth Remark on the Sixth Æneid. I have only farther to obſerve here, that the Author of *Virgil*'s Life before Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation is not ſtrictly juſt to the Poet, by ſaying, that *the Mourning Fields are crouded with Ladies of a loſt Reputation*. Even among Thoſe who are ſo, *Dido* is rather unfortunate, than profligate; tho' the ſame Author is very ſevere upon *Her*. However, including *Her*, he names but Five at moſt. For *Evadne* and *Laodamia* were Ladies of an excellent Character, and *Procris* of no very bad one. And *Cænis* (who is now again, I think, a *Woman*; not a *Man*, as he ſuppoſes) was guilty of no criminal Amour, unleſs being raviſhed by a God may be ſo accounted. I cannot imagine, I own, how *She*, or *He*, comes to be ranked among the *Lovers*: For I never heard of any

Next Thoſe who by an Accuſation falſe
Were doom'd to Death. Nor are Thoſe Seats aſſign'd
Unjudg'd, or lotleſs: *Minos* ſhakes the Urn,
Inquiſitor; He calls the ſilent Shades
To Council; and their Lives, and Crimes explores.
The next allotted Manſions Thoſe poſſeſs,
Wailing, who innocent procur'd their Death
By their own Hands; and, ſick of Living, flung
Their Souls away; How gladly would they Now
The Pain of Toils and Poverty endure
In upper Light! The Deſtinies forbid;

Them

any Perſon, with whom either *Cænis* or *Cæneus* was in Love. I ſay, I think ſhe is now a Woman again; and *Servius, Ruæus*, and Others, are of the ſame Opinion. *Virgil*'s Words indeed are ſo ambiguous, that they will bear either Senſe: But I chuſe This, becauſe *Ovid* makes *Cænis* originally a Woman: And therefore I take *Virgil* Thus; *Cæneus, quondam Juvenis, (once,* not *originally,* a *Man) nunc (now* again, at *this Time) Fœmina*; and *Rurſus & in veterem*, &c. in Conjunction with That, and explicatory of it. In my Tranſlation I have receded from the ſtrict Words, to make the Senſe plainer. I confeſs, according to this Interpretation, it ſhould be *Cænis*, rather than *Cæneus*; And ſo I believe it ought to be read, for the Reaſons above alledged. Not that the other is inconſiſtent with it; Nay, it is very poſſible that *Virgil* might have an elegant Deſign in applying the Name of the *former Man* to the *preſent Woman*, viz. to expreſs the Ambiguity of the Creature, and to make His or Her Sex ſtill doubtful. This, I confeſs, is mere Conjecture; but it is propoſed as ſuch; and no great Streſs is laid upon it.

Ver. 553. *An Accuſation falſe.*] *Falſo damnati crimine Mortis*, i. e. *damnati* [ſententiâ] *Mortis, falſâ criminatione.*

Ver. 555. —— Minos *ſhakes the Urn*, &c.] Here it is *Urnam movet.* But in *Statius* it is

——— *Immenſis urnam* quatit *Æacus umbris,*

The One muſt be explained by the Other.

Them *Styx*, unlovely Lake, with dreary Waves
Hems in, and, nine times interfus'd, confines.
Not far from hence extended wide are ſhewn
The Mourning Fields; To them That Name is giv'n.
Here Thoſe, whom unrelenting Love conſum'd
With cruel pining Sickneſs, ſecret Walks
O'erſhadow, and a Myrtle Grove around
Conceals: Their Cares in Death it ſelf ſurvive.
Phædra, and *Procris*, in Theſe Fields he ſees;
And weeping *Eryphile*, ſhewing here
The Wounds ſhe from her cruel Son receiv'd;
Evadne, and *Paſiphäe*; with Them
Laodamia walks; and *Cæneus* once
A Man, a Woman firſt, and by the Turn
Of Fate, into her former Sex revolv'd.
Among the reſt, freſh reeking from her Wound,
In the vaſt Grove *Phœnician Dido* roams:
Soon as the *Trojan* Hero near her ſtood,
And knew her thro' the duſky Shade, as when

At

Ver. 568. *Here Thoſe whom unrelenting Love*, &c.]
Hic quos durus Amor crudeli tabe peredit, &c.

What can be more elegant and emphatical?

Ver. 580. *In the vaſt Grove* Phœnician Dido *roams.*] Mr. *Dryden*, in his Dedication of his *Æneis*, takes notice from M. *Segrais*, that *Virgil* himſelf ſeems to be ſenſible that his Hero had been guilty of a Fault in the Affair of *Dido*; becauſe he is introduced as excuſing the Matter to her in the Regions below: And Mr. *Dryden* is a little merry upon That Subject. I have owned in my Remarks upon the Fourth Book that *Æneas* was in a Fault; and that *Virgil* intended ſo to repreſent him. But if we own the Fault, (in the Hero, tho' not in the Poet) how decent and beautiful is This Excuſe? And how ſkilfully inſerted in This Place?

Ver. 582. *And knew her thro' the duſky Shade*, &c.] *Servius* refers *obſcuram* to *quam* [*Didonem.*] All Others refer it to *Umbram*,

At the first Op'ning of the Month one sees,
Or thinks one sees, thro' Clouds the rising Moon;
Tears he lets fall, and Thus with Fondness speaks.
Was it then true, Unhappy *Dido?* True
The Tidings I receiv'd, that by the Sword
Dying you had pursu'd the last Extremes?
Your Death, alas! I caus'd: But by the Stars,
And by the Gods I swear, by all the Faith
Beneath the Earth, if any such there be;
Unwillingly, O Queen, I left your Coasts.
But the Celestial Pow'rs, who force me now
To travel thro' These Shades, These squalid Realms,
And Night profound, urg'd me by Their Commands;
Nor could I think that such excessive Grief
To you by my Departure would be caus'd:
Whom fly you? Stay; nor from my Sight withdraw;
'Tis the last Interview our Fate allows.
Thus Her with Indignation frowning, stern,
With

Umbram. It may be either, and the Sense is much the same. *Videt, aut vidisse putat,* implies no more than that the Moon appears so faint and obscure, that the Person is doubtful whether he sees her, or no; Not but that he *really* sees her, and there is *in Truth* no Doubt of it. In some Copies it is *qui*; in others, *quis*: I am for the latter; Because even where it is the former, *qui* must be put for *quis*, as *quis* itself for *aliquis*. Ver. 457. Orig. *extinctum* [te esse.] Next Verse, *et si qua fides*, &c. [per eam juro.]

Ver. 599. *'Tis the last Interview our Fate allows.*] *Extremum fato quod te alloquor hoc est.* Extremum *Verbum*, say Some: *Tempus*, say Others. But I doubt it will be hard to make Grammar of it either of Those Ways. It is plain to me, that *quod te alloquor* is a Part of a Sentence put for a Substantive, agreeing with the Pronoun, and being the Nominative Case to the Verb. *Hoc quod te alloquor* (i. e. *hoc me alloqui te, hæc allocutio mea ad te*) *extremum est fato*; i. e. *per fatum*, or *permissu fati*.

Ver. 600. *Thus her with Indignation frowning*, &c.] *Animum ardentem, & torva tuentem*, for *ardentis, & torva tuentis*, is pretty singular; I do

With Tears, and Blandiſhments *Æneas* ſooth'd:
She bends her Eyes averſe upon the Ground;
And by his Speech begun is mov'd no more,
Than a hard Flint, or fix'd *Marpeſian* Rock.
At length ſhe flits away, and from his Sight
Deteſted whirls into the ſhady Grove;
Where her *Sichæus*, her firſt plighted Lord,
Anſwers her Cares, and equals all her Love.
Nor leſs *Æneas* her hard Fate bewails,
And far with Tears purſues her, as ſhe flies.
Then ſpeeds his deſtin'd Way; and now they reach
The laſt allotted Fields, poſſeſs'd by Chiefs
In War illuſtrious. *Tydeus* meets him here,
And brave *Parthenopæus*, fam'd in Arms,
And pale *Adraſtus*' Ghoſt: Here Leaders ſprung
From *Troy*, who fell in Battle, much deplor'd
In upper Life; whom he beholding, groan'd,
As there in long extended Ranks they ſtood:
Glaucus, and *Medon*, and *Therſilochus*,
Antenor's three Sons, *Polybætes*, Prieſt
Of *Ceres*, and *Idæus*, ev'n in Death
Retaining ſtill his Chariot, and his Arms.

On

do not remember to have met with any Inſtance of the like Nature. *Lacrimaſque ciebat; Conabatur ei* [Didoni] *movere lacrimas*, ſays *Ruæus*. Others take it that he *actually* drew Tears from *Dido*, tho' ſhe remained *unmov'd* in her *Geſture*. But *Virgil* repreſents her as not only unmoved in her Poſture, but in her Mind: And therefore with the moſt, and beſt Expoſitors, I take the Tears to be *Æneas*'s, not *Dido*'s.

Ver. 604. *Rock.*] *Quam ſi dura ſilex, aut ſtet Marpeſia cautes*; i. e. *Quàm ſi ſtet* [tanquam] —— *ſilex, aut — cautes:* Or *ſi* ſit *ſilex*, &c. Ver. 478. *Secreta*; not *ſecret*, but *ſeparated, allotted* to them. *Segrego*, and *ſecerno* are ſynonymous. Ver. 485. Orig. *Idæumque etiam* [nunc.]

On either Side the thronging Ghoſts ſtand round;
Nor them ſuffices to have ſeen him Once;
Delighted, they detain him long, and walk
Familiar, and confer, and aſk the Cauſe
Of his Arrival. But the *Grecian* Lords,
And *Agamemnon*'s Squadrons, when they ſaw
The Hero ſhining thro' the Shades in Arms,
Tremble with ſudden Fear: Some turn their Backs
In Flight, as to their Ships they once retir'd:
Some raiſe a ſlender Cry; Th' abortive Scream
Dies in their Throats, and ſtifles half the Sound.
Here *Priam*'s Son *Deïphobus* he ſees,
Butcher'd thro' all his Body; with his Face
Inhumanly disfigur'd o'er; his Face,
And both his Hands, his Temples hack'd, his Ears
Hewn off, and with an indecorous Wound
His

Ver. 627. —— *But the* Grecian *Lords*, &c.]

At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnoniæque phalanges,
Ut vidêre virum, fulgentiaque arma per umbras
Ingenti trepidare metu —— &c.

This is an Image truly *Virgilian*; *i. e.* truly natural, and elegant; Eſpecially That laſt,

—— *Pars tollere vocem*
Exiguam; *inceptus clamor fruſtratur hiantes.*

Ulyſſes does not Thus fright the *Trojan* Ghoſts in the Eleventh *Odyſſée*. Indeed no Author, either before, or ſince *Virgil*, is comparable to him in his judicious Choice of *particular Circumſtances*, and his *Genius* and *Skill* in making them *various*, *new*, *natural*, and yet *ſurprizing*, and every Way *elegant* and *delightful*.

Ver. 634. *Here* Priam's *Son* Deïphobus *he ſees*, &c.] In the Deſtruction of *Troy*, Book II. nothing is ſaid of *Deïphobus*, but that his Palace was burnt. The particular Account of him was moſt judiciouſly and elegantly reſerved to This Place. The whole Paſſage is both ſurprizing and pathetical, and in all Reſpects admirable. Ver. 501. Orig. *ſumere pœnas* [de te.]

His Noſtrils mangled. Him when ſcarce he knew
Trembling with Shame, and ſtriving to conceal
His dire Indignities; with well-known Voice
He firſt begins. *Deïphobus*, renown'd
In Arms, deriv'd from *Teucer*'s Royal Blood;
Who had the Will, or Pow'r on Thee t' inflict
Such cruel, barb'rous Treatment? Fame to Me
Reported, that in *Troy*'s laſt Night you fell,
Weary'd with mighty Slaughter of the *Greeks*,
Upon their Heaps confus'd. An empty Tomb
Strait on the *Rhætian* Shore I rear'd, and thrice
Aloud invok'd thy *Manes*; Still the Place
Retains thy Name, and Arms. Thy ſelf, my Friend,
I could not find; nor, from our native Soil
Departing, in a Grave thy Corps compoſe.
To whom *Priamides*: By you, my Friend,
Nothing has been omitted; All the Rites
To dead *Deïphobus* you have perform'd.
But me my Fate, and *Helen*'s murd'rous Fraud
Plung'd in Theſe Woes; Theſe Monuments ſhe left.
For how we waſted in deluſive Mirth
That laſt of Nights to *Troy*, too well you know;
Nor can the ſad Remembrance be effac'd.
When o'er high *Pergamus* the fatal Steed
Aſcended huge, and pregnant from his Womb
Diſclos'd an Army: She, a feſtal Dance,
Pretending, round the Orgies led in pomp
The Bacchanalian Dames of *Troy*; Herſelf
Holds a vaſt flaming Taper in the Midſt,
And from the Cittadel invites the *Greeks*.
Then I, fatigu'd with Cares, and plung'd in Sleep,

Lay

Lay on my fatal Bed, diſſolv'd in Reſt
Sweet, and profound, and like a pleaſing Death.
Mean-while my precious Conſort from my Houſe
Removes all Arms, and from my Pillow ſteals
My faithful Sword; wide open flings the Gates,
And to my Palace *Menelaüs* calls:
Hoping, belike, by That to reconcile
Her injur'd Lord, and for her former Crimes
By that important Service to attone.
Short let me be; They burſt into my Room:
With them That Traytor of th' *Æolian* Race,
Encourager of Villany, is join'd.
Ye Gods, repay ſuch Treatment to the *Greeks*,
If 'tis with pious Pray'r I beg Revenge.

But

Ver. 679. *Short let me be; They burſt into my Room, &c.*]

Quid moror? irrumpunt thalamo; comes additur una
Hortator ſcelerum Æolides. Dii, talia Graiis
Inſtaurate, &c.

An ordinary Writer would have here made *Deïphobus* give a diſmal Account of his being murdered, hacked, and mangled. But in *Virgil*, as ſoon as he comes to That Part of the Story, he breaks off abruptly; and turns his Diſcourſe to other Matters:

Sed te qui vivum caſus, age fare viciſſim, &c.

And the Reaſon is plain. The Poet had artificially foreſtalled Thoſe Circumſtances by the Deſcription he gives of the Figure which *Deïphobus* made when he firſt mentions him in Thoſe Verſes, which are ſome of the beſt in the *Æneis*:

Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto
Deïphobum vidit, lacerum crudeliter ora;
Ora, manuſque ambas, populataque tempora raptis
Auribus, & truncas inhoneſto vulnere nares.

So that by Thus *placing* his Incidents, and Thus *diſpoſing* the ſeveral Parts, he both avoids Repetition, and alſo gives an unexpected Turn to the Thoughts of his Reader.

But by what Fortune, tell me in your Turn,
Living arrive You here? By Streſs of Sea
Wand'ring, and toſs'd? Or warn'd by Pow'rs Divine?
Or what Fate urges you to viſit Realms
Joyleſs, and unillumin'd by the Sun,
Theſe turbid Regions? Thus while mutual Speech
They

Ver. 689.—— *Thus while mutual Speech*, &c.]

Hac vice ſermonum roſeis Aurora quadrigis
Jam medium æthereo curſu trajecerat axem.

This is a difficult Paſſage; and Interpreters and Tranſlators are much divided upon it; Some miſtaking the Senſe of Others; and Some contradicting themſelves. The Queſtion is, whether *Virgil* here ſpeaks of Mid-*night*, or Mid-*day*? It would be as tedious, as unedifying, to recite all their different Opinions, and their Reaſons *Pro* and *Con*; together with the various Computations of Day and Night, among the Ancients. *Ruæus*'s Account of the Matter is the beſt. He thinks with *Donatus*, that we are here to underſtand Mid-day, not Mid-night. For whatever is alledged by *Gellius*, and others, concerning the different Meaſuring of Days in different Nations; it is plain that *Virgil* determines *his* Days by the Riſing, and Setting of the Sun. And we are carefully to obſerve what is cited by *De La Cerda* from *Plutarch de Genio Socratis*, that the *Tempus datum*, the Time permitted and allowed for ſurveying of the infernal Regions, was two Nights and one Day. Now *Æneas* performed his Sacrifices the Night before:

Tum Stygio regi nocturnas *inchoat aras:*

Entered the ſubterraneous Paſſage juſt at Break of Day:

Ecce autem primi ſub lumina Solis, & ortus, &c.

Now he having done ſo much Buſineſs; certainly it cannot but be paſt Noon, and ſo *tending* towards Night. The enſuing Evening, and Part of the Second Night he will ſpend in *Elyſium*; and ſo return to his Friends, the Night after he has left them. Therefore *Aurora* here ſignifies not the *Morning*, but the *Day*: And accordingly *Donatus* and *Lætus* obſerve, that *Aurora, cum quadrigis invehitur* (as ſhe is here) is taken for the *Sun*. Then *nox ruit* here as Book VIII. 369.

They chang'd alternate; in her roſy Car
Aurora now had finiſh'd half her Courſe
Ethereal: And perhaps in Talk like This
Their whole allotted Time they would have ſpent;
But Thus in brief the *Sibyl* Guide adviſ'd.
The Night rolls on, *Æneas*; We by Tears
Protract the Time: Here lies a Way, which parts
In Two; The Right to awful *Pluto*'s Court,
And to *Elyſium* leads Us; but the Left
To the *Tartarean* Gloom, and tortur'd Damn'd.
To Her *Deïphobus*: Be not diſpleas'd,
Great

369. ſignifies the Night *approaches*. This Account would have been ſo much the better, had he given us ſome particular Inſtances in which *Aurora* is uſed for the *Day*, or the *Sun*: And were the Night ſo properly ſaid to *approach*, or *haſten*, immediately after Noon. But That indeed may, eſpecially in Poetry, very well admit of a Latitude. In a wide Senſe, the Night *approaches*, at leaſt *comes on*, when the *Eallance* of the *Day* is *turned*; i. e. when the Sun is paſt the Meridian. Others underſtand *Nox ruit*, the Night *is almoſt ſpent*; and ſo take the whole Paſſage to be meant of about *Mid-night*. Among Theſe is *De La Cerda*; who ſuppoſes all that paſſed from Ver. 255.

Ecce autem primi ſub lumina Solis, & ortus, &c.

to This Period, to be *ſtill before it is quite Break of Day*; when it was *actually* ſo at *that very Verſe*: Which certainly is a moſt unaccountable Computation. According to This, it is not *now* quite ſo late as it was *then*: For it was then Break of Day; and it is now but juſt paſt Mid-night: Whereas we cannot ſo much as read the Verſes between That and This, as we ſhould do, in leſs than Half an Hour; nor conceive the Tranſactions they deſcribe to have taken up leſs than Half a Day.

Ver. 698. *But the Left*, &c.] *Læva malorum Exercet pœnas*, *Ruæus* renders *exercet* by *continet*: but *how* it ſhould *ſo ſignify* he does not inform us. The true Senſe is, it *leads* to the *Place*, where *pœnæ malorum exercentur*. No Commentator takes the leaſt Notice of it.

Great Prieſteſs; Chide me not: I will retire,
My Number fill, and render back my ſelf
To Darkneſs: Go, Our Glory; Go, and prove
A better Fate. He ſaid; and at the Word
Turn'd, and withdrew. *Æneas* looks behind
Sudden, and ſees, beneath the left-hand Rock,

An

Ver. 702. *My Number fill,* &c.]

——— *Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.*

Here is another very difficult Paſſage, as Commentators, and Tranſlators, have made it: For I think it is plain enough in itſelf; which the former is not. *Explebo numerum*; i. e. ſay Some, *minuam numerum*; I will leſſen your Company, by leaving it. But if *Ennius*, whoſe Authority they urge, uſes the Word *explere* in That Senſe, I know not where *Virgil* does: And why *Ennius* ſhould, I cannot underſtand; Becauſe it is juſt contrary to it's uſual Signification: To *fill* by *diminiſhing* is very ſtrange. Others interpret That Expreſſion concerning the *fulfilling of his Penance* (for a thouſand Years Mr. *Dryden* by a Miſtake calls it) before his being reſtored to Life. Of this Number is Mr. *Dryden*; who at the ſame time inclines to another Opinion, that *explebo numerum* ſignifies, *I will finiſh what I was going to ſay*; which is, *I decus, I noſtrum*, &c. And This he propoſes as a Conjecture of his own, and entirely new; tho' he takes it from the expreſs Words of *Ruæus* upon the Place. It is to my Apprehenſion a frigid Interpretation; and makes but poor Senſe of the whole Paſſage. How much more noble and pathetical is it, for *Deïphobus* to break off abruptly with

I decus, I noſtrum melioribus utere fatis;

than for his former Words *Explebo numerum*, I will *juſt ſay what I had to ſay*, to have a Relation to what follows. Much Learning, I acknowledge, is ſhewn by *Macrobius*, and Others, to prove the Senſe abovementioned concerning the Penance of a certain Number of Years; and all the Tranſlators whom I have ſeen, except *Ogilby* and *myſelf*, adhere to That Opinion. But then how *reddarque tenebris* can be underſtood of his re-aſcending to the *Light of Life* from This *gloomy Region*, I am not able to comprehend. For my own Part, I am in Theſe Matters for as much plain Senſe, and as little Mythology, as poſſible: And therefore I take *explebo numerum*,

An ample City, with a triple Wall
Begirt; which, rolling on it's rapid Tide,
Tartarean Phlegethon with torrent Flames
Incloſes round, and whirls the rattling Stones.
A ſpacious Gate adverſe, and Pillars hewn
From ſolid Adamant; which human Force
None can ſubdue, nor ev'n the Gods with Steel
Can cut: An iron Tow'r ſtands high in Air;
And pale *Tiſiphone*, clad in a Gown
Deep dy'd in Blood, before the Portal ſits,

And

numerum for no more than This, I will *return to my Company* of diſconſolate Ghoſts; and *reddarque tenebris* to be explanatory of it. For tho' he was, even while he ſpoke, in That dark Habitation; yet the Converſation of his Friend was a *Relief* to his *Melancholy*; and ſo he might be properly ſaid to *return* to his uſual State of *Darkneſs*, by being *ſeparated from him*.

Ver. 707. *An ample City with a triple Wall*, &c.] We are now come to the Deſcription of *Tartarus*, or the Priſons of the Damned. It continues from This Line to Ver. 627. of the Original;

Omnia pœnarum percurrere nomina poſſem.

And they are ſurely the beſt 122 Verſes together that ever were written.

Mœnia lata videt, triplici circumdata muro:
Quæ rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis
Tartareus Phlegethon, torquetque ſonantia ſaxa.
——— *Stat ferrea turris ad auras*, &c.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, & ſæva ſonare
Verbera; tum ſtridor ferri, tractæque catenæ, &c.

Quinquaginta atris immanis hiatibus Hydra
Sævior intus habet ſedem, ——— &c.

Hic genus antiquum terræ, Titania pubes,
Fulmine dejecti, fundo volvuntur in imo. &c.

——— *Sedet, æternumque ſedebit*
Infelix Theſeus.——— &c.

The

And ſleepleſs, day and night, the Entrance guards.
Hence Groans are heard, and laſhing Whips, the Din
Of Iron, and the Clank of dragging Chains.
Startled with Fear, and liſtning to the Noiſe,
Æneas ſtood: O tell me, ſacred Maid,
What Scene of Crimes is This? What Pains? And what
Such loud Laments, aſcending to the Sky?
To whom the *Sibyl* Prieſteſs Thus reply'd.
None that is pure, Illuſtrious *Trojan* Chief,
May enter There, or tread th' unhallow'd Ground:
But *Hecate*, when o'er th' *Avernian* Groves

She

The Reader, I dare ſay, does not expect I ſhould tranſcribe them *all*: He will rather blame me, and perhaps juſtly too, for tranſcribing ſo many: And yet I know not how it is; I could not help it: For of Theſe which I have cited I have nothing to ſay, but to deſire him to *read* them, tho' he had read them *a thouſand Times before*: And the ſame I ſay of all the reſt. And when he has read them; I need not deſire him to admire them ſtill, as I do. Yet I muſt indulge my tranſcribing Folly once more; becauſe I take Theſe which follow to be abſolutely the beſt ſix Verſes together in the whole World.

Nec non & Tityon, terræ omniparentis alumnum,
Cernere erat: per tota novem cui jugera corpus
Porrigitur; roſtroque immanis vultur obunco
Immortale jecur tundens, fœcundaque pœnis
Viſcera, rimaturque epulis, habitatque ſub alto
Pectore: nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis.

Great is the Judgment, and Vertue of our Poet in This Diviſion, in ſpecifying the moſt atrocious Criminals here puniſhed: Unnatural to Parents, to Brethren, and other Relations; Betrayers of their Truſt, and Cauſe; Adulterers; Inceſtuous; Rebels; Favourers of Tyrants; Thoſe who make and repeal Laws for Bribes, ſell their Country, and ſacrifice it's Conſtitution to their own Avarice and Ambition.

She gave me Charge, led me thro' all, and told
The Vengeance of the Gods. Theſe ruthleſs Realms
By *Cretian Rhadamanthus* are poſſeſs'd:
He puniſhes, and hears their ſecret Guilt;
Compels them to confeſs their hidden Crimes,
Which, with the vain Diſſimulation pleas'd,
Each had protracted, in the upper World,
To his late Hour of Death. The vengeful Peſt
Tiſiphone then frights the guilty Ghoſts,
Arm'd with her Whip, inſulting; threat'ning, waves
With her Left Hand her grieſly Snakes, and calls
The grim Aſſembly of her Siſter-Fiends.

Then

Ver. 728, 729. —— *Led me thro' all, and told the Vengeance of the Gods.*] That is, ſay ſome Expoſitors, *by relating* it to her, not by *actually ſhewing* it. Becauſe ſhe had ſaid juſt before, that no pure or holy Perſon could enter there. But then they forget that ſhe twice affirms herſelf to have *ſeen* theſe Things.

——— *Aloïdas geminos immania* vidi
Corpora ———
Vidi *&* *crudeles dantem Salmonea pœnas.*

Nor do they take any notice of that Objection. The true Account muſt be, either that the *Door being opened*, ſhe *ſaw* what was *within*, tho' ſhe did not *enter*: (But her Deſcription is too *particular* for This, eſpecially conſidering the *Darkneſs* of the Place;) Or rather, that the *Sibyl*, being an inſpired divine Perſon, and a Kind of half Goddeſs, might enter without any Danger of Pollution, eſpecially under the Protection of *Hecate*; though a mere Mortal might not.

Ver. 737. —— *Threat'ning, waves, &c.*] *Intentans angues.* Threat'ning to throw them: Thus Book I.

Præſentemque viris intentant *omnia mortem.*

Ver. 739. *The grim Aſſembly of her Siſter-Fiends.*] Though there were but Three principal Furies; yet there might be many ſubordinate ones. This I take, with *Ruæus*, to be a better Account than that *Agmina* ſignifies either the *Snakes* upon their Heads, or their *Impetuoſity*, *Rage*, and *Aſſiduity*.

Then with a diſmal Jarring, on their Hinge,
Grating harſh Noiſe, the execrable Gates
At length are open'd: What a Sentry ſits,
You ſee; and what a Figure guards the Door.
More dire the monſtrous *Hydra*, lodg'd within,
Opens with pitchy Yawn her fifty Throats:
Then *Tartarus* it ſelf ſinks twice as low,
Beneath the Shades deſcending, wide, and deep,
As tends the upper Proſpect to the Sky.
Here the old Earth-born Offspring, *Titan*'s Sons, Roll,

Ver. 740. *Then with a diſmal Jarring*, &c.]

Tum demum horriſono ſtridentes cardine ſacræ
Panduntur portæ. Cernis cuſtodia qualis, &c.

Sacræ here certainly ſignifies *execrable*; Tho' I underſtand it otherwiſe at Verſe 109. — *Sacra oſtia pandas*. For tho' the Gates of This hateful Place, the Priſon of the Damned in *Tartarus*, are moſt properly and elegantly called *execrable*; yet it is otherwiſe with the *Gates of Hell*, or the Place of the *Dead in general*, including *Elyſium* as well as *Tartarus*. This is properly *ſacred*, i. e. to *Pluto*, and the other Infernal Deities. Some will have it that

Tum demum horriſono ſtridentes cardinæ ſacræ
Panduntur portæ ———

are the Words of the Poet, reſuming his Narration; and that the *Sibyl* reſumes her Diſcourſe at

——— *Cernis cuſtodia qualis*, &c.

But This to me is very obſcure, harſh, and unconnected, and therefore unlike *Virgil*. The *Sibyl* therefore ſtill ſpeaks; but what Gates does ſhe ſpeak of? The Gates of the *Dungeon within*, ſay Some. But I underſtand the *outer Gates* of This *infernal Caſtle*, the ſame with *Porta adverſa, ingens* above deſcribed. The ſame Fury abovementioned, as keeping Sentry before it,

Tiſiphoneque ſedens, palla ſuccincta cruenta,
Veſtibulum inſomnis ſervat noctesque dieſque,

is ſoon after deſcribed as terrifying the Ghoſts, and ſhaking her Snakes at them;

Roll, ſtruck with Lightning, in the vaſt Abyſs.
The two *Aloïdes* I here beheld
Of mighty Stature; who with impious Hands
Aſſail'd the Sky, and from his Seat ſupreme
Attempted to dethrone the King of Heav'n.
Salmoneus' penal Torments too I ſaw,
Who mimick'd Thunder, and the Flames of *Jove*.
He by four Horſes drawn, along the Streets
Of *Elis'* City, and the *Grecian* Towns,
And brandiſhing a Torch, Triumphant rode,
And to himſelf celeſtial Honours claim'd:
Infatuate, with a brazen Bridge, and Hoofs
Of noiſy trampling Steeds, to counterfeit
Th' inimitable Lightning, and the Storms.

But

Continuo ſontes ultrix accincta flagello
Tiſiphone quatit, &c.

All therefore is hitherto tranſacted *without Doors*: She frights them, and drives them before her *to the Gate*; which *then opens* to receive them:

Tum demum horriſono ſtridentes, &c.

Beſides; according to the other Interpretation, the next Words,

——— *Cernis, cuſtodia qualis*
Veſtibulo ſedeat? facies quæ limina ſervet?

are very bad Senſe. They *could not ſee* the *inner Dungeon*: And therefore I take This Fury, who ſits Sentry, to be ſtill the ſame *Tiſiphone* without, not *Megæra* within, as Some interpret it. The Deſcription of *what paſſes within*, begins at the next Verſe,

Quinquaginta atris immanis hiatibus Hydra
Sævior intus *habet ſedem*, &c.

Ver. 579. Orig. *Cœli Olympum.* I have remark'd upon ſeveral Inſtances of this Nature.

Ver. 756. *Who mimick'd Thunder*, &c.] *Dum flammas—imitatur*, &c. *Dum imitatur* for *quia imitatus fuit*, may ſeem ſtrange: But there are innumerable Poetical Idioms of this Nature. I have remark'd upon many. *Virgil*, if he had pleas'd, could have ſaid;

Qui flammas Jovis, & ſonitus imitatus Olympi eſt.

But the Almighty Father lanc'd a Bolt
Thro' the thick Clouds (a Bolt He lanc'd, not Brands,
And ſmoking Tow) and drove him headlong hurl'd
With the vaſt Swing, and Whirlwind of his Arm.
There *Tityus*, Son of the all-bearing Earth,
One might behold: Whoſe Body's monſtrous Bulk
Lies ſtretch'd o'er nine whole Acres; and a huge
Portentous Vultur, with her hooky Beak
Pouncing his everlaſting Liver, thrives
Upon his Entrails fruitful of their Pains;
Rummages for her Meals, inhabits deep
Beneath his Breaſt; nor do the Fibres find
The leaſt Relief from Torment, ſtill renew'd.
Why ſhould I name the *Lapithæan* Race?
Ixion? and *Perithöus?* O'er whom
Hangs a black Flint, juſt tumbling now, juſt falling
Down in Appearance. Lofty genial Beds
On

Ver. 768. *There* Tityus, *Son of the all-bearing Earth*, &c.] Tho' *Tityus* was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Elara*; yet I render, *Terræ alumnum*, *Son* of the Earth, not (as ſome do) *Foſter*-Son: For being ſhut up *in*, and nouriſhed *by* the Earth, he was her *reputed* Son; as the other Giants, the *Titans* were her *real* ones.

Ver. 773.— *Fruitful of their Pains.*] *Fœcundaque pœnis*: That is, I confeſs, *fœcunda* ad *or* in *pœnas*, not *pœnarum*. But the Senſe is in Effect the ſame as I have render'd it: And *to* or *for* in This Place would be ſcarce *Engliſh*.

Ver. 774. *Rummages for her Meals.*] *Rimaturque epulis*, i. e. *Rimatur* ea [*Viſcera*] ad *epulas conquirendas*. *Virgil* has a Multitude of Theſe elegant poetical Particularities, eſpecially in the Uſe of the Dative, and Ablative Caſes.

Ver. 779, 780. — *Juſt tumbling now, juſt falling Down in Appearance.*] There is a wonderful Elegancy in That

——— *Jamjam lapſura, cadentique*
Imminet aſſimilis.

On golden Pillars ſhine; and Feaſts prepar'd
With Royal Luxury, before their Eyes:
Near them the Eldeſt of the Furies ſits,
Prohibits them from touching with their Hands
The Diſhes; riſes, toſſing in the Air
Her flaming Torch, and thunders with her Voice.
Here Thoſe, who, while their Term of Life endur'd,
Hated their Brethren, or againſt their Fathers
Lifted their Hands; Thoſe who with Fraud betray'd
Their Client's Cauſe; and Thoſe who brooded o'er
Their Wealth acquir'd alone, nor to their Friends
Aſſign'd a Portion; (Theſe the greateſt Croud:)
They too who for Adultery were ſlain;
And they who in illegal Wars engag'd,
Nor trembled to deceive their Maſter's Faith,
Impriſon'd wait their Doom. Seek not to know
What Doom, what fatal Sentence, or what Form
Of Puniſhment: Some roll a pond'rous Rock,
And

By That Syllable *que*, which would be redundant, were it not for the Eliſion by *Imminet*, the Firſt Verſe ſeems to be *tumbling down* upon the Second, to expreſs the Thing deſcribed. I have endeavoured to imitate it, by the Diſſyllable *falling* in the Firſt Verſe *down* upon the Second.

Ver. 789. *Lifted their Hands.*] I am ſatisfied that *Pulſatus* ſignifies neither *Exiled*, as Some, nor *Slain*, as Others would have it. The Word, certainly, was never uſed in either of Thoſe Senſes. See the Commentators, eſpecially *De La Cerda*. The Poet therefore ſpeaks of the Wickedneſs of *Beating*, or *Striking* one's Father: And a moſt *heinous*, and *unnatural* Wickedneſs it is.

Ver. 789, 790. *Thoſe who with Fraud betray'd Their Client's Cauſe.*

——— *Fraus innexa clienti.*

The Word *necto*, or *innecto*, ſometimes ſignifies to deviſe, or contrive; and ſo it does here. Ver. 615. Orig. *Quam pœnam* [expectent] *aut quæ forma* [ſupplicii] *viros, fortunave merſit*, i. e. *immerſit* [miſeriis.] I take *fortuna* here to mean Puniſhment

And on the Spokes of Wheels distended hang:
There sits, and to Eternity will sit
Unhappy *Theseus*: And, advising all,
The wretched *Phlegyas* with his Voice aloud
There Testifies, and Preaches thro' the Shades;
" Be warn'd, learn Justice, nor contemn the Gods.
One sold his Country, and a Tyrant's Rule
Impos'd; for Bribes made Laws, and Laws repeal'd
Another by forbidden Nuptials seiz'd
His Daughter's Bed: All most flagitious Crimes
Daring, and executing what they dar'd.
Had I an hundred Tongues, an hundred Mouths,
An iron Voice; I could not comprehend
The various Villanies with all their Names,
The various Forms, and Punishments of Vice.
When *Phœbus'* aged Priestess Thus had spoke;
But haste she said pursue your Way, complete
The Off'ring you design'd: I see the Walls
Wrought in the *Cyclops'* Forges, and the Gates
With Arch adverse; where we our Gift prescrib'd
Must by Command deposite. Thus she spoke;
And Both together, thro' the gloomy Walks,
O'ershoot the middle Space, and to the Doors
Approach: *Æneas* to the Entrance hastes,

With

ment by *Lot*, or *Chance*: As *Statius* above-cited *Urnam quatit Æacus umbris*: And *Virgil* himself, *Quæsitor Minos urnam movet*.

Ver. 802. *The wretched* Phlegyas, *&c.*] That *Phlegyas* is here the Nominative, not the Accusative Case, is very plain, to me, for the Reason assigned by *Ruæus*: To whom, and the other Commentators, I refer the Reader; this being Matter of History.

Ver. 809. *And executing what they dar'd.*] *Ausoque potiti.* All Interpreters understand it, as I have render'd it. But a judicious Friend of mine takes *auso* for *præmio ausi*, by way of

His Body with freſh Water ſprinkles o'er,
And in the fronting Portal ſticks the Bough.
The Rites thus finiſh'd, and the Off'ring due
Paid to the Goddeſs; to the Realms of Joy
At length they come, and to the bliſsful Greens,
Fortunate Groves, and Manſions of the Bleſs'd.
An Ether more enlarg'd here cloaths the Fields
With

of Sarcaſm: *And they have their Reward* for it; meaning *now*, in Hell. The Senſe is elegant; and I am perſuaded *Virgil* intended it. Ver. 632. Orig. *Hic ubi nos præcepta jubent* [Dii inferi] *deponere dona.*

Ver. 826, 827. —— *To the Realms of Joy At length they come*, &c.] What a Tranſition is here from *Hell* to *Heaven!* For by Heaven we may, in our way of expreſſing, underſtand the *Elyſium* of the Heathen; tho' they called *That* and *Tartarus* by the common Name of *Hell*, or the *World of departed Spirits*; and imagined Both to be under Ground,

Devenêre locos lætos, & amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, ſedeſque beatas
Largior hic campos æther & lumine veſtit
Purpureo; ſolemque ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt, &c.

The whole Deſcription is ſo charming; that it is almoſt *Elyſium* to read it! As the curſed Inhabitants of the other Region are (as I obſerved) moſt judiciouſly ſpecified, ſo are the Bleſſed ones of This: Thoſe who ſuffered in the Service of their Country; Holy Prieſts; Pious Poets; Inventers of Arts and Sciences; In a Word, All publick-ſpirited Perſons, and Benefactors to Mankind.

Ver. 829. *An Ether more enlarg'd*, &c.

Largior hic campos æther, &c.

Some Commentators have given themſelves a needleſs Trouble in conſidering whether the *Ether*, or *Hemiſphere* (as they underſtand it) be *larger*, or of *greater Extent* here, than in *Tartarus*, or than in the *upper World*. When it is plain that *Largior* ſignifies no more than *purior*, or *ſerenior*: It being matter of Experience, that a *thick Air* is *to the Sight* more *contracted*; and a *clear* one more *expanſe*, and *diffuſive*. In *That*, the Sky ſeems higher and wider, *i. e.* in plain Engliſh we *ſee farther*, than in *This*. The Force of *et* in This Verſe is This: *Veſtit campos, largior, et lumine purpureo.* Or *veſtit campos*, idque *lumine*, &c.

With purple Light: and their own proper Sun,
And proper Stars they know. On graſſy Meads
Some wreſtling exerciſe their Limbs, contend
In Sport, and ſtruggle on the yellow Sand.
Others in Dances artful Meaſures beat,
And Verſe recite: With Theſe the *Thracian* Prieſt,
In his long Garment, ſev'n Diviſions ſings
In tuneful Numbers; on the ſame by turns
His Fingers, and his Iv'ry Quill employs.
Here, *Teucer*'s ancient Race, th' illuſtrious Line,
Heroes renown'd, in happier Ages born;
Ilus, *Aſſaracus*, and *Dardanus*
Founder of *Troy*. With Wonder they behold
Their Arms, and empty Chariots on the Plain
At diſtance rang'd: Their Spears ſtand fix'd in Earth;
And looſe o'er all the Fields their Horſes feed;
The ſame delight in Chariots, and in Arms,
And

Ver. 830, 831.——*And their own proper Sun, And proper Stars they know.*

——*Solemque ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt.*

All the Editors and Interpreters make a Comma at *ſuum*, and conceive *incolæ*, or ſome ſuch Word, underſtood as the Nominative Caſe to *norunt*. And ſo do all the Tranſlators, except *Ogilby*, and Biſhop *Douglas*: Who take it thus, *ſua ſidera nôrunt ſuum ſolem*. And I am very far from being ſure that They are not in the right: Perhaps That is the more Poetical Senſe. For my Part, I ever underſtood it ſo; 'till I more cloſely conſulted the Editions and Comments upon this Occaſion. According to That Senſe, I would tranſlate it Thus:

——*And their own proper Sun*
His proper Planets know.——

Ver. 846. *The ſame Delight in Chariots, and in Arms*, &c.] This is excellent Senſe; and, taking it for a general *Doctrine*, as true *Divinity* as it is *Poetry*. Tho' it is not true *particularly* that any one in Heaven will take delight in *Chariots* and *Horſes*, &c. yet it is true that our Affections and Inclinations will be

And shining Steeds, which living they conceiv'd,
Pursues them still beneath the Earth repos'd.
Others on either Hand he sees reclin'd
In Feasts along the Grass, and *Pæans* sweet
Singing in Chorus, in the fragrant Grove
Of Laurel: whence, descending thro' the Wood,
Eridanus abundant rolls his Waves.
Here, Those who for their Country Wounds endur'd
In War; And holy Priests, while Life remain'd;
And pious Poets, who recited Things
Worthy of *Phœbus*; Those who polish'd Life
With Arts invented; Or consign'd their Names
To Memory by well-deserving Deeds.
Their Heads are all with snow-white Fillets wreath'd:
Whom

be the same as to the main, in the Next World, as they are in This. Upon the due Consideration of which, our Wills and Passions ought to be regulated. We cannot at all enjoy Heaven hereafter, unless we in some Measure enjoy it here. See Dr. *Scot*'s *Christian Life*; especially p. 57. in which these Verses are cited.

Ver. 852. —— *Whence descending thro' the Woods*, &c.] *Servius*, and after him *Ruæus*, interpret *superne*, as of the River running from *Elysium* to the upper World. But I wish either of them had given us one Instance in any good Author, in which *superne* is used for *sursum*, upwards: I imagine it is always used for *desuper*, from above. But taking it in This Sense, which I chuse, they know not how to account for *unde*, just before it. Why not? The River runs *from* the Wood, because it runs *beyond* it *one Way*; and comes *from above*, because *it is beyond* it another Way; the Wood being situated in a *Declivity*. I have expressed *unde* literally; and *superne* by Implication. For whatever *descends* must come *from above*. As to the Word *plurimus*, it certainly may, and I believe does, signify *a great Part* of it; as it is here understood by most Interpreters. But then it is no less certain, that it very often signifies *magnus*, or *abundans*; as *De La Cerda* himself here takes it in one Part of his Commentary, tho' he is for *pars magna* in another. My Translation may very well include This; tho' it expresses That, as being more Poetical.

Whom gather'd round the *Sibyl* thus beſpeaks;
Chiefly *Muſæus:* For th' incloſing Croud
Of Ghoſts look up to Him, above the reſt
Standing ſuperiour with his Shoulders tall.
Tell us, Ye happy Spirits, and Thou beſt
Of Poets; ſay, what Place, what Region holds
Anchiſes? For his ſake we hither came,
And the wide Streams of *Erebus* o'erpaſs'd.
To whom the Hero Thus in brief reply'd.
None have fix'd Seats; We live in ſhady Groves,
And Beds of Banks, and Meadows freſh with Rills
Inhabit. But if ſuch be your Deſire,
Aſcend This Hill; and to an eaſy Path
I will conduct your Steps. This ſaid, he leads;
And ſhews them from above the ſhining Fields:
They thence deſcend, and leave the Mountain's height.
But old *Anchiſes* in a verdant Vale
By chance review'd the ſeparated Ghoſts,
Deſtin'd to upper Light; recounted All
With ſtudious Recollection; and ſurvey'd
The Number of his darling Race, their Fates,
Their Fortunes, Manners, and Heroic Deeds.
He, when *Æneas* thro' the Meads adverſe

Ver. 862. *Chiefly* Muſæus, &c.] *Virgil* is by ſome Criticks unjuſtly accuſed of Jealouſy, Envy, and Ingratitude towards *Homer*, for mentioning *Muſæus* in this Place as the Chief of Poets. For how could *Homer* be at This Time in the *Elyſian* Fields, when he was not born 'till two hundred Years afterwards? For we are not yet come to That Diviſion of Ghoſts, who are deſtined to re-aſcend to the other World. See M. *Segrais* upon the Place.

Ver. 869. *To whom the Hero*, &c.] The Word *Hero*, it ſeems, is not always applied to the *Men of Arms*; but to *Poets*, as well as *Warriours*. Ver. 680. Orig. *Incluſas*; i. e. *included* in This Place, and *ſeparated* from Thoſe who were *not* to re-aſcend.

Ver. 882. —— *And Heroic Deeds.*] *Manuſque.* *Hands* by Metonymy for the *Actions* performed by them.

He ſaw advancing forward, both his Hands
With Joy extended; Tears ran trickling down
His Cheeks; And from his Mouth theſe Accents fell.
Are you then come at laſt? And has at laſt
Your filial Piety, by me ſo long
Experienc'd, conquer'd ſuch a Journey's Toil?
Is it then given me to behold your Face,
My Son? and well-known Accents hear, and ſpeak?
So I indeed was caſting in my Mind,
And calculating Times: Nor did my Care
Delude me: Thro' what Lands, what Oceans toſs'd,
What Perils, You, my Son, do I receive?
How did I fear from *Libya*'s Realms for You!
Then He: Your Ghoſt, my Father, your ſad Ghoſt
Oft urg'd my Journey to This Clime. Our Ships
Ride in the *Tyrrhene* Sea. Give, Father, give
Your Hand to join with mine; nor from my Sight
Your ſelf withdraw. So ſaying, he bedew'd
His Face with copious Tears: And thrice aſſay'd
About his Neck to throw his folding Arms:
Thrice, vainly graſp'd at, from their Circle flew
Th' unbody'd Fantom; light as fleeting Winds,
And like a ſlipp'ry Dream. Meanwhile He ſees
A Grove ſecluded in a ſecret Vale,
Shrubs rattling in the Woods, and *Lethe*'s Stream,
Which near the peaceful Manſions glides along;
Round which unnumber'd Crouds, and Nations flew.
As

Ver. 889. *Experienc'd.*] For I agree with Thoſe, who read *ſpectata*, rather than *expectata*.
Ver. 700. Orig. *conatus* [eſt.]
Ver. 703. *reducta*, i. e. *withdrawn, retir'd.* So *Horace* gives the ſame Epithet to the ſame Word; *Aut in reducta valle mugientium*, &c. Epod. 2.
Ver. 909. *Which near the peaceful*

As when the Bees in Meads, while Summer ſhines,
On various Flowers alight, and hover o'er
The ſnow-white Lillies: All the Field reſounds
With humming Noiſe. Struck at the ſudden Sight,
Surpriz'd, and ignorant, *Æneas* aſks
The Cauſe; Enquires, what River That? and Who
The thronging Ghoſts that crouded to the Shore?
Anchiſes then: Thoſe Souls, to whom by Fate
New Bodies are decreed, at *Lethe*'s Stream
Drink long Oblivion from the drowſy Waves.
All Theſe indeed, my Son, I have deſir'd
To ſhew thee, and recount my future Race:
That with the more Delight thou may'ſt enjoy
Thy Kingdom fix'd at length on *Latium*'s Coaſts.
O Father, Is it then to be conceiv'd
That any of Theſe Spirits ſo ſublime
Would go to upper Light, and re-aſſume
Their ſluggiſh Bodies? Whence ſuch fond Deſire,
Such miſerable Love of wretched Life?
Yes? All, my Son, to thee I will explain,
Nor

peaceful Manſions glides along.] *Lethæumque, domos placidas qui prænatat*, amnem. A River properly does not *ſwim*; but for the Waving of the Corn by the Wind: A Mixture of a *Metaphor* and a *Metonymy*.

Ver. 911. *As when the Bees*, &c.] Mr. *Pope* very juſtly obſerves, that This beautiful Simile better agrees with That of *Homer* in the Second *Iliad*, than *Virgil*'s Other in the firſt Book; with which *Scaliger* injudiciouſly enough compares *Homer*'s.

Ver. 918, 919. — *Thoſe Souls to whom by Fate New Bodies are decreed*, &c.] They were not *all* to be re-imbodied, but only a *certain Number*. *Servius* and *De La Cerda* talk very confuſedly, and even inconſiſtently upon this Head; of which more hereafter.

other Things *ſwim upon it*: Yet the *gliding Motion* is the ſame in *Both*. Thus in the III. Georgic, Ver. 198,

——— *Campique natantes*,

Nor hold thee longer in ſuſpence; replies
Anchiſes, and in order all unfolds.
First, Heav'n, and Earth, and Ocean's liquid Plains,

The

Ver. 933. *Firſt Heav'n and Earth*, &c.] This Account of the Natural and Moral State of Things both in the upper and lower World (all compriſed in 28 Lines from This Verſe to Verſe 751. of the Original, *ad corpora velle reverti*) is a moſt curious Mixture of the *Pythagorean* and *Platonic* Philoſophy. *Ruæus* upon the Place has diſcuſſed it with great Learning and Judgment; digeſting the Subſtance of it into Eleven Heads, or Chapters. To him I refer the Reader; and ſhall, moreover, add ſome ſcattered Obſervations of my own. It is nothing ſtrange that *Virgil*, who ſeems to be an *Epicurean* in ſome other Parts of his Works, ſhould here be a *Platoniſt*. Poets eſpecially are *nullius in verba jurati*. Thus *Horace* is ſometimes an *Epicurean*, ſometimes an *Academic*, and ſometimes even a *Stoic*, notwithſtanding his Ridicule of That Sect in other Paſſages of his Writings. It was, in Truth, their wiſeſt Method to pick out That which was beſt from every Sect. *Virgil*'s Philoſophy however, taken all together, is no Way inconſiſtent with itſelf: Nor is he ſo much an *Epicurean* (where he is at all one) as Some pretend. In the Sixth Eclogue Mention indeed is made of the *Vacuum*, and *Atoms*; but there is nothing of the *Eternity*, or *fortuitous Concourſe* of Thoſe Atoms; nor any Thing inconſiſtent with the Creation of the World by a God: So far otherwiſe, that a great Part of That Deſcription ſeems to be tranſlated from the firſt Chapter of *Geneſis*; as the Author of the Diſcourſe upon the Paſtorals before Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation truly obſerves. Then I could never underſtand why it ſhould be taken for granted, (as it commonly is) that *Virgil* in the Second Georgic, Ver. 490.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas,

muſt needs mean *Lucretius*; or that in the two next Lines,

Atque metus omnes & inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, ſtrepitumque Acherontis avari,

he intends to deny the Being of Puniſhments in another World; when the Words may very well be interpreted only of *inordinate Fear*, and *Superſtition*. The moſt diſtinguiſhing Articles in the Philoſophy we are now conſidering, were, the *Soul of the World*;

World; *Metempſychoſis*, or *Tranſmigration of Souls* from one Body to another; and the *Purgatory* they underwent in the *intermediate State*. The Soul of the World (ſays *Ruæus*) is taken by *Pythagoras* for *God himſelf*; and by *Plato* for a *Creature*: *Virgil* (ſays he) ſeems to adhere to the latter. And it may be ſo in This Place; and yet in the Fourth Georgic, Ver. 221. he ſeems to favour the other Opinion;

——— *Deum namque ire per omnes*
Terraſque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum, &c.

The Reaſon which induced *Ruæus* to think, that he here means not God, but a Creature, ſeems to be This; that Human Souls are deſcribed as ſo many *Parts* of This Soul of the Univerſe. But firſt, Whatever *Plato* ſays, *Virgil* here ſays no ſuch Thing. It is true the Words,

Igneus eſt ollis vigor & cœleſtis origo
Seminibus, &c.

will *admit* of That Senſe, but do by no Means *require* it; They may imply no more than that Theſe *Semina*, Souls, or the *Principles of Vitality*, &c. are of a *divine Original*, and *Energy*. But beſides, ſuppoſe *Virgil* had ſaid that they are *Parts* of the *Divinity*; it is no more than what he ſays in the Place above-cited, imagining the Bees to have Souls:

Eſſe apibus partem divinæ mentis, & hauſtus
Æthereos dixêre: Deum namque ire, &c.

Agreeably to That of *Horace*,

Divinæ particulam auræ.

This indeed he mentions as the Opinion of Others; but it is, plainly, with his own Approbation. In ſhort, ſo far as I can collect the Senſe of *Pythagoras*, and *Plato* together, it appears to me, that their Soul of the Univerſe was Twofold; the Infuſer, and the Infuſed; the One, God himſelf; the Other, a Creature indeed, but of a Divine and Heavenly Original and Energy. And even This *Virgil* in a leſs proper Signification calls a *God*; when he ſays, as before,

Eſſe apibus partem divinæ mentis, &c.

And ſo here likewiſe; if the particular Souls are taken for Parts of the *Anima Mundi*. And I am the more confirmed in This Opinion by the Judgment of a very learned Writer.

" * Some by *Plato*'s Univer-
" ſal Spirit underſtand That
" Ig-

* Gale's *Court of the* Gentiles. Part 2. Book 3. Chap. 9.

" Ignific Vertue or Vivific natural Heat, which in the first Creation was infused into the Chaos, and afterward diffused thro' every Part of the Universe, for the fomenting and nourishing thereof. This, say they, *Plato* calls the Energetic Universal Fire, or Ignific Spirit, which fashioneth divers Effects, which *Moses* calls the *Spirit of God*, Gen. 1. v. 2. Thus *Beza*, and out of him *Serranus* on *Plato*'s *Timæus*, Pag. 10. But tho' *Plato* seems to own such a Prolific Fire, or Ignific Spirit diffused thro' the Universe; yet this Universal Spirit, or chief Soul of the Universe seems distinct herefrom, as much as the Cause from it's Effect. Yet we may take in both, by distinguishing the Mundane Universal Spirit into Increate and Create. The Increate Mundane Universal Spirit is the Spirit of God, as before: The Create Universal Spirit is That vivific Fire, which the Spirit of God diffused throughout the whole Universe for the Fomentation, Vegetation, Animation, and Actuation of all material Beings. This create Ignific Spirit, I conceive, is expressed by *Moses* Gen. 1. 3. under the Notion of Light or Fire: Part of which was diffused thro' the Bowels of the Universe, to be the principal Agent under the Spirit of God, of all Fomentation, Animation, Generation, and Motion in Things corporeous, whether Fountains, Fossiles, Plants, or Animals." Take the Soul of the World then for God himself, both as he is the Creator and Conservator; and This *Platonic* Doctrine is true. *The Spirit of God moved upon the Face of the Waters*: And *in Him we live, move, and have our Being*. Agreeable to which is That of *Lucan*,

Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.

As to the Other; an Universal Created Soul, or Principle of Life and Cogitation is indeed a mere Idea; Neither do I well know what the learned Author above-cited means by his *vivific Principle in material Beings*; unless it be That *Motion* which was at *first impressed* upon the whole *Universe of Matter*.

But with regard to the *Anima mundi* in the former Sense, as it means God himself; *Aristotle* and his Followers would not have been so sharp in ridiculing the naked Words of *Plato*, had they duly attended to, or truly represented his Allegorical way of Writing, and Philosophizing. It is indeed very plain (as many learned Men have proved to a Demonstration) that This, and almost all the Heathen Mythology, Philosophy, and Divinity, is nothing but the Religion of the *Jews*, as contained in the Old Testament, adulterated and cor-

corrupted; as the Chriſtian Religion again was afterwards adulterated, and corrupted *by* it. For the *Tranſmigation* of Souls indeed there is no Foundation either in Reaſon, or true Theology: But the *Pre-exiſtence* of them, which would have been ſufficient for *Virgil*'s Purpoſe in order to give an Account of the future *Roman* Heroes, has been the Opinion of ſome Chriſtian Divines, and Books have been written by them to prove it. A certain Commentator tells us that the Doctrine of *Plato* and *Pythagoras* is exploded by the *Saniores Philoſophi*; and quotes *Ariſtotle* againſt it. Whereas, whatever is to be determin'd about the *Metempſychoſis* in particular, their Philoſophy in Theſe Matters taken all together is far preferable to *Ariſtotle*'s; and even the *Metempſychoſis* it ſelf (and much more the *Anima Mundi*) is better both in Philoſophy, and Divinity, than the Eternity of the World. The Truth is, I have often wondered how That Notion comes to be treated with ſo much reſpect by Some, who tho' they are ſatisfy'd it is *falſe*, yet do not think it very *eaſy to be diſproved*. The fortuitous Concourſe is exploded by every Body; But the Eternity of the Univerſe is complimented as a more defenſible Hypotheſis. More *plauſible* indeed it is; but not a whit leſs *abſurd*: Nay ſome of the very *ſame Abſurdities* are chargeable upon Both. I mean as to any Uſe which can be made of Either, in order to account for the preſent State of Things without ſuppoſing a God; which is enough for our Purpoſe. For if Matter be eternal; Either it flows *from God* by a neceſſary Emanation; or is *Self-exiſtent*. If the firſt; (tho' it labours with groſs Abſurdities, yet *at preſent* admitting it) *there is a God* then. If the laſt; it ſeems there *may be*, nay there *is*, a *ſelf-exiſtent* Being. But is it not infinitely more rational to attribute Such a Perfection as *Self-exiſtence* to a Being which has all other Perfections; than to a dead, ſenſeleſs, and in all other reſpects imperfect one? This Argument, at leaſt, has more Probability, and leſs Difficulty than it's contrary: But I will offer another, becauſe it ſeems more cloſe and full to the Point; and becauſe I do not remember to have any where met with it. If all things are eternal; Either there is, among the reſt, an *eternal* directing *Mind*; or there is not. If there is not; then all the *Regularity*, *Order*, and *Fitneſs* which we ſee in the Material World is without any *Thinking Being* to direct them, and ſo by Chance; Or if you pleaſe, It is ſo, *becauſe* it is ſo, or becauſe it *happens* to be ſo; which is the ſame thing, and is indeed ſaying juſt nothing: And ſo we are in effect got back to the *Epicurean* Chance. For it is altogether as abſurd, that Things ſhould be *in This Order* by Chance; as that they ſhould be *in Being* by Chance. If there *be* an eternal Intelligence to direct Theſe Operations of inanimate Beings; call That

The Moon's bright Globe, the Sun, and ſhining Stars,
A Soul within enlivens; and a Mind,
Diffus'd thro' all its Parts, the gen'ral Maſs
Invigorates, and mingles with the Whole.
Hence Men, and Beaſts, and all the Feather'd Kind
Proceed, and Monſters of the boundleſs Deep:

A

That eternal Intelligence, God: Or call it by any other Name, if you will be ſo perverſe; the Thing is the ſame. But to return from This Digreſſion: Tho' the Platonic, like other Heathen, Philoſophy, was intermixed with Fables, Superſtition, and Idolatry; it was by much the beſt Syſtem, and the moſt agreeable to the Chriſtian Religion. It chiefly inſiſts upon the Difference between the Soul and Body; the Excellence of the Soul, and the Vileneſs of the Body; upon the Clog and Damp which the latter gives to the former in it's Operations, and the Corruptions with which it infects it; upon the Difference between the higher and inferiour Faculties, Reaſon, and Paſſion: And the Neceſſity of purging and cleanſing our polluted Nature. All Theſe things are admirably expreſſed in This Deſcription, which we are now conſidering;

Igneus eſt ollis vigor, & cæleſtis origo
Seminibus, quantum non noxia corpora tardant,
Terrenique hebetant artus, moribundaque membra.
Hinc metuunt, cupiuntque; dolent, gaudentque; neque auras
Reſpiciunt, clauſæ tenebris & carcere cæco.

And tho' our Souls are to be cleanſed neither by a Pagan, nor Popiſh *Purgatory*; yet cleanſed they muſt be;

Donec longa dies———
Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit
Æthereum ſenſum, atque aurai ſimplicis ignem.

Which laſt is ſo refined, and ſpiritualized, as well as elegant an Expreſſion; that it muſt engage the utmoſt Admiration of a Chriſtian, as well as of a Poet, and Philoſopher.

Ver. 934. ——*The Sun, and ſhining Stars.*] It is moſt abſurd to ſuppoſe that *Virgil*, in reciting the heavenly Bodies, ſhould omit the *Sun*: And therefore the Sun is either included in *Titaniaque aſtra*; Or (as Mr. *Dryden* well conjectures) the Copies are all falſe; and it ſhould be, *Titanaque, & aſtra.* Ver. 733. Orig. *Hinc* [animæ] *metuunt*, &c.

A fiery Force, and Origin Divine
Theſe Seeds inſpires; ſo far as not controul'd
By their terreſtrial Bodies, clog'd and damp'd
By their dull Fleſh, and cumbrous mortal Frame.
Hence they Deſire, and Fear, Rejoice, and Grieve;
Nor ſee the Light, in Priſon dark confin'd.
Nor, ev'n when Life is fled, do all their Ills,
And all their Peſts corporeal wear away;
But many Stains, in ſuch a Length of Time
Contracted, marvellouſly muſt inhere.
Therefore with Puniſhment they are explor'd,
And pay due Penance for their former Crimes.
Some hang expanded to the empty Winds;
The Guilt ingrain'd of Others in th' Abyſs
Of Seas is waſh'd; or burnt away with Fire.
Each of us from our ſev'ral *Manes* bear
Purgation; To *Elyſium* then we go,
And here We few enjoy Theſe bliſsful Fields:

When

Ver. 955. *Each of us from our ſeveral* Manes, *&c.*] *Quiſque ſuos patimur Manes.* A very particular Expreſſion; and ſeveral Words muſt be underſtood to make it Grammar. All This (as *De La Cerda* truly obſerves) is included in it: *Omnes patimur noſtros Manes, ego meos, quiſque ſuos.* After all; I much queſtion, whether *Virgil* did not write *patitur.* By theſe *Manes* are to be underſtood either the *Genii* attending upon particular Perſons; or any infernal Powers, whoſe Office it is to be the *Tortores*, or *Purgators* of departed Spirits.

Ver. 956, 957.— *To* Elyſium *then we go*; *And here we few* &c.] *De La Cerda*, without any Reaſon that I can perceive, makes a Diſtinction between *Elyſium*, and *læta arva*; as if *That* were of wider Extent, and poſſeſſed by more Spirits than *Theſe.* I apprehend *pauci* to relate equally to *mittimur*, and *tenemus*; and *Elyſium*, and *læta arva* to mean the ſame thing. Thoſe happy Regions are poſſeſſed but by a few, not only with

When Tract of Time (it's fatal Round at length
Revolv'd) has quite work'd off the blended Stain;
Leaving defecated th' ethereal Ray,
And ſimple Energy of heav'nly Fire

All

with reſpect to all who *die*; but even with reſpect to all who are thus *clarified*. All who go to *Elyſium* are ſo refined, but all who are ſo refined do not go to *Elyſium*; ſome going immediately into new Bodies. See *Ruæus*, and other Commentators. And yet this is no Contradiction to what was ſaid Verſe 706. concerning the innumerable Multitude in *Elyſium*.

Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, populique volabant.

It is to be feared that, Chriſtianly ſpeaking, with regard to all Mankind, there *are few that are ſaved*: And yet Thoſe few, were they to be ſeen together, would be in vulgar Speech innumerable. Thus St. *John* in his Apocalypſe, Chap. 7. v. 9. *After this, I beheld; and lo a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, ſtood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.*

Ver. 958. *When Tract of Time, &c.*] Perhaps there is not a more difficult Paſſage in all *Virgil*'s Works, than This; and yet it is little taken Notice of by Expoſitors. The common Interpretation runs thus: "We go to *Elyſium*, and live "in Theſe happy Regions, "'till (*Donec*) Time has pu- "rified us, *&c.*" — But ſure This cannot be Right. Firſt, Becauſe *Virgil* has all this while been making a Diſtinction without a Difference; if the Place and State of *Purgation* be not quite different from *Elyſium*. And indeed he plainly makes it ſo:

Quiſque ſuos patimur manes: exinde *per amplum*
Mittimur Elyſium ———

i. e. according to Theſe Interpreters, if their Senſe were put into plain Words, We *undergo a Purgation*; and *Then* paſs to *Elyſium* 'till *we are purged*. What Stuff is This? I know Some of them tell us, that even after they are there, they muſt *in Purgatione perſeverare*. But as there is no Foundation for ſuch an Opinion, unleſs in This doubtful *donec*; *Virgil* muſt, according to This Account, be guilty of the moſt unpardonable Obſcurity and Confuſion, in Thinking and Writing.

Writing. Secondly, Becauſe, according to This Account, *all* the Spirits in *Elyſium*, and among the reſt *Anchiſes* himſelf, were to be re-imbody'd: We live here, 'till we ſhall be entirely purified; and then *Has omnes* (ſtill ſpeaking, ſay Theſe Interpreters, of *all* in *Elyſium*)

Deus evocat agmine magno:
Scilicet immemores ſupera ut convexa reviſant, &c.

Whereas nothing can be more plain, than that a *certain Number* only (not *all*) were to be ſo; and the reſt to continue in *Elyſium*, as in their final State:

Incluſas animas, ſuperumque ad lumen ituras, &c.

Theſe are manifeſtly ſeparated from the reſt; and afterwards

——— *Animæ, quibus altera fato*
Corpora debentur.——

Ruæus indeed is ſenſible of Theſe Abſurdities; and therefore, to mend the Matter, takes *Donec* for *When*, or *Afterwards*. But This, tho' more tolerable than the other, will never do the Buſineſs. Firſt, Becauſe tho' *Donec* ſometimes ſignifies *Quando* in the Senſe of *Dum*, yet it never ſignifies *Quando* in the Senſe of *Poſtquam*; which is quite another Thing. Secondly, Becauſe *Longa Dies*, &c. cannot be applied to *Anchiſes*, among the reſt; he having been now dead but little above a Year; and yet he is ſuppoſed by This Interpretation (as indeed he was) to be throughly purify'd. There is not indeed ſo much Force in This; becauſe That *longa dies* may be well enough ſuppoſed to be ſpoken of Thoſe Spirits, as to *the Generality*, though it may admit of a *few Exceptions*. I have, however, tranſlated it *When*; becauſe That is *Senſe* in *Engliſh*, tho' not rightly agreeing with the *Latin*: Whereas the other is no Senſe at all. But in Reality, could I preſume without any Authority to make an Alteration in the Text, I ſhould *tranſlate* it quite otherwiſe, becauſe I would *read* it quite otherwiſe. I am confident the Verſes are wrong placed; and *Virgil* wrote them Thus:

Ergo exercentur pœnis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt: aliæ panduntur inanes
Suſpenſæ ad ventos; aliis ſub gurgite waſto
* *Infectum eluitur ſcelus, aut exuritur igni:*
Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,

Con-

* Note, *Infectum* means the ſame here, as *concretam* afterwards.

Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit
Æthereum ſenſum, atque auraï ſimplicis ignem.
Quiſque ſuos patimur Manes: exinde per amplum
Mittimur Elyſium, & pauci læta arva tenemus.
Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvêre per annos,
Lethæum ad fluvium Deus evocat agmine magno:
Scilicet immemores ſupera ut convexa reviſant,
Rurſus & incipiant in corpora velle reverti.

By Thus only tranſpoſing the Lines, (for I do not add, omit, or alter one Word) the Senſe is clear and eaſy. In this Speech he ſpeaks of *all* in general, who are *purged*, *before* they come to *Elyſium*, 'till Verſe 748.

Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvêre per annos, &c.

And in Thoſe Words *returns* to That *certain Number* who are to be re-imbodied; whom he mention'd in his former Speech, which gave Occaſion to This. For obſerve how the two Places anſwer each other. The one;

——————— *Animæ, quibus altera fato*
Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam
Securos latices, & longa oblivia potant.

The other;

Has omnes, ubi mille rotâm volvêre per annos
Lethæum ad fluvium Deus evocat agmine magno,
Scilicet immemores ſupera ut convexa reviſant, &c.

Let the learned Reader peruſe the whole Paſſage from Verſe 703. of the Original. *Interea videt Æneas*, &c. to Ver. 751. —*ad corpora velle reverti*; obſerve the Queſtions and Anſwers between the Son and the Father, the Occaſion of This Speech, and the Connexion of the Diſcourſe: And then aſk himſelf, whether This Interpretation, and the Verſes abovementioned, ſo tranſpoſed, do not make the Whole very clear, and plain; and whether it be not, otherwiſe, intolerably perplexed and contradictory. He will particularly obſerve, that the Account of the general State of Things, *Principio cœlum ac terras*, and the *Corruption*, and *Purgation* of Souls, &c. tho' very important in itſelf, is here but *occaſionally* introduced by the Doctrine of the *Metempſychoſis*, in order to *explain* it, *taking it's Riſe from* it, and *concluding with* it. Even in This Speech then *Anchiſes* manifeſtly makes That Diſtinction between the purify'd Ghoſts in general, and Thoſe who were to be re-imbodied in particular: Speaking of the former

All Theſe (the Circle of a thouſand Years
Complete) the God to *Lethe*'s River calls
Aſſembled; that forgetful of the paſt
They may return to Life, and reaſcend
Contented to their firſt imbody'd State.
Thus having ſpoke, *Anchiſes* leads his Son,
With his Prophetic Guide, into the Midſt

Of

former in the firſt Perſon, and reckoning himſelf among them, of the latter in the third Perſon, as excluding himſelf from them. *Donec* therefore ſignifies *Until*, tho' it is not placed as the above-mentioned Interpreters would have it: And *Ruæus* intimates, without any manner of Reaſon, that when it ſignifies *Until*, it ſhould be the *Subjunctive*, and not the *Indicative* Mood. *Virgil* himſelf uſes it otherwiſe in very many Places: I ſhall mention but three. Ecl. VI. 85.

Cogere donec oves ſtabulis, numerumque referre
Juſſit, & invito proceſſit veſper Olympo.

And Georg. IV. 413.

Donec talis erit mutato corpore, qualem, &c.

And Ver. 312.

Donec, ut æſtivis effuſus nubibus imber,
Erupêre, &c.

Moſt of the Annotators make ſtrange puzzling Work upon

Perfecto temporis orbe

With Ver. 748.

Mille rotam volvêre per annos.

This Paſſage, by confounding

as if they meant the ſame Thing. When it is plain enough, that they are diſtinct: The Firſt relating to the Time of their *Purgation* (which is not *here defined*) *before* they come to *Elyſium*; the laſt to the Time of their *Continuance there* (which is *fixed* and *determined*, being an exact *Millennium*) between their *Purgation*, and their *Re-aſcent* to the upper World. I ſpeak of *Thoſe* who are to reaſcend *at all*: For *All* are not, as I ſaid Before.

Of the thick Concourſe, and the ſounding Croud;
Then takes a Hill, from whence they might diſcern
Their Looks, in long Proceſſion as they came
Advancing oppoſite. Now mark, my Son,
The Glory which attends the *Dardan* Race,

What

Ver. 973. *The Glory which attends the* Dardan *Race*, &c.] Here is the admirable Uſe which *Virgil* makes of the preceding Doctrine concerning the *Metempſychoſis*. By Virtue of This, joined with Propheſy, we have the Hiſtory of ſo many Heroes before They are ſuppoſed to be born. This Artifice is exquiſite; as is the Brevity, Elegancy, and Majeſty of the Whole. Propheſies (ſays M. *Segrais*) are Oracular, and therefore ſhort; and Thoſe eſpecially ought to be ſo, which are Predictions of Things already paſt. An indifferent Writer (as Some Moderns upon the ſame Occaſion have actually done) would have launched out into long Deſcriptions, and given us the Hiſtory at large. But This is not to imitate *Virgil*: He gives us only ſhort Hints in a Divine Enthuſiaſm; and even Thoſe not in the real Order of Time, as Things actually happened: It was not his Buſineſs to be an exact Chronologer: This would have been extremely flat and dull; And the Reader would have known before-hand what he was going to ſay: But now he is agreeably diſappointed and ſurprized. *Anchiſes* has a Proſpect at once of all the Ghoſts ſtanding before him; and they are not ſuppoſed to be ranged in Order according to their future Succeſſion. Yet he does not entirely neglect Chronology neither; ſo as to name *Romulus* firſt, then *Camillus*, then *Numitor*, then *Auguſtus*, and then *Numa*, &c. That would have been abſurd on the other Hand: He generally obſerves the true Succeſſion: And in that Inſtance in which he moſt remarkably recedes from it, there is a plain Reaſon for That Conduct. Speaking of *Romulus*, and the Glory of *Rome* founded by him, he naturally, and by way of Genealogy, runs off to *Auguſtus Cæſar*, who was deſcended from Him: So that, even while he ſpeaks of *Auguſtus*, he has ſtill an Eye to *Romulus*; to whom *Numa* was the next in Order of Time, and therefore is next mentioned. But though in the foregoing Diviſion he enlarges upon *Auguſtus*; he with no leſs Art and Judgment forbears to mention *Julius Cæſar*: Becauſe he was Then, with all the Enthuſiaſtic Rupture of Poetry and Propheſy, deſcribing the Glory and Proſperity of *Rome*:

What Heroes from th' *Italian* Stem ſhall ſpring,
Illuſtrious future Partners of our Fame,
I will explain; and teach thee all thy Fate.

Him

Rome: And therefore it would Then have been improper to mention the Author of ſo calamitous a Civil War. He brings him in afterwards in a more convenient Place, and with proper Reflections upon him. His Glory and Greatneſs he had before celebrated by the Mouth of *Jupiter* in the Firſt Book: where, by the way, we may obſerve that he does not mention his Glory of the Civil War (which he here takes notice of with Grief, and Abhorrence) but of his Conqueſts over foreign Enemies;

——— *Spoliis Orientis onuſtum.*

Ruæus accuſes *Virgil* of an Error in his Conduct upon This Head. Either (ſays he) Theſe Souls, which had been in former Bodies, where pure when they left them; or were purged in order to animate Thoſe of the *Romans*. If the firſt; They had only the *æthereus ſenſus*, &c. and ſo could have no Idea of their former Bodies, much leſs of their future. If they were purged, having not yet drank the Waters of *Lethè*; they had not yet loſt the Memory of their former Bodies, and therefore could not yet aſſume Affections agreeable to their future State: Therefore *Sylvius* could not lean upon his Spear, nor *Romulus* wear a double Creſt, nor the *Romans* lament round *Marcellus*. This is a ſtrangely dark, and confuſed Objection; and I confeſs I cannot well anſwer what I do not well underſtand: Or if I do underſtand it, then it is no leſs weak and trifling. The very Oppoſition in his Dilemma is groundleſs. *None* are pure when they leave their Bodies, according to the preceding Doctrine; nor can be admitted into *Elyſium*, 'till they are refined: After which they endure no Purgation; as *Ruæus* himſelf obſerves. They were refined therefore: But why muſt they be ſuppoſed not as yet to have drank the Waters of *Lethè*? *Virgil* ſays no ſuch thing; but rather intimates the Contrary. Again; Tho' they had only the *æthereus ſenſus*, why could not they (if they had not drank of *Lethè*) remember their former State? (For if they had no *Guilt*, it does not follow, that they had no *Memories*:) Tho' who ſays *they did*? Or what is it to the purpoſe, whether they *did, or no*? As to their future State; whether they were originally pure, or not; or refined, or not; whether they had

Him ſeeſt thou leaning on his pointleſs Spear?
That Youth is deſtin'd next to upper Life;
He mingled with *Italian* Blood ſhall riſe
Firſt to etherial Light; an *Alban* Name,
Sylvius, thy Son by poſthumous Deſcent:

Whom

had drank of *Lethè*, or not; they are not ſuppoſed to have any Notion of what they are to be, by their *own proper Powers*, but by the *Deſignation of the Gods* and *Fates*; and ſo are properly repreſented in ſuch Viſionary Shapes, Habits, and Geſtures, as correſpond to their future Condition. Beſides; What Conſequence is it, that, ſuppoſing they had not loſt the Memory of their former Bodies, therefore they could not now aſſume Affections agreeable to their future new ones? It may as well be ſaid, that a Man can have *no Notion* of a *Second Wife*, till he has *quite forgot his Firſt*. I would fain prevail upon all Criticks not to be ſo poſitive in their Cenſures upon ſo great a Man as *Virgil*, 'till they are fully aſſured they are in the right; much leſs to attack him with ſuch crude Reaſoning as This is. In all which (if I rightly underſtand it) there is not one Piece of a Sentence, but is either a manifeſt Falſhood, or a moſt idle Truth: And I am indeed ſurprized that ſuch a confuſed Heap of I know not what could iſſue from the Pen of ſuch a Man as *Ruæus*.

Ver. 977.——*On his* pointleſs *Spear?*] For ſo *pura* is underſtood by all the Interpreters; except *Ruæus*, who renders it *nitida*. Even the common Dictionaries quote This Expreſſion *pura haſta*, from *Virgil*; as ſignifying a Spear without a Point; The Word *vides* here muſt be in a Parentheſis.

Ver. 981. Sylvius, *thy Son by Poſthumous Deſcent*, &c.] The great Queſtion here is, Whether we are to read *poſtuma*, for *poſtrema*, the laſt; or *poſthuma*, for *poſtumous*, born after the Death of the Father. Thoſe who are for the firſt interpret *longævo* afterwards, as ſignifying *old*: Thoſe who are for the laſt, take it for *inter Deos relato*. Moſt of the Commentators are for the laſt Opinion: And *Servius* is ſo poſitive in it, that he mentions no other. Yet *De La Cerda*, and *Ruæus* are for the contrary. For my Part, I ſcarce know what to think; but that, take it in which Senſe you will, it is a very difficult Paſſage. *Longævus*, for a God, is certainly harſh enough; Nor does That Verſe quoted from *Ennius*,

Romulus in cœlo cum Diis genitalibus ævum
Ducit——

Whom! late to Thee advanced among the Gods
Thy Wife *Lavinia* in the Woods ſhall bear,
Himſelf a King, and Anceſtor of Kings:
From whom our Race ſhall o'er long *Alba* reign.
The next, the Glory of the *Trojan* Line,
Is *Procas*; *Capys*; *Numitor*; and He
Who in his own ſhall repreſent Thy Name,
Sylvius Æneas, equally renown'd
In Piety, and Arms; if e'er he come

by any means come up to the Point. On the other Hand, *Virgil* no where elſe uſes *poſtuma* for *poſtrema*; Neither do I know of any good Claſſick Author that does. Hiſtory rather favours the former Expoſition; but then the Hiſtory is ſo various and dark, that *Virgil* was at Liberty to ſay almoſt any thing. Upon the Whole, Reaſons being equal, I am determined by the Majority of Votes; and eſpecially by the Authority of *Servius*. Lord *Lauderdale* renders it in the ſame Senſe; and ſo does Biſhop *Douglas*, the Word *Poſthumous*; only he adds *after thy Deceaſe*, without mentioning any thing of Godhead. M. *Segrais* omits it: Mr. *Dryden* adheres to *Ruæus*; and *Ogilby* contradicts himſelf, making it a *Poſthumous* Birth, while the *Father was living*.

Ver. 990.——*If e'er he come*, &c.] It has been obſerved upon the 83d Verſe of the Vth Book, that *ſi* ſometimes ſignifies *when*: Tho' I think it does not *there*; and it cannot *here*, becauſe of the *unquam* following. Interpreters obſerve that this *Sylvius Æneas* was for many Years unjuſtly kept out of his Kingdom, and not reſtored till the 50th Year of his Age; and ſo *Anchiſes* may uſe That *ſi* emphatically, to imply the *Difficulty* with which he ſhould, *tho' late*, regain his Right: However, This Particle is certainly uſed for *when* in the very ſame Speech, Verſe 828 of the Original;

——*Si lumina vitæ*
Attigerint.——

Ver. 673. Orig. *tibi*. Becauſe his *Poſterity*'s Glory redounded *to his*. Ver. 677. According to the Hiſtory, in *comitem* muſt be included *vindicem*. Ver. 779. *Stent vertice* [ejus.] Ver. 780. *ſignet* [eum] *honore*. Ver. 832. *nè tanta animis aſſueſcite bella*; for *nè aſſueſcite animos tantis bellis*. Hypall. Ver. 833. *Neu patriæ——vertite vires in viſcera* [ejus.] Ver. 862. *Sed frons* [ejus erat] *læta parum*.

To govern *Alba* with imperial Sway.
See what brave Youths! What manly Force they ſhew!
But They, whoſe Heads with Civic Oak are wreath'd,
Nomentum, *Gabii*, and *Fidena*'s Walls
Shall build on Mountains, and *Collatia*'s Towers,
Pometia, and the Fort of *Inuus*,
Bola and *Cora*: Thoſe ſhall be their Names
In after Ages; Now no Names they bear.
Next, to aſſert his Grandſire's Right, ſhall come
Mavortian Romulus, to be diſclos'd
By *Ilia*, from *Aſſaracus* deriv'd:
Seeſt thou upon his Helm the double Creſt
Stand high? and how the Father of the Gods
Ev'n now encircles him with Rays Divine?
By his auſpicious Conduct, ſee, my Son,
Immortal *Rome* ſhall equal to the Earth
Her Sov'reign Rule, her Courage to the Sky;
And ſingle with her Walls ſev'n Hills incloſe:
With a long Progeny of Heroes bleſs'd.
As *Berecynthia* in her Chariot rides
Aloft, thro' *Phrygian* Cities, crown'd with Towers;
Mother of Gods; proud of her hundred Sons,
All Pow'rs Divine, all high enthron'd in Heav'n.
Hither, bend hither both thy Eyes; Behold
This Lineage, and Thy *Romans*: This is *Cæſar*,
And all *Iülus*' Race decreed to come
Beneath the ſpacious Axis of the Sky.
This, This is He; the Man whom thou haſt heard
So often promis'd, Offspring of the Gods,
Auguſtus Cæſar: Deſtin'd to reſtore
The Golden Age in *Latium*, govern'd once

By

By *Saturn*: He his Empire ſhall extend
Beyond the *Garamantes*, and the Tract
Of *Indian* Regions, Realms beyond the Stars,
Beyond the Circuit of the Year, and Sun;
Where Heav'n-ſupporting *Atlas* on his Back
Rolls round the Axis, ſtudded o'er with Stars.
On his Approach, ev'n Now the *Caſpian* Realms
With Horrour hear the Anſwers of the Gods;
And all the Country of *Mæotis'* Lake,
And *Nilus* trembles thro' his ſev'n-fold Stream.
Nor did *Alcides'* ſelf ſo far advance;
Tho' he transfix'd the brazen-footed Deer,
Quell'd *Erymanthus'* Woods, and with his Bow
Made *Lerna* tremble: Nor the Victor God
Liber, who guides his Car with viny Reins,
And drives his Tygers from high *Niſa*'s Top.
And doubt we ſtill our Glory to extend

By

Ver. 1024, 1025.——*Realms beyond the Stars*, &c.] Beyond *the* Stars; *i. e.* not *all* the Stars; for no Country can be beyond *Them*; but the *great Conſtellations*, the twelve Signs of the Zodiac. *Beyond the Circuit of the Year, and Sun*: i. e. beyond the Tropicks, or Boundaries of the Ecliptick, which is the Sun's Road. *Jacet extra* —[illa] *tellus.*

Ver. 1028. *On his Approach ev'n now the* Caſpian *Realms.*] Nothing can be more awful, grand, and noble, or more full of Religious Horrour, than Thoſe Lines Ver. 799.

Hujus in adventu jam nunc & Caſpia regna
Reſponſis horrent divûm; & Mæotica tellus,
Et ſeptemgemini turbant trepida oſtia Nili.

Ver. 1038. *Our* Glory *to extend*, &c.] *Virtutem extendere.* As in the Firſt Book *Laudi* is uſed for *Virtuti*; ſo, on the Reverſe, I here take *Virtutem* for *Laudem*, or ſome other Word of the ſame Signification. And I am the more confirmed in the Opinion by That parallel Place Book X. 468. —— Famam *extendere factis.*

By Actions? Or does Fear forbid us ſtill
To fix our Colony on *Latium*'s Coaſt?
But Who is He, with Olive-Boughs from far
Conſpicuous, and with Incenſe in his Hands?
I know the *Roman* King, his ſilver Beard,
And venerable Hair. He firſt by Laws
The City ſhall eſtabliſh, from the State
Of little *Cures*, and his poor Domains
Sent to wide Empire. Him ſhall next ſucceed
Tullus, who ſhall diſſolve his Country's Peace,
Rouſing th' unactive Soldiery to Arms,
And Troops unus'd to Triumphs. *Ancus* Then
Shall follow, more magnificently great,
Ev'n now too much delighted with the Breath
Of popular Applauſes. Wouldſt thou next
Behold the *Tarquin* Kings? the haughty Soul
Of vengeful *Brutus?* and the Faſces chang'd?
He firſt ſhall exerciſe the Conſul's Pow'r,
And unrelenting Axes; and his Sons
Conſpiring in new Wars the Father's ſelf
To Death for glorious Liberty ſhall call,
Unfortunate: However, future Times
That Action may reſent; his Country's Love
Shall conquer, and th' immenſe Deſire of Praiſe.
The *Decii* at a Diſtance next behold;
The *Druſi*; and *Torquatus* with his Axe
Relentleſs; and *Camillus* bringing back
The *Roman* Standard. But Thoſe friendly Souls
Thou ſeeſt, who now alike in Armour ſhine,

Here

Ver. 1055. ——— *The Faſces chang'd*] So I underſtadd *re-ceptos*: Taken from the King and transferred to the Conſuls.

Here in This Nether World; what Wars (alas!)
Whenever they arrive at upper Light,
What Battles, what a Slaughter ſhall they raiſe!
From *Alpine* Ridges, and *Monæcus*'s Mount
The Father comes, deſcending: From the Eaſt
The Son advances oppoſite in Arms.
Forbear ſuch Wars, my Children, O forbear;
Nor ſheath your dreaded Country's conqu'ring Swords
Within your Country's Bowels: And Thou firſt,
My Blood, whoſe Birth is from the Gods deriv'd
Throw Thou thy Arms away.
One to the lofty Capitol ſhall ride
High in his Chariot, with *Corinthian* Spoils
Proud, and Triumphant o'er the vanquiſh'd *Greeks*.
Another, *Argos*, and *Mycenæ* fam'd
For *Agamemnon*'s Empire, and the great
Æacides, from brave *Achilles* ſprung,
Shall conquer; to revenge the ancient Kings
Of *Troy*, and *Pallas*'s violated Fane.
Thee, mighty *Cato*, and Thee, *Coſſus*, who
Can paſs in Silence? Who the *Gracchian* Race?
Or the two *Scipio*'s, Thunderbolts of War
The Bane of *Lybia*? Or *Fabricius*, great
In little Fortune? Or thy Furrows ſown,
Serranus? Whither weary am I rapt
By You, ye *Fabii*? Thou, the Great, art He
Alone, who by Delay retriev'ſt our State.
Others more ſoft ſhall carve the breathing Braſs;

Nay

Ver. 1095. *Others more ſoft ſhall carve the breathing Braſs, &c.*] This noble Account of the *Roman* Heroes is as nobly cloſed by This Character of their peculiar Genius, and Glory, by which they were then remarkably diſtinguiſhed: the Art

Nay living Looks, I think, from Marble draw:
Plead Cauſes better; with a Wand deſcribe
The heav'nly Roads, and trace the riſing Stars.
Roman, Remember Thou to rule the World;
(Be Theſe thy Arts!) to fix the Laws of Peace;
To ſpare the Suppliant, and confound the Proud.

So

Art of Policy, and Government. It is ingeniouſly inſinuated by way of Advice; and the Verſes are in Perfection beautiful. Some (the *Corinthians*) ſhall excel in Statuary; Others (the *Athenians*) in Oratory: A Third ſort (the *Chaldæans* and *Egyptians*) in Aſtronomy: (That upon Oratory, by the way, is ſuppoſed by Some to be a Slur upon *Tully*, whom *Virgil*, they ſay, did not love; for which I ſee no Reaſon:) But let Government be the Character of *Rome*. Ver. 847.

Excudent alii ſpirantia mollius æra;
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus:
Orabunt cauſas melius; cælique meatus
Deſcribent radio, & ſurgentia ſidera dicent.
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
(Hæ tibi erunt artes) paciſque imponere morem;
Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos.

And here undoubtedly the Speech of *Anchiſes* ended: And the next Verſe was That which is now the 888th,

Quæ poſtquam Anchiſes natum per ſingula duxit.

But by the lamented Death of the young *Marcellus*, which happened juſt at This time, *Virgil* was put upon altering This Part of his Poem by inſerting That funeral Panegyric which follows. The Character of the Elder *Marcellus* therefore, which without Queſtion was before placed among Thoſe of the other Heroes, was tranſplanted hither by the Addition of That Line,

Sic pater Anchiſes, atque hæc mirantibus addit:

and This in order to introduce That ſweet Heroic Elegy upon the Death of the Younger. How his Mother *Octavia* was affected *by* it; and how the *Poet* was rewarded *for* it, are Facts too well known to be inſiſted upon. Ten *Seſterces* (near fourſcore Pound of our Money) for every Verſe, that is, above 2500 *l.* for the whole 26, was a noble Preſent indeed! I have an exceeding Honour for the Memory of That *Octavia*. No wonder Poetry flouriſhed in Thoſe Days.

So ſpake *Anchiſes* to his wond'ring Gueſts;
Then Thus proceeds: Behold how rich with Spoils
Marcellus walks Triumphant, and o'erlooks
The Heroes all. He in tumultuous Times,
Warriour, ſhall fix the *Roman* State; ſubdue
The *Carthaginians*, and the Rebel *Gaul*;
And the third Trophies to *Quirinus* bring.
Then here *Æneas*, (for with Him he ſaw
A Youth of beauteous Form, in ſhining Arms,
But with o'er-clouded Brow, and down-caſt Eyes)
Say, Father, Who is He, with ſuch a Mein
Attending on the Hero, as he walks?
His Son? Or any of th' illuſtrious Line?
What Noiſe of his Retinue crouding round!
How great Reſemblance in his Face appears!
But gloomy Night with Darkneſs wraps his Head.
Then Thus *Anchiſes*, with o'erflowing Tears:
Forbear the ſad Enquiry, O my Son;
Seek not to know th' unutterable Grief
Of thy Deſcendants. Him the Fates ſhall ſhew
To Earth, and only ſhew him; nor ſhall There
Permit his longer Stay. Too much, Ye Gods,
The *Roman* Pow'er would ſeem to rival Yours;
Should Gifts like Theſe be laſting! What Laments
Shall

Ver. 1116. *How great Reſemblance*, &c.] i. e. to the other *Marcellus*. *Quantum interſtar in ipſo eſt! Inſtar* for *Similitudo*.

Ver. 1119. *Forbear the ſad Enquiry*, &c.

O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum:
Oſtendent terris hunc tantum fata, &c.

Whoever truly judges of This pathetical Lamentation, together with the Verſes which introduce it,

Atque hic Æneas, una namque ire videbat, &c.

muſt

Shall *Mars*'s Field, near the high Walls, repeat!
And what a Fun'ral, *Tyber*, ſhalt Thou ſee,
When by his recent Tomb thy Stream ſhall glide!
Nor e'er ſhall any Youth of *Trojan* Race
Exalt the *Latin* Fathers in their Hopes
So high; nor ever ſhall *Quirinus*' Realm
Glory ſo much in any of her Sons.
O Piety! O ancient Faith! And Force
Invincible in War! Him none adverſe
Would with Impunity have met in Arms;
Whether on Foot he had defy'd the Foe,
Or with ſharp Rowels goar'd the foaming Steed.
Alas! lamented Youth! If any Way
Thou break the Doom of unrelenting Fate;
Marcellus Thou ſhalt be. Bring Lillies here
In

muſt acknowledge, that *Octavia*'s Preſent was well beſtowed. It would be too long, as well as unneceſſary, to enlarge upon it's ſeveral Beauties; and ſo I refer them to the Admiration of the Reader.

Ver. 1126. *Shall* Mars's *Field*, &c.] The beſt Conſtruction is for *Mavortis* to be *govern'd* of *Urbem*, not of *Campus*. But as the *Campus Martius* is meant; it has certainly a *Relation* to That too. *Aget*, i. e. *feret* [ad auras] or ſome ſuch thing. Or perhaps *ad* as referred to *urbem* may ſignify *to*, not *juxtà*. Tho' the latter is beſt.

Ver. 1127. *And what a Fun'ral*, &c.] Interpret the Word *Funera* (ſays *Ruæus*) either of the Funeral it ſelf; the Plural for the Singular: Or of the 600 Beds, and other Pomps which attended it: Or of the Gladiators who (according to the *Roman* Cuſtom) were killed at the Solemnity. I am for the Firſt; Becauſe it is the moſt ſimple, and natural Senſe, and includes the other two.

Ver. 1140. Marcellus *Thou ſhalt be.*] Here it was, that *Octavia* fainted away: And well ſhe might; the Poet's ſuppreſſing the Name to the laſt being moſt artful and judicious. Being able to bear no more, ſhe bid him ſtop; and he told her he had done: as he had, excepting three Verſes.

——Si quà fata aſpera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris.——

If

In copious Handfuls: To my Grandſon's Shade
I'll ſcatter purple Flow'rs; and pay at leaſt
This unavailing Duty. Thus at large,
Thro' all the Region, in th' extended Fields
Of Air, they walk; and ev'ry Thing ſurvey.
All which *Anchiſes* having ſhewn his Son,
And fir'd his Breaſt with Love of future Fame;
The deſtin'd Wars in which he muſt engage,
He next foretels him; the *Laurentian* Realms;
And King *Latinus'* City; and the Means,
To ſuffer, or eſcape his ev'ry Toil.

Two Gates of Sleep there are; the one of Horn,
Thro' which with Eaſe the real Fantoms paſs;
With poliſh'd Elephant the other ſhines, Thro'

If you can (as you cannot) ſurmount the Decree of Deſtiny; You ſhall be ſuch another as the firſt *Marcellus:* For one *Marcellus* he actually was. That, I confeſs, is certainly the Meaning of the Place: But yet I differ from Mr. *Dryden*'s Opinion, that therefore it ſhould not be rendered literally. *Thou ſhalt* Marcellus *be*, ſounds ill indeed; But Marcellus *Thou ſhalt be*, I think, does not. *Virgil* thought fit to expreſs himſelf ambiguouſly, and only inſinuate his Meaning: And why ſhould we, in a Tranſlation, alter, not to ſay ſpoil, his Thought by explaining it?

Ver. 1152. *Two Gates of Sleep there are*, &c.] In This Account of the *geminæ Somni portæ*, the Particle *Sed* at Ver. 896. of the Original is very oddly uſed; And I know not what to make of it. Surely inſtead of *Sed* it ſhould be *Quâ*, as it is in the other Branch of the Diviſion: *Quâ veris facilis*, &c. As to the Whole; for This Piece of Mythology, the Reader may conſult the Commentators upon *Homer*'s xixth Odyſſée Ver. 562, &c. from which this Paſſage is taken; as alſo *Macrobius* in *Somnium Scipionis*, and *Virgil*'s Commentators at large; eſpecially *Servius*, and *De La Cerda*. He diſmiſſes them thro' the Ivory Gate (ſay they) to intimate, that what has been ſaid about the ſubterranean Regions, and what paſſed there, is all a mere Dream, or Fable. That the Deſcent of *Æneas* thither, and what happened to him there, is a mere Fiction, no body doubts: And the Poet needed not have given us any Hint to remind us of That. But that the State of departed Spirits in general, (abſtracting from the Poetical Fables with which it is embelliſhed,) is no more than a Fiction, *Virgil*, I am ſatisfied, neither

Thro' which the *Manes* ſend falſe Dreams to Light.
Here then the Sire *Anchiſes* with his Son,
And his Prophetick Guide in ſuch Diſcourſe
Confers; and ſends them thro' the Iv'ry Gate.
Æneas to his Navy ſtrait purſues
His Way, and ſpeedily rejoins his Friends;
Then to *Cajeta*'s Harbour ſails direct,
Coaſting along: The Anchors from the Prow
Are caſt; The Sterns ſtand reſting on the Shore.

neither believed Himſelf, nor intended to inſinuate to Others. Beſides; Here is a long Propheſy of the *Roman* Affairs: Is there no *Truth* in *That?* A *Dream*, or *Fancy* then, let it all be: But why a *falſe one?* Here is a *Mixture* of ſomething *real*, and ſomething *viſionary*: Which is the very Nature of a *true Dream*; i. e. a Dream, which is ſignificant and predictive: As This actually is. May we not then underſtand *Somni* not of *Sleep* commonly ſo called, but of the *State of Death*, and *departed Spirits*, as at Ver. 390 of the Original;

Umbrarum hic locus eſt, Somni, Noctiſque ſoporæ:

veris umbris, not of *Dreams* of any ſort, but of *Ghoſts*: *falſa inſomnia* of Dreams in general, the Word *falſa* ſignifying not *falſe*, as it is vulgarly uſed, but the ſame as *vana* Ver. 248 of This Book in the Original: *Fantaſtick*, *Viſionary*, as *all Dreams*, even true ones, really are? I only propoſe This as a Conjecture: Againſt which however it is no Objection to ſay, that it departs from the Words of *Homer*. For why could not *Virgil* take his Hint from *Homer*, and vary from it, as he often does in other Inſtances? Be it as it will, my Verſion hits it either way: For I have taken care to retain the ſame ambiguous Expreſſions. If *Umbræ* ſignifies *Dreams* in the *Latins*, ſo does *Fantoms* in the *Engliſh*; Whatever *Virgil* means by *falſa*, the ſame I mean by *falſe*. Tho' if by *veræ umbræ* he meant *true Dreams*, and by *falſa falſe* in the proper, and common Acceptation; he ſhould, in my humble Opinion, and for the Reaſons above-mentioned, have diſmiſſed *Æneas* through the *Horn-Gate*, not the *Ivory* one.

Ver. 1156. *Here then*, &c.] Certainly it ſhould be *ibi*, not *ubi*; as the *Cambridge* Editor rightly reads it. The latter is not Senſe. To make it ſo, there ſhould be no full Stop at *eburnâ*; and even then it ſhould be *proſecutus eſt*, and *emiſit*; not (as it is) *Proſequitur*, and *emittit*. Ver. 899. Orig. *viam ſecat*, i. e. goes the *ſhorteſt way*; *cutting off* that which is *round about*. So in *Greek* τέμνειν ὁδόν; and in French *couper chemin*.

The End of the Second Volume.